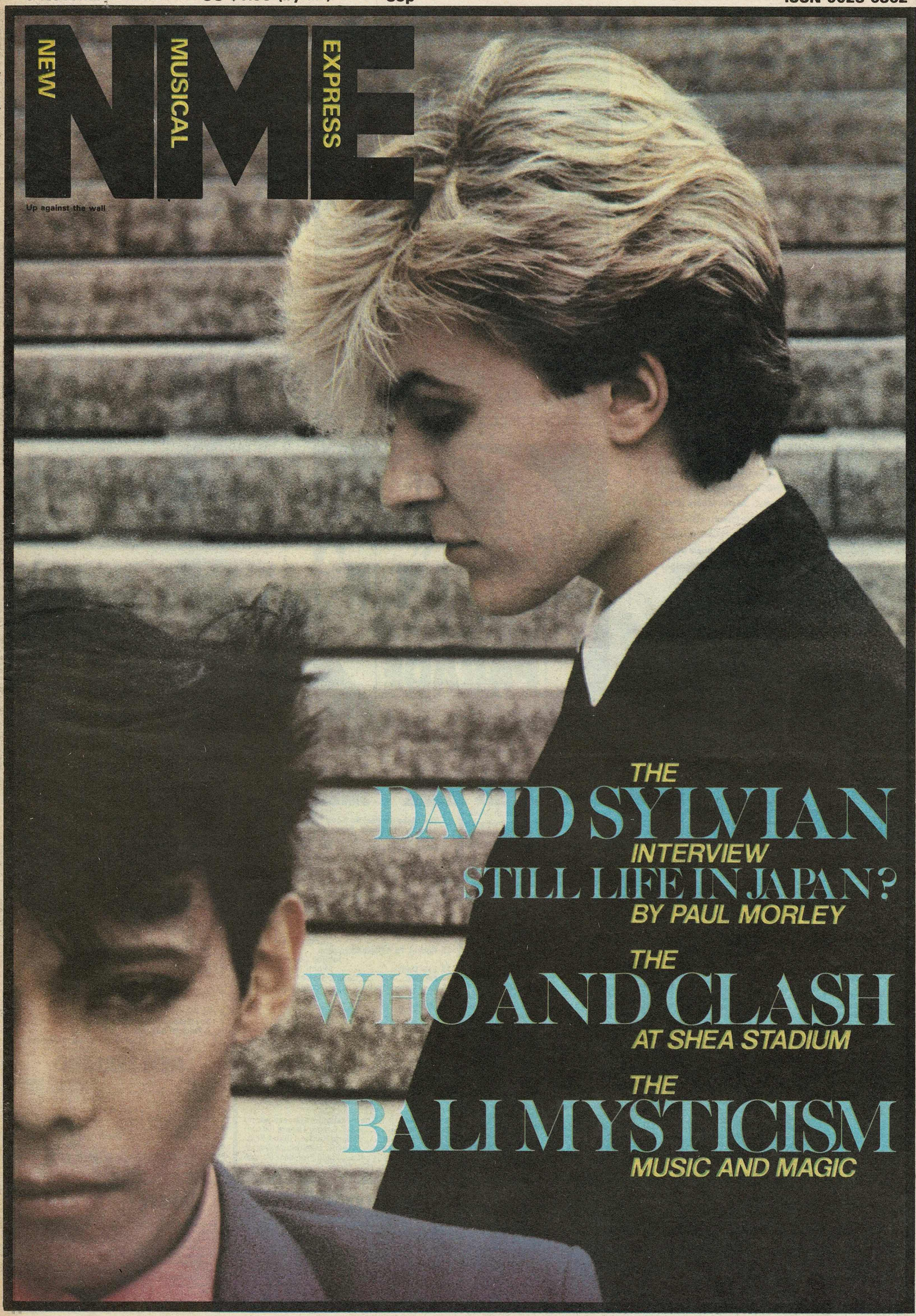
6 November 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 35p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c Den Kr 14.50 Fr NF 7.50 Ger Dm 5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 200pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Up against the wall



THE DAVID SYLVIAN INTERVIEW
STILL LIFE IN JAPAN?
BY PAUL MORLEY

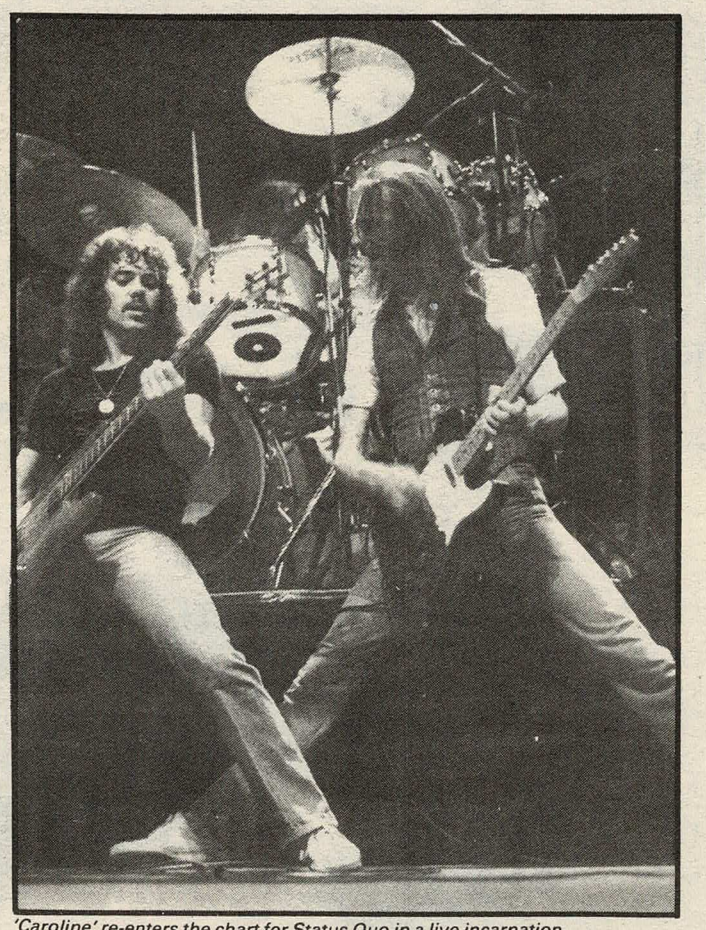
THE WHO AND CLASH
AT SHEA STADIUM

THE BALI MYSTICISM
MUSIC AND MAGIC

Two men from Japan, David Sylvian and Masami Tsuchiya. Pic Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME	Culture Club (Virgin)	6	1
2	2	STARMAKER	Kids From Fame (RCA)	5	2
3	4	ANNIE I'M NOT YOUR DADDY	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	4	3
4	12	MAD WORLD	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	2	4
5	18	I DON'T WANNA DANCE	Eddy Grant (Ice)	3	5
6	3	LOVE ME DO	The Beatles (Parlophone)	3	3
7	8	LIFELINE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	7
8	7	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	7
9	6	PASS THE DUTCHIE	Musical Youth (MCA)	7	1
10	(—)	OOH LA LA LA	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	1	10
11	5	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	8	3
12	14	I'LL BE SATISFIED	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	12
13	9	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY	Chicago (Full Moon)	7	6
14	15	ZIGGY STARDUST	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	4	14
15	(—)	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	1	15
16	11	REAP THE WILD WIND	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	11
17	26	LOVE'S COMIN' AT YA	Melba Moore (EMI)	2	17
18	29	ZAMBESI	The Piranhas (Dakota)	2	18
19	13	DANGER GAMES	The Pinkies (Creola)	3	13
20	10	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN	Animals (RAK)	5	10
21	(—)	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	21
22	16	JACKIE WILSON SAYS (I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN YOU SMILE)	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	6	5
23	22	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	7	6
24	27	NEVER GIVE YOU UP	Sharon Redd (Prelude)	2	24
25	17	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)	8	4
26	30	AMOR	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	26
27	21	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	6	19
28	24	BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG	Pretenders (Real)	4	22
29	(—)	ANNIE GET YOUR GUN	Squeeze (A&M)	1	29
30	(—)	OLD FLAMES	Foster & Allen (Ritz)	1	30



'Caroline' re-enters the chart for Status Quo in a live incarnation.
Pic: Santo Basone

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	2	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	6	1
2	1	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN	Various (BBC)	3	1
3	3	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	15	1
4	5	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	3	4
5	13	THE SKY'S GONE OUT	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	2	5
6	23	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	21	4
7	6	QUARTET	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	6
8	7	REFLECTIONS	Various (CBS)	3	7
9	24	20 GREATEST HITS	The Beatles (Parlophone)	2	9
10	8	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	3
11	30	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	2	11
12	4	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	3	4
13	10	CHART ATTACK	Various (Telstar)	3	5
14	20	AMOR	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	14
15	12	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	19	1
16	11	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	9	1
17	(—)	LOVE SONGS ALBUM	Various (K-Tel)	1	17
18	(—)	THE DOLLAR ALBUM	Dollar (WEA)	1	18
19	15	BROKEN FRAME	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5	7
20	(—)	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	1	20
21	19	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	12	8
22	29	ENDLESS LOVE	Various (TV Records)	2	22
23	17	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	13	9
24	28	SILK ELECTRIC	Diana Ross (Capitol)	2	24
25	9	UB44	UB40 (Dep Int)	5	2
26	(—)	CHARTBEAT/CHARTHEAT	Various (K-Tel)	5	3
27	(—)	THE NIGHTFLY	Donald Fagan (Warner Bros)	1	27
28	22	NEW GOLD DREAM	Simple Minds (Virgin)	7	4
29	(—)	ASSAULT ATTACK	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	16	STRAWBERRIES	Damned (Bronze)	2	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
2	(3)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
3	(7)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
4	(2)	**From Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
5	(5)	**Lively Arts**	Damned (Big Beat)
6	(4)	**Be Proud, Be Loud**	Toyah (Safari)
7	(20)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
8	(8)	**Lullabies 12" EP**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
9	(13)	**Burn 'Em Down**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
10	(6)	**Live**	Conflict (Xntrix)
11	(17)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
12	(19)	**That's What Good Friends Are For**	Brilliant (Limelight)
13	(29)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
14	(11)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dep Int)
15	(—)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
16	(14)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
17	(10)	**Ballet Dance**	Rubella Ballet (Xntrix)
18	(18)	**Suicide Bag EP**	Action Pact (Fallout)
19	(21)	**Life On The Line**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
20	(12)	**Beasts 12"**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
21	(9)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
22	(22)	**My Spine Is The Baseline**	Shriekback (Y)
23	(28)	**Perdition EP**	Disorder (Disorder)
24	(15)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
25	(23)	**Warriors**	Blitz (No Future)
26	(26)	**The Cocktails EP**	Attila The Stockbroker (Cherry Red)
27	(—)	**Don't Make Me Wait**	Peech Boys (TMT)
28	(16)	**Knife Slits Water**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
29	(—)	**Personality Crisis EP**	New York Dolls (Kamera)
30	(—)	**Slightly Longer Songs EP**	Six Minute War (Six Minute War)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(3)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(5)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
5	(7)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
6	(—)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
7	(6)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
8	(4)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
9	(9)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
10	(10)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)
11	(13)	**Recorded 1979-1981**	UK Subs (Abstract)
12	(12)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
13	(17)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
14	(8)	**Room To Live**	The Fall (Kamera)
15	(15)	**Hai**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
16	(16)	**Perfection**	Charge (Kamera)
17	(14)	**Black Album**	Damned (Big Beat)
18	(23)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
19	(29)	**Enter K**	Peter Hammill (Naive)
20	(—)	**Defective Breakdown**	Defects (WXYZ)
21	(19)	**Rumble Of The East**	Erazerhead (Flicknife)
22	(11)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
23	(18)	**Station MXYJ**	Maximum Joy (Y)
24	(—)	**Under The Flag**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
25	(25)	**Live At The Speakeasy**	Johnny Thunders (Jungle)
26	(—)	**United Skins**	Various (Skrew)
27	(30)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack**	Dr John (Demon)
28	(21)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
29	(24)	**Bad Boy Skanking**	Yellowman and Fathead (Greensleeves)
30	(—)	**Live At The Moonlight**	Addicts (Chaos Tapes)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**You Make Me Feel So Good**	Ruddy Thomas & Susan Cadogan (Hawkeye)
2	**Wake Up**	Jean Adebambo (Ade J)
3	**Make You My Man**	Sandra Lobban (Music Gallery)
4	**Don't You**	Donna Rhoden (Ital)
5	**Pass The Dutchie**	Musical Youth (CBS)
6	**Night Nurse**	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
7	**Fat She Fat**	John Holt (Greensleeves)
8	**Paradise In Your Eyes**	Winston Reedy (Dafala)
9	**Your Love**	Carroll Thompson (S&G)
10	**Make You My Lover**	Al Campbell (JB)
11	**Trying To Make A Fool Out Of Me**	Chosen Few (Regal)
12	**Rockin' To A Class Champion**	Johnny Clarke (Fashion)
13	**Last Dance**	Mighty Diamonds (JB)
14	**Oh Girl**	Dennis Brown (Natty Congo)
15	**Cool Down The Pace**	Gregory Isaacs (Island)

ALBUMS

1	**First Case**	The Investigators (Investigators)
2	**Night Nurse**	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
3	**Golden Touch**	Valerie Harrison (Black Beat)
4	**Live At The Aces**	Yellow Man (Music Works)
5	**Dub Me Crazy**	Mad Professor (Ariwa)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

US SINGLES

1	**Who Can It Be Now?**	Men At Work (Columbia)
2	**Jack and Diane**	John Cougar (Riva)
3	**Eye In The Sky**	The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
4	**I Keep Forgettin'**	Michael McDonald (Warner Bros.)
5	**Up Where We Belong**	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Atlantic)
6	**Heart Attack**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
7	**Somebody's Baby**	Jackson Browne (Elektra)
8	**You Can Do Magic**	America (Capitol)
9	**I Ran**	A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)
10	**Heartlight**	Neil Diamond (Columbia)

US LPs

1	**American Fool**	John Cougar (Polygram)
2	**Mirage**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3	**Nebraska**	Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
4	**Business As Usual**	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	**Emotions In Motion**	Billy Squier (Capitol)
6	**If That's What It Takes**	Michael McDonald (Warner Bros).
7	**Eye In The Sky**	The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
8	**Its Hard**	The Who (Warner Bros)
9	**The Nylon Curtain**	Billy Joel (Columbia)
10	**A Flock Of Seagulls**	A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive/Arista)

(Courtesy Billboard Publications)

NEW ZEALAND

1	**Da Da Da**	Trio (Polydor)
2	**Mickey**	Tony Basil (RCA)
3	**Fame**	Irene Cara (Polydor)
4	**Memory**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
5	**Ain't No Pleasing You**	Chas & Dave (RTC)
6	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (CBS)
7	**Cat People**	David Bowie (Backstreet)
8	**Iko Iko**	Natasha (RTC)
9	**It Started With A Kiss**	Hot Chocolate (EMI)
10	**Look Of Love**	ABC (Polydor)

(Courtesy Record Publications/Billboard)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Name Of The Game**	Abba (Epic)
2	**You're In My Heart**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
3	**Yes Sir I Can Boogie**	Baccara (RCA)
4	**Rockin' All Over The World**	Status Quo (Vertigo)
5	**We Are The Champions**	Queen (EMI)
5	**2468 Motorway**	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)
6	**Black Is Black**	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)
8	**Calling Occupants Of Interplanetary Craft**	Carpenters (A&M)
9	**Holidays In The Sun**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)
10	**Needles And Pins**	Smokie (Rak)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Clair**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
2	**Mouldy Old Dough**	Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
3	**Donna**	10CC (UK)
4	**Loop Di Love**	Shag (UK)
5	**Elected**	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
6	**In A Broken Dream**	Python Lee Jackson (Young Blood)
7	**Leader Of The Pack**	Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
8	**My Ding-A-Ling**	Chuck Berry (Chess)
9	**Goodbye To Love**	Carpenters (A&M)
10	**Burning Love**	Elvis Presley (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Baby Now That I've Found You**	Foundations (Pye)
2	**Massachusetts**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	**Zabadak**	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
4	**The Last Waltz**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	**Autumn Almanac**	Kinks (Pye)
6	**Love Is All Around**	Troggs (Page One)
7	**There Must Be A Way**	Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
8	**From The Underworld**	Herd (Fontana)
9	**There Is A Mountain**	Donovan (Pye)
10	**Hole In My Shoe**	Traffic (Island)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Lovesick Blues**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	**Telstar**	Tornados (Decca)
3	**Let's Dance**	Chris Montez (London)
4	**Swiss Maid**	Del Shannon (London)
5	**The Locomotion**	Little Eva (London)
6	**Venus In Blue Jeans**	Mark Wynter (Pye)
7	**Sherry**	Four Seasons (Stateside)
8	**Rain Until September**	Carole King (London)
9	**Ramblin' Rose**	Nat King Cole (Capitol)
10	**Sheila**	Tommy Roe (HMV)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

WHO AND CLASH 16
GRACE JONES 4
LYDIA LUNCH 5
COCTEAU TWINS 6
JOHN PILGER 11
PLUTONIUM BLONDES 13
IGGY, LENONO 14
FELA KUTI 15
SINGLES 19

SILVER SCREEN 21
JAPAN 24

LPs 30
TOUR NEWS 35
GIG GUIDE 37
RECORD NEWS 39

BALI 40
LIVE! 45
REGGAE RUNNINGS 53
GASBAG 54
T-ZERS 55

Blondie split . . .

THE BLONDIE bubble has finally burst, and the group has ceased to exist. Just two years after they created a sensation by becoming the top-selling record act in the UK, both in the singles charts and with their 'Parallel Lines' album, the band have decided to call it a day.

Although still unconfirmed, New York sources indicate that the split has already taken place, and an official announcement is expected within the next two weeks. Their London representative flies to New York during the next few days, and expects to bring back a break-up statement in his pocket.

The split has been on the cards for over a year, since Debbie Harry started giving rein to her various solo ambitions, while Chris Stein got involved with the formation of his Animal Records label — leaving the other members to go their separate ways for lengthy periods.

It seemed that Blondie were about to enjoy a second lease of life when they got together again last Christmas to record a new band album and announced plans for a major UK tour in the summer. But sales of the LP 'The Hunter' were, by their standards, very disappointing — and advance sales for their UK concerts were so low that the whole tour was called off. It was these two factors, more than any other reason, that prompted the final split decision.

But although the Blondie saga is now history, we certainly haven't heard the last of Debbie Harry. She is now formulating comprehensive plans for 1983, with music taking preference over her acting career, and is already putting together material for a new album to be recorded shortly with producer Mike Chapman. She also expects to undertake a solo UK tour "fairly early in the New Year", playing somewhat smaller venues than the grandiose halls scheduled for Blondie on their ill-fated summer tour. More detailed information is likely to accompany the official split announcement.

. . . but Haircut don't

HAIRCUT 100 are not preparing to split up early next year, despite a report to that effect last week in London's *The Standard*, a paper which seems to specialise in breaking up groups prematurely.

The band's spokesperson described the story as "absolute rubbish", and intimated that it was probably the result of sour grapes on someone's part.

The band, who start their major UK tour on November 25, have now completed work on their second album — and it features percussionist Mark Fox, who quit Haircut as a full-time member in the summer, though his LP involvement confirms his insistence that he would maintain links with the group and that his departure was amicable. The LP will be rushed out before Christmas.

● *Latest rumour buzzing at presstime is that The Jam's Paul Weller and Haircut's Nick Heyward are planning a joint project. This has also been denied by official sources.*

School's out till Xmas — Musical Youth get ready for playtime. Pic: Anton Corbijn

YOUTH BREAK OUT

MUSICAL YOUTH, who pulled out of the Kid Creole tour because education authorities said it would interfere with their schooling, have now set up their own pre-Christmas headlining tour.

The reason they are able to do so is that — while the Creole tour is very lengthy, and would have exceeded the number of days they are legally entitled to take off school for alternative work — their own outing consists of only ten dates, and is evidently within their allowance.

The youngsters have also scheduled the follow-up to their chart-topping smash hit 'Pass The Dutchie'. It's called 'Youth Of Today', and it's released by MCA on November 12 in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter being an extended dub version.

Confirmed tour dates are Derby Assembly Rooms (November 24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Chippenham Goldiggers (26), Brighton Top Rank (28), St. Albans City Hall (29), Manchester Palace (30), Sheffield Lyceum (December 2), Birmingham Odeon (3) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (5). Tickets for all these gigs are £3.50 and £3, and are available now from box-offices and usual agents. Still to come are details of a major London date, to be announced shortly.

Prior to the tour proper, the group play a couple of charity shows this Saturday (6) at Birmingham Carlton Cinema, in aid of Duddeston Manor School — the afternoon performance is for under-18s only (tickets £1.50), and the evening concert is open to all (£3.50).

● *Youth cancelled date fiasco — see P7.*

'83 gets Strangled

THE STRANGLERS undertake a major UK tour early in the New Year, as the first leg of an extensive world tour taking in eight European countries, the Far East and the States.

It's now been officially confirmed that the band, following their departure from EMI, have signed with CBS Records — a move forecast exclusively by *NME* in the summer — and will have their material released on that company's Epic label. Their first album via that outlet, as yet untitled, will be issued in January to coincide with the tour.

Dates are Poole Arts Centre (January 30), Bristol Colston Hall (31), Cardiff University (February 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Glasgow Apollo (9), Aberdeen Capitol (10), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Sheffield City Hall (13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15 and 16).

Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50 and £3.50 at all venues — except Poole and Cardiff (£4.50 only) and London (£5 and £4). Hammersmith bookings may also be made through London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box-Office, Albermarle Agency and branches of Keith Prowse.

The band also intend to play a series of small club gigs on days off during the main tour schedule, and possibly before it opens. These will be strictly low-key and unannounced, apart from brief advance notification in the areas concerned.

The first Stranglers single on the Epic label will be 'European Female'/'Savage Breast', for which CBS splashed out on a full-page advertisement in last week's *NME*. However, their Marketing Division could well have held on to its money for the time being, as the decision has since been taken to delay its release until December.

Hugh — what a scorcher! Pic: Anton Corbijn

JAM, YAZOO EXTRA DATES ● HUMAN LEAGUE SINGLE ● NEWS P35, 39, 42

maxell® PRESENTS Japan

Buy a ticket for Japan. Get a second ticket FREE -courtesy of Maxell.

Japan's last night at the Hammersmith Odeon is November 22nd, and Maxell have 1,000 of the best seats available. Buy one ticket for £6.50, and we'll give you another one, completely free.

All you've got to do is buy two Maxell audio cassette tapes (either UD or UDXLII) and from each one send us the little token from the corner of the index card and the shop's receipt as proof of purchase, together with a crossed postal order or cheque, for £6.50, made payable to Maxell Japan Offer.

But you'll have to hurry, the offer's strictly limited to the first 500 applicants! (If you're unlucky, we'll return your money and give you a Japan Poster free).

maxell® Break the sound barrier.

Send to: Maxell Japan Offer, 103 Wardour Street, London W1. Please send me two tickets for the last night of the Japan tour.
I enclose proof of purchase of two Maxell audio cassettes, together with a cheque or crossed postal order for £6.50.
Note: only one pair of tickets per applicant. NAME

ADDRESS NME.

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

PULL UP TO THE ART BUNKER

Camden Palace, Jean-Paul Goude, Grace Jones video preview . . . whaddya mean ARTY?!?

Then the man said, "This at last is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she is taken out of Man."

A SIMILAR ACT went into the 'creation' of Grace Jones, only here Adam is played by Jean-Paul Goude. It was Goude that 'crafted' the Grace of 'Warm Leatherette' and 'Nightclubbing' and Goude the 'Art Groupie' who produced *A One Man Show* the spanking new clones video.

The video was previewed last week by Island Records at the notoriously plush Camden Palace which found its sprawling environs smothered with hordes eager for a glimpse of this 'State of the Art' TV show; witness the 'art critic' crowd silent in anticipation, sitting on the floor cross-legged like so many infants. These are Goude's disciples and Grace Jones, the puma is his lamb. Goude is the definitive 'artist as consumer' — his talent lying in 'consuming', 'using', 'processing' and 'producing'; the Grace Jones of One Man Show is the final product.

The lights go down and the black felt sheeting is pulled back to reveal a staircase of television sets, your stairway to the Grace Jones heaven. Around the club, screens blink into action and eyes blink in appreciation. The opening shots are a montage of Jones photographs cut and interspersed with film, light and colour, while the thunderous percussion rolls of the soundtrack are themselves intermittently punctuated by Dunbar's stabbing drums on 'Nightclubbing'.

Goude's opening is essentially one of titilation, selling the still life Jones, the rest is a doctored version of the Jones '81 stage show.

The stage became the altar for this ritual, this 2-D insight into the heart of Jones as Goude sees her. People squirmed on the floor to ease their arses and catch a cleaner view of Grace under pressure. Adulation ran high, and clever cuts or hi-speed dance steps were greeted with silent gasps and astonished sighs.

The music you've heard before; the voice is an adulterated mix of inflection, insinuation and accent, the backing as solid Sly 'n' Robbie as ever. The real orchestration is in the video, which becomes an oracle, dispensing Goude's pictures of wisdom with passive adoration or a flourish of stunning beauty.

Goude's sense of Jones' primitivism is played out by the 'Queen Kong' gorilla suited opening scene, her multi-faceted persona delineated by the use of dummies and doppelgangers, her androgyny thrust upon us by sharp scissor editing and quick cuts between Grace's face and that of her identical brother's, her acutely angular face mocked and strengthened by the addition of a crude, geometric 'mask'. Is Goude suggesting, by cutting away the shapes, that he released Grace's beauty? If so, where does improvement stop and 'creation' begin?

Grace herself appeared in person astride the television monument, swathed in shadows and silk, whilst video cameras placed her neatly back into the boxes below. This was her triumph — persona over image, model over master. She sang for a few minutes, shed a solitary tear, then cut a line through the audience. Her 5'8" stature may not live up to her 8'5" reputation, but she is undeniably breathtaking. Maybe one day she'll become A One Woman Show.

DAVID DORRELL

Pic: David Corio

Pic: Lyn Goldsmith

Above: Grace on stage.

Right: a cross section of the audience.

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Re-enter the Eric

ERIC BURDON — vocalist on The Animals' 1964 No. 1 hit 'House Of The Rising Sun', currently enjoying an impressive chart comeback — is the star of a new movie opening this month, appropriately titled *Comeback*. It's a film about rock and the blues, and it's the story of a rock star who breaks away from the California music industry at the peak of his career, leaving his family in order to go back on the streets.

It's being premiered in Burdon's home town of Newcastle on November 15 at the ABC Cinema, where it opens to the general public the following Sunday (21), with selected release around the country to follow. Burdon himself is currently fronting a new band of black musicians, and it's understood that they're likely to tour in the UK during the early part of next year.

☐ The old **Dexys** horn section, ie those featured on 'Too Rye Aye' have been inaugurated into **The Q Tips** line-up for the duration of the group's tour, although there is no plan for them to record together.

Deutsche discipline

☐ Das Wort is out and the word is 'Disziplin' again. Lunatic Dusseldorfer **Ralf Dorper** — whose classic singles 'Eraserhead' / 'Assault' and 'Lorelei' will be released in Britain on one 12" by Operation Twilight — has formed a new group **Propaganda**. Their first recording is a commercial version of Throbbing Gristle's 'Discipline'. The difference is not only in the spelling.

Abo the movie

☐ Sorry for the delay on this one but our trusty paddle steamer takes quite a while to negotiate the seas betwixt here and Australia, where earlier in the year Aboriginal band **No Fixed Address** booked a tour in Perth.

On arriving at several of the scheduled venues however they had their dates cancelled, the club owners discovering that they were black.

On the second leg of the tour in Queensland (a State not unknown to racial trouble) they had to hire six security guards after several incidents of police harassment.

But, despite a troublesome year in which the group also lost $80,000 worth of equipment in a car crash, they did manage to make a biographical award winning film *Wrong Side Of The Road* and a newly released epynonymous mini LP for the Australian independent label Rough Diamond Records. Available from 335-337 Queensberry Street, North Melbourne (VICTORIA) 3051.

Stripes stripped

☐ **The Perfect Zebras'** Paris debut ended before it began — when all their equipment was destroyed onstage.

WC3, the French punk support group, damaged £5,000 worth of Zebra equipment, said a Perfect Zebra spokesperson. Under French law, no one can be held financially responsible for the outrage, she added.

To make matters worse, the gig, at the prestigious Palace, had been specially arranged in front of numerous French journalists — which is perhaps why those naughty continential punks did it . . .

Mouth re-opens

☐ After an earlier decision to split, Bristol combo **Mouth** have now decided to reform as two groups; Mouth 1 and Mouth 2 — "like an upper lip and a lower lip."

Mouth 1 will be committed to "frivolity" according to bassist/trumpet player Andrew Guy. Other members are Robin Merrill and Petta Mouth.

Mouth 2 will meanwhile pursue a "more serious and radical" policy. The line-up is Andrew Guy and Paul Hooper, though Captain Nemo — aka erstwhile Pop Group vocalist Mark Stewart — features on Mouth 2's first single 'Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea', a strident reggae-based number, which will be released on Y Records at the earliest opportunity. Mouth 1's first release is likely to be 'Castaway', which is based on the Robinson Crusoe legend.

Both groups plan to play live, and both are trying to "chop off the legs of pop and make youth music relevant again . . . to put it back into the cellars."

not only rock and roll — lowry

MONTY AND THE M.M.M's LIVE, ONSTAGE..
I DON'T WANT TO BE FAMOUS - I'D RATHER BE A DRUNK!..
WHITE RIOT!!
TERRIBLE WEATHER WE'RE HAVING..
IT'S DUE TO THE OPPRESSIVE NATURE OF CAPITALIST SOCIETY..
THIS CYCLE CAPE IS AN EXPRESSION OF MY PROFOUND OPPOSITION TO THE OPPRESSIVE NATURE OF CAPITALIST SOCIETY..
CHRIST! AND ME JUST A POSEUR..
WHAT A LOUSY BAND!..
IT'S NOT THE BANDS FAULT - IT'S THE OPPRESSIVE NATURE OF CAPITALIST SOCIETY!..
FEARING A MINI-RIOT MONTY THINKS FAST...
FUNKY ALLIGATOR TIME, FOLKS!..
MONTY'S BRAND OF COUNTRY BOP, SOCIALIST POLICIES AND EXTREME DRUNKENNESS SAVE THE NIGHT!
BUT OUTSIDE...
YOU'RE WONDERFUL HARRY I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DANCE
NEITHER DID I TILL I DROPPED ACID.
SEND IN FORBACK'S BRANDENBERG REGIMENT AND THE REST OF FIFTEENTH PANZER!
IT'S LORD FISH-PASTE AND A BUNCH OF HIS PUBLIC SCHOOL-BOY CRONIES OUT ON A RAG!!..
SIEG HEIL!! WE'RE HERE TO LAUGH AT THE YOBS..
HAW HAW.
NEXT WEEK HAG
NEXT - THE CLASS STRUGGLE DEEPENS - BIFF CRY 'PLAGIARISM' - FURTHER HAIR LOSS.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

LYDIA LUNCH

BOOKS
Justine — De Sade
Demon Flower — Jo Imog
Will You Die For Me — Tex Watson
The Painted Bird — Jerzy Koszinski
All Short Stories — Charles Bukowski
Revelations — The Bible

FILMS
The Night Porter
The Haunting
13 Ghosts
The Last House On The Left
Salo (uncut)
Mother's Day

SONGS
Groove Me — King Floyd
I Fall To Pieces — Patsy Cline
Heart Attack and Vine — Tom Waits
Various Times — The Fall
Imitation Of Christ — Psychedelic Furs (How uncool)!
Black Is The Colour Of My True Love's Hair — Patty Waters

HEROES
Ted Bundy
Lizzie Borden
Whoever invented cotton candy

FAVOURITE SAYINGS
You wish
Gnarrly
Drop dead

Lydia *Pic: Joe Stevens*

LIKES
Skinny boys with black hair
Coney Island
Puerto Ricans
Butcher knives and shotguns
Anything between 12 and 17
Exene

HATES
Liars
Jealous girls
All the clubs in London
Most musicians, singers or anyone generally pompous
All music papers, anyone who works for them and a thousand other things

Argentine airplay for Essex anarchists

OFFICIAL — CRASS "NOT OBSCENE"

CRASS, NO STRANGERS to shock-horror headlines, have found themselves in the full glare of notoriety again these past few weeks. The cause of all the moral outrage this time around is the group's newest single, a blast of anti-Falklands bitterness entitled 'How Does It Feel (To Be The Mother Of 1000 Dead)?'

However, it's now been confirmed that our anarcho-punk gang will *not* be prosecuted for obscenity, following the defeat of a move now led by Conservative MP Timothy Eggar.

Crass guitarist Andy Palmer dropped by at the *NME* office to recount the saga.

Beginning with a predictable trickle of public protests after the record's release, the story was picked up by *Daily Mirror* rock columnist Robin Eggar — and promptly came to the attention of Robin's brother Timothy, who just happens to be Tory member for Enfield North.

Doing the public-spirited thing, Eggar MP denounced the single as "a vicious, scurrilous attack on the Prime Minister and the government," (which it certainly is) "and an insult to the country and the families of those who died in the Falklands" (something which Crass deny vehemently). He then sought to bring a prosecution against Crass under the Obscene Publications Act. Unhappily for him, the crusade came to a halt after the Attorney-General ruled that the record does not contravene the relevant law.

The affair had a bizarre sequel the other day when Crass turned up to do an interview on the controversy with LBC, London's news'n'waffle radio station. To the group's great surprise, there too was Mr Eggar, invited along by LBC in hopes of a showdown over the airwaves.

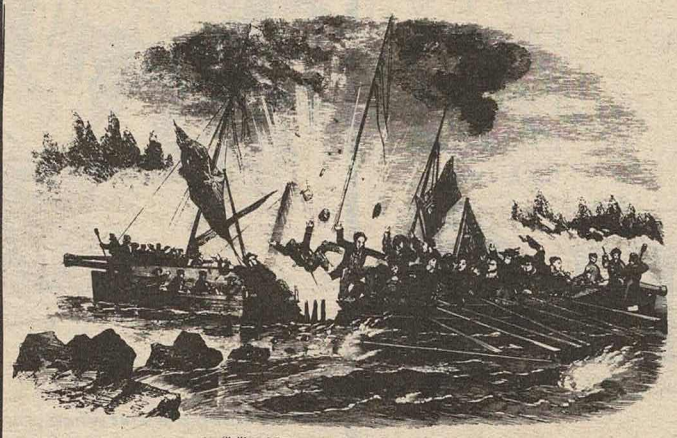
A free and frank exchange of views, as they say, was the result. But according to Palmer, Crass are far more delighted with an interview they filmed with CBS TV, presenting their side of the case, which has been shown in the US and several countries besides — including Argentina. For their part, Crass are holding to the line that war itself is the real obscenity, and point to lines in the song such as *"You accuse us of disrespect for the dead, but it was you who slaughtered out of national pride"*. In other words it's not the dead or the bereaved who are the targets for scorn, but the people at the top. The "foul language" which the MP draws attention to actually occurs on a different song, 'Don't Tell Me You Care' on side two.

Andy Palmer wryly notes that all the fuss has brought the single more airplay than Crass can normally ever expect, but says that sales and distribution have been hit, thanks to retailers' reluctance to order and stock anything that might render them liable to police action. The hope is that with the Attorney-General's decision, all that will change.

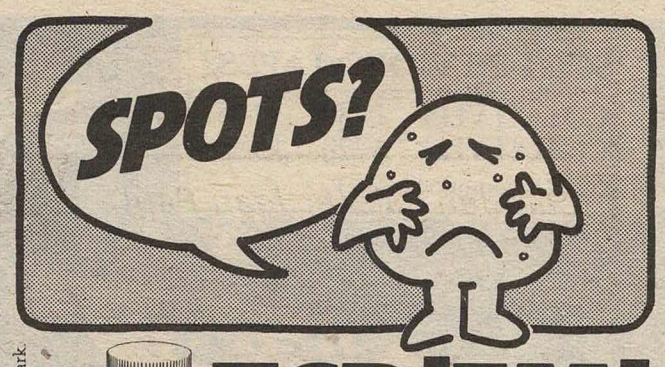
Asked for comment, Mr Eggar concedes he's "disappointed" about the outcome. He stresses that he bears no personal dislike of the group, and nor does he dispute their freedom to voice opinions he doesn't agree with. "It was purely the way they expressed themselves that I objected to. Authority has to draw a limit somewhere. In fact, I used to enjoy and still do, many of the anti-Vietnam songs that were made, but they carried their message in a sophisticated way, without resorting to foul language."

A Labour MP, Raymond Powell, has used parliamentary Question Time to invite Mrs Thatcher to listen to Crass's tribute to her. The Prime Minister's office has declined . . .

PAUL DU NOYER



Shelling of Boats reconnoitring the Passage to Wyborg.



*TCP is a registered trademark.

*TCP'EM!

TCP Antiseptic helps dry up spots, kills germs fast, reduces skin irritation.
Also available, TCP Ointment in handy tubes.

On Your Radio . . . That French Record

LA MER

by Punching Holes

FLAME 13 (Pinnacle/Firebird)

Marketed & Distributed by Pinnacle, 1 Oasthouse Way, Cray Avenue Orpington, Kent BR5 3QJ. Telephone (0689) 27000.

BELL'S FOR EVERYTHING MUSICAL

WRITE TODAY!

FREE 48 PAGE CATALOGUE

of GUITARS · AMPLIFIERS · BRASS & WOODWIND · KEYBOARDS · SYNTHESIZERS RHYTHM UNITS · HARMONICAS · DRUMS VIOLINS · BANJOS & ACCESSORIES

Fast Mail Order service for CASH, ACCESS, BARCLAYCARD – or H.P. terms available.

COMPREHENSIVE ACCORDION CATALOGUE ALSO AVAILABLE

Bell Musical Instruments Ltd. (MX13)
157-159 Ewell Road, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6AR
Telephone: 01-399 1166

(Please print) NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

ELECTRONIC HOBBIES FAIR

Alexandra Pavilion London November 18 – 21 1982

The biggest and best event ever to be staged for the electronic hobbies enthusiast!

Walk into a whole world of electronic equipment. – Everything from resistors, IC's to home computers, transmitting and receiving units, citizens band radio and peripheral equipment, video games, musical instruments, radio control models. . . . In fact whatever your particular electronic hobby you'll find this show will be the most interesting and informative way to discover all the latest developments in your particular field.

Ticket prices at the door are £2 for adults, £1 for children but party rates are available for 20 people or more. To find out more, contact the Exhibition Manager, Electronic Hobbies Fair, IPC Exhibitions, Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4QQ. Tel: 01-643 8040.

OPENING TIMES
Thursday 18 Nov. – 10.00-18.00
Friday 19 Nov. – 10.00-18.00
Saturday 20 Nov. – 10.00-18.00
Sunday 21 Nov. – 10.00-17.00

Electronic Hobbies Fair is sponsored by Practical Electronics, Everyday Electronics and Practical Wireless and is organised by IPC Exhibitions Ltd

Cheap rail fare direct to Alexandra Pavilion

Learn Professional Lead Guitar at home

with the unique ROCKMASTER CASSETTE COURSE!

At last you can learn Professional Electric Guitar with the most complete home study Course EVER DEVISED! Exclusive cassette tape program teaches every skill and technique of rhythm and lead playing right up to complete Professional Standard. Includes unique 'SESSION ASSIGNMENTS' that you record! Clear tablature and diagram manuals. Incorporates lessons for total beginners also.

Play like a pro! Send today for FREE info pamphlet. No obligation: Rockmaster Publications, PO box 117 High Wycombe, Bucks. Name.....
Address.....
.....

The £1 voucher in these Scotch video cassettes is only part of the story.

Buy the special E120 or E180 Scotch Video Cassettes at W. H. Smith, and you'll find a voucher inside which will give you £1.00 off your next Scotch tape purchase.

That's part of the story. Take a look at the table on the right and you'll also find there's a pound off all the big names in the W. H. Smith range of blank video cassettes.

THE FULL STORY We've taken £1 off off all these tapes		
VHS		NOW
BASF	E120	£7.75
Memorex	E180	£8.95
TDK	E120	£7.50
Maxell	E180	£8.95
Maxell	E120	£7.50
National Panasonic	E180	£7.95
BETA		
Sanyo	L750	£8.95
Maxell	L750	£8.95
Maxell	L500	£6.95

WHSMITH

Prices correct at time of going to press. Scotch offer lasts until 24 December 1982. Subject to availability. Available at selected branches only.

FUN FROM FALKIRK — FAT CHANCE?

Getting tae ken The Cocteau Twins

FRIDAY night is cardboard box kicking night.

It's punky party time in Glasgow with celebrations spilling over from the festival of The Damned being held at Tiffany's.

The born-too-late crowd, here to see the last loathsome efforts of a gang whose only ever virtue was their sense of timing, are displaying their anarchistic tendencies by giving the odd defenceless cardboard box the statutory good kicking.

Meanwhile, other daring rebels are jumping defiantly into the forbidden flower pots that line the pavements.

"So this is the bright lights of Glasgow, eh?" says Cocteau Twins guitarist Rob ambling along behind the noble warriors.

Rob, like the rest of the Cocteaus, rarely makes the 20 mile trip from his home in Falkirk to the big city.

The Cocteau Twins are one of the year's great enigmas, a mystery to everyone including themselves. Three months ago, their 4AD album 'Garlands' crept into the independent charts. They expected the customary couple of weeks hovering around the lower regions before the usual slide into obscurity.

Rob, vocalist Elizabeth and bassist Will read the music papers every week and waited for the fall. But the fall never came.

"We just couldn't understand it. We got hardly any reaction from the press and still the album kept selling."

The mandatory Peel session was recorded, broadcast and repeated by public demand three times. The album continued to sell and, the week I met them, their 12-inch struck number 19 in the independent charts on the first week of release.

Yes folks, it's our old favourite the cult band, ignored by the press but loved by the great masses.

Bring up the subject of music to The Cocteau Twins and they sink to a reticent whisper.

"The whole thing's really remote from us, y'ken? We can look at the charts and see that we're at a certain number, but it means very little in concrete terms, because we're tucked away up here. We have little or no contact with the London music scene," says Rob.

"I mean if we ever go down there and we get taken round the clubs by the record company, we just feel totally out of place."

As the London scene slouches along the sharpest shots are once again coming from the provinces.

"We've actually been allowed to develop on our own, because we've been relatively removed from the Edinburgh and Glasgow scene. There were a lot of good bands involved in those but, because they shared equipment and had a pool of ideas, they seemed to end up sounding the same."

The one thing the band have had to deal with is the legacy of Siouxie And The Banshees.

"People are always comparing us to the Banshees but it's not as if we go out of our way to sound like them," says Rob. "It's just that we've got a female singer and we use crashing guitar sounds which makes close-minded people immediately pigeonhole us as Banshee imitators.

"Actually if you really want to know, we're more interested in Wire and early Matt Johnson."

The first encounter with 'Garlands', with its splintered snatches of guitar lines, moody bass and fractured vocals does tend to invoke Banshee like images.

But play the album a couple of times and their shy, retiring values begin to creep out. The bass and guitar switch the opposite roles of melody and dischord, dancing around the drum machine patterns. Meanwhile Elizabeth's wailing vocal sobs around the sound with a unique phrasing, sounding like a backward incantation.

It's an album of intriguing drifting sounds — evocative and atmospheric but ultimately lacking in bite, a deficiency the band are well aware of.

"It sounds rather dull compared with what we know we're capable of. It was our first time in a studio and we weren't quite sure how to handle it. The 12 inch is actually much better but it still doesn't reach the sound we're aiming at.

"Actually, we were thinking of having a saxophone on the next album to bring an extra dimension to it, but I'm not sure about the image of that," explains Rob with a grin. "I might try and mix it so it sounds like a synthesiser."

The one thing the Cocteaus have in common with bands like Danse Society, Southern Death Cult and The March Violets is a fascination with magic, but it's a stage the Cocteaus feel they've passed though.

"It was just at one particular time," Elizabeth explains. "I was reading a lot of books about magic and I just picked up a lot of the language. That's what I'm most interested in when it comes to writing songs, just the sound of words — I'm moving away from the magic side of it now."

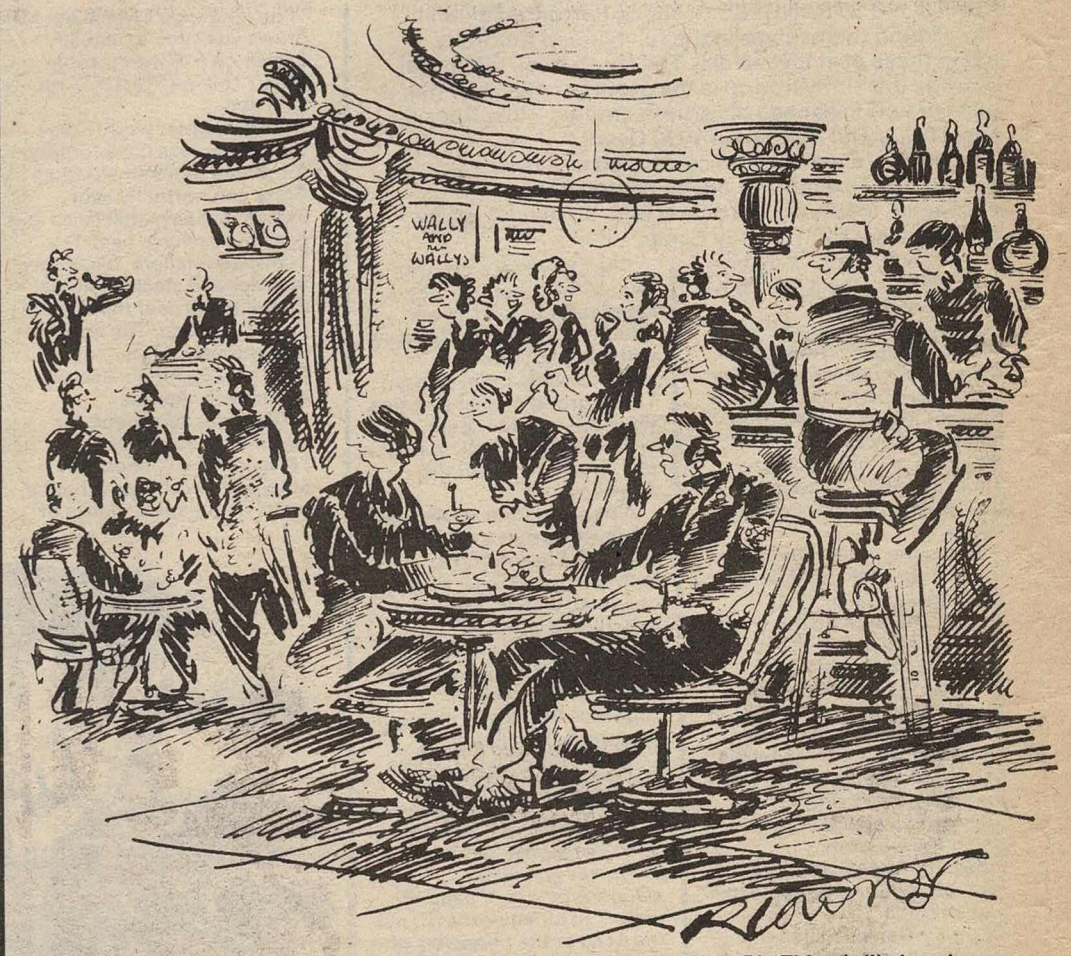
"It's something that a lot of people form preconceptions about," Rob adds. "They expect us to keep toads and talk about magic, but we're not like that at all."

So what are they like?

"Fat. That's our major worry really. How can we be stars when we're so fat!"

DON WATSON

lowry



"The trouble is that when you get to my age you realise that the Next Big Thing is likely to be your first coronary, a peptic ulcer or senile dementia."

If they're called The Cocteau Twins, how come there's three of them? And if there's three of them, how come there's only two in this picture? *Pic: Roger Ball*

The dutchie stops here

HERE'S ONE that missed last week's packed issue due to a space shortage. But let us now number those who need numbering.

A Musical Youth half-term Sunday special for under 18s at the Camden Palace was cancelled at the last moment . . . only nobody told the 80 or so kids who started lining up at 3.30, expecting a crush for the 5.30 show.

Since no sign was posted and no one was around to put them in the picture, about 40 of these ticket holders were still pathetically hanging about for 'Dutchie band' at 7pm.

Following a telephone complaint to the police, eight officers came down. But alas, not to tackle the absent management, only to protect the property. The crowd was dispersed and told to come back for the reckoning the next day.

What went wrong?

MCA are the group's label — their press office claimed the cancellation was forced by sudden recording obligations. This was a lie. It was due to inexplicably lousy ticket sales.

Approximately 20 tickets had been sold for a second show for the over 18s later the same night.

Yet, whatever the cause, why did no one post a sign or show up to explain the facts to the kids, some of whom were 10 and 11 years old and had travelled from Birmingham specially for the show?

Palace manager Mick Parker said full blame lay with the event's promoters, Final Solution. This outfit, said Parker (who appeared recently in *Gasbag* denying a racist policy at his venue), pulled a similar stunt earlier in the year. An Associates gig was cancelled due to a sudden row in the band. Again ticket holders were kept in the dark.

But couldn't Parker, as manager, have posted a simple notice? He did, after all, know on Thursday that the gig was off. Erm, aahh, huhh, etc. It was all the fault of Final Solution . . .

Sorry Mr Parker, but the dutchie has to stop somewhere. This time let it be with you.

Andrew Tyler

LOOKALIKE CORNER

Who are you clocking John?

Simple Minded Reggie Kray meets Glasgow gangster Jim Kerr courtesy of reader R. Sheldon.

12" ONLY!
THE STORY OF THE BLUES
PART ONE AND TWO
PLUS
SEVEN MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT:
LIVE! (ish)
KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING?
I KNOW IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE WE DID ANY BIG DEAL BUT WE NEEDED TIME TO GROW . . . THIS RECORD IS A KIND OF LINK BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW. WORRABOUT LIVE STUFF IN NOV. & DEC., AND A NEW L.P. SOON AFTER . . . BEWARE AND WILLING TO SEE THE GLORY! P.W

Distributed by WEA Records Limited © A Warner Communications Company

WAIT!
NEW 12" SINGLE
THE STORY OF THE BLUES
PART ONE AND PART TWO
OUT NOW
ON eternal JF1T
PRODUCED BY MIKE HEDGES.

The hissing's missing.

The JVC guide to the personal stereo that takes the hiss out of cassettes.

Today most pre-recorded tapes are Dolbyized.* Play them on a non-Dolby machine and they can sound worse than an ordinary cassette. You not only get tape hiss but you also lose the clean, immediate full range of sounds Dolby* was designed to give you.

And that has to be a real pain in the ear for personal stereo cassette fans.

JVC have the answer.

DOLBY SYSTEM®

Their new CQ-1 personal stereo cassette player has Dolby B* built in. It's got what it takes to make the most of Dolbyized tapes.

And that's not all. With the metal tape compatible CQ-1 you can hear the music how you want it. Flick the tone control and you can boost the high or the low frequencies.

The CQ-1 . . . you've never heard headphone stereo like it. But then, JVC haven't made a personal stereo cassette player before!

JVC

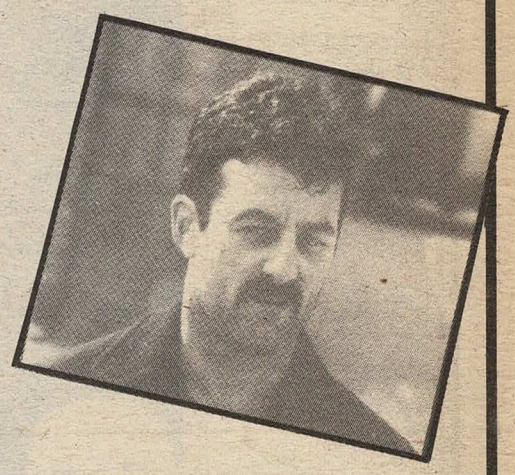
JVC is the trademark of the Victor Company of Japan.

your guide to the best in portables.

*Dolby, Dolbyized and the Double D symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Licencing Corporation.

THE NME NEXT WEEK BOX

This week's guest presenter — YOSSER HUGHES



GIZZA JOB . . .

Go on. I'm famous! Next Week Boxes? Yeah, I can write them. Oh aye, I'm a Next Week Box writer. Dead easy, watch . . .

ALAN BLEASDALE

Never 'eard of him. Anyway, says here he's the man to thank for *The Boys From The Blackstuff*, the best thing on telly. Paul Du Noyer has a "tete-a-tete" with the Liverpool playwright.

Big friggin' deal. I could do that. I go round tete-a-tete'ing people all the while, know wharramean?

PSYCHIC TV

'Kin hell! You're gonna love these. Genesis P Orridge, his name is, him and his "partner in perversion", Sleazy. Sound like a right pair of knobheads. Yer what? I'm supposed to sit here and make them sound "interesting"? On yer bike, pal. I'm Yosser Hughes, and I'm famous, and I'll do this Next Week Box me own way.

Okay? The NME, next week. GERRIT, YER MINGE-BAGS! Just gerrit!

(What yer think, eh? Dead good aren't I? *Sound*, that is. Sound. Good-style. Wha'? What d'yer friggin' mean, I'M SACKED!?!)

NME — BETTER LOOKING BY FAR

BEAM US BACK SCOTTY!

David says: "I dislike daylight or being outdoors. I like to seclude myself in a room in a city. I hate the countryside. I need to be able to look at what is going on without participating.

"I'm stuck in that everyone thinks of me as a musician. I'm not. I'd rather teach myself to paint and draw.

"I'm introverted and shy. I don't like standing in front of an audience. Public success does not bother me at all.

DAILY MIRROR,
Thursday, October 28, 1982

***ON YOUR LEFT** words of wisdom from Japan's David Sylvian in last Thursday's Daily Mirror.*

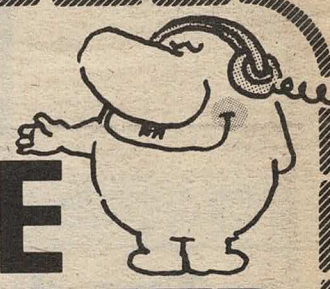
Seems like we've heard this all before. In 1967, in fact, when The Walker Brothers opted for non-family status and the ultra-introverted Scott Walker retired to the solitude of a London flat where, according to the NME report of the time: "The curtains are drawn permanently even on a beautiful summer's day with the temperature in the '80s."

"I hide in here all day and go out for walks at night," said Scott who also confided:

"you know that I hate to sing onstage" — a fact not lost on his adoring fans, who were frequently treated to get-on-and-get-off perforances spanning all of 20 minutes.

And, should your sense of deja vu need an extra nudge or two, we'll impart the info that The Walkers final split came following a tour of ... Japan!

MAXELL BREAK THE PRICE BARRIER



Whenever you need audio or video cassette tapes, remember Rumbelows. Everything is of the highest standard. It has to be, because it's backed by our unique Bond.

◀ **Maxell** 90 minute Audio Cassette UL90. **PRICE WINNER 99p**

Maxell 90 minute High Bias Audio Cassette XLII. ▶ **PRICE WINNER £1·89**

◀ **Maxell** Epitaxial 90 minute Audio Cassette XLIS. **PRICE WINNER £2·29**

◀ **Maxell** 180 minute Video Cassette. **PRICE WINNER £8·99** **BUY 3 £24.97 SAVE £2**

RUMBELOWS
We save you money and serve you right.

OFFERS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY. PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS. REDUCED PRICE ITEMS ARE LOWER THAN OUR NORMAL PRICE BUT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN SOLD AT A HIGHER PRICE FOR A PERIOD OF 28 CONSECUTIVE DAYS IN THE PREVIOUS 6 MONTHS. HEAD OFFICE: TRINITY HOUSE, TRINITY LANE, WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS. EN8 7EO

RUMBELOWS BOND

OUR UNIQUE BOND GIVES YOU:
☐ 30-DAY EXCHANGE OR MONEY-BACK
☐ FULLY GUARANTEED FOR A YEAR

MADNESS *Presents* The Rise & Fall

Stage One
Rise and Fall
Tomorrow's (Just Another Day)
Blue Skinned Beast
Primrose Hill
Mr Speaker (Gets The Word)
Sunday Morning

Stage Two
Our House
Tiptoes
New Delhi
Their Face
Calling Cards
Are You Coming (With Me)
Madness (Is All In The Mind)

D.M. Woodgate: Drums
Mark Bedford: Basses
Lee Thompson: Saxes
Michael Barson: Keyboards
C.J. Foreman: Guitars
Carl Smyth Trumpet and vocals
G. McPherson: Vocals

Produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley

Album SEEZ 46 – Cassette ZSEEZ 46

Also Available From "Madness Video Special Offer" Stiff City 115-123 Bayham, Street NW1. COMPLETE MADNESS *(Videos Of All The Hits)* TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT *(The Madness Movie)* Price £18.00 each – £2.00 P&P *(All Videos Dispatched By Registered Post)* Allow at least 28 days for delivery

PHIL COLLINS.

HELLO, I MUST BE GOING.

ONLY 4.29 ALBUM OR CASSETTE.

THESE PRICES SOUND GOOD ON RECORD & EVEN BETTER ON TAPE.

SAME MUSIC SAME PRICE.

HMV CASSETTE CAMPAIGN.

We've taken hundreds of top CBS albums and cut their prices. Not just on the record versions, but on cassettes too.

In fact, you'll find the tapes are exactly the same low price as the records.

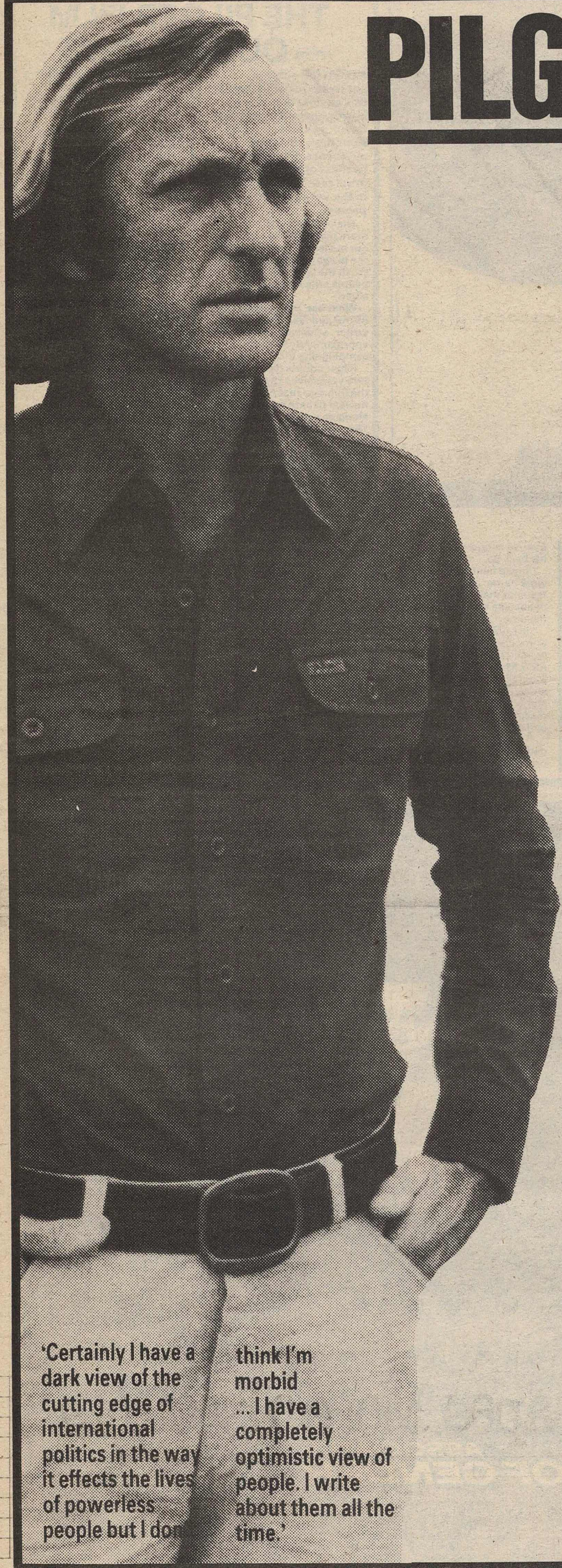
Because we don't see why the same music shouldn't always be the same price, whatever it's on. CBS specials on record and tape. From only £2.29 at The HMV Shop.

the HMV shop

More records. More tapes. More discounts.

All offers subject to availability.

363 OXFORD ST. (NEXT TO BOND ST. TUBE) TEL: 629 1240. BEDFORD: SILVER ST. TEL: '211354. **BIRMINGHAM:** NEW ST. TEL: 643 7029. **BOLTON:** EXCHANGE ST. TEL: 394934. **BRADFORD:** CHEAPSIDE TEL: 72882. **BRIGHTON:** CHURCHILL SQUARE TEL: 29060. **BRISTOL:** BROADMEAD TEL: 297467. **COVENTRY:** HERTFORD ST. TEL: 21001. **DERBY:** ST. PETERS ST. TEL: 364700. **EDINBURGH:** ST. JAMES CENTRE TEL: 556 1236. **ENFIELD:** CHURCH ST. TEL: 363 0184. **EXETER:** GUILDHALL SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 35804. **GLASGOW:** UNION ST. TEL: 221 1850. **GLOUCESTER:** KINGS WALK TEL: 32231. **HULL:** WHITEFRIARGATE TEL: 226160. **LEEDS:** TRINITY ST. TEL: 435598. **LEICESTER:** HAYMARKET CENTRE TEL: 537232. **LEWISHAM:** RIVERDALE TEL: 852 3449. **LIVERPOOL:** LORD ST. TEL: 708 8855. **LUTON:** ARNDALE CENTRE TEL: 35290. **MANCHESTER:** MARKET ST. TEL: 834 9920. **NEWCASTLE:** NORTHUMBERLAND ST. TEL: 327470. **NORWICH:** (IN TOP SHOP) HAYMARKET TEL: 25490. **NOTTINGHAM:** BROADMARSH CENTRE TEL: 52841. **NOTTING HILL GATE:** NOTTING HILL GATE TEL: 229 1476. **OLDHAM:** TOWN SQUARE SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 6337332. **PLYMOUTH:** NEW GEORGE ST. TEL: 20067. **PORTSMOUTH:** COMMERCIAL RD. TEL: 29678. **SHEFFIELD:** PINSTONE ST. TEL: 751445. **SOUTHAMPTON:** BARGATE TEL: 32654. **STRATFORD:** BROADWAY TEL: 555 0312. **STOCKTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 66174. **SUNDERLAND:** HIGH STREET WEST TEL: 41267. **SUTTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 6420084. **SWANSEA:** THE QUADRANT CENTRE TEL: 462094. **WOLVERHAMPTON:** THE GALLERY, MANDER SQUARE TEL: 29978.


'Certainly I have a dark view of the cutting edge of international politics in the way it effects the lives of powerless people but I don
think I'm morbid ... I have a completely optimistic view of people. I write about them all the time.'

PILGER'S PLAIN TRUTH

BY ANDREW TYLER

THIS WEEK the Independent Broadcasting Authority sits in judgement on a 90-minute documentary called ***The Truth Game*** *that explodes more home lies from within the nuclear establishment. It has been made for Central Television by journalist John Pilger and director David Munroe — the team that uncovered the genocidal activities of the Khymer Rouge through their award-winning film* ***Cambodia: Year Zero.***

The IBA have the power to exorcise certain segments or ban the film entirely. The last time they did the former was to a 1981 ***World In Action*** *sequence showing the burial of a hunger striker. Granada withdrew the entire film as a protest.*

The last time a complete film was banned also related to Ireland and was again a ***World In Action*** *product — a 1971 study of IRA support in the Republic called* ***South Of The Border.***

David Glencross, the IBA's deputy director for TV, is thought to be responsible for referring the Pilger film to the full board. He won't specify why this unusual step was taken, stating only that the film is a "personal statement" and "an important issue" — terms which fit numerous other TV products.

Much of Pilger's programme deals with precisely this form of cowardice and duplicity by the media when up against the establishment's determination to foster a consensus truth.

Says Pilger: "There has been this consensus truth at various points in modern media history and if you depart from it you are considered as being not objective. But look back on some of the newsreel footage of even a few years back — to the '50s and '60s — and you're shocked how it's very much propaganda."

Even if ***The Truth Game*** *is passed for screening, the very act of IBA scrutiny has caused* ***TV Times*** *to back off from a proposed cover story. Pilger judges he has already been deprived of a large segment of his potential audience.*

The *DAILY MIRROR'S* John Pilger has taken the rocky road to 'commitment' journalism — wherein lies as much derision from social satirists as public esteem. Wherever in the world there is suffering and corruption, Pilger is there. Wherever there is bureaucratic stupidity and callousness, Pilger will be licking his pencil point and translating the 'images' as he calls them, into elegant if mournful prose for the readers of the *Mirror* and — in greater detail — for those of the *New Statesman*.

He says the tendency derives from early travels throughout what is now called the Third World. The experience marked him and sharpened an affinity he already had, thanks to a socialist mother and father, for the downtrodden.

"It's true," he says from a serenely quiet fourth floor office at the *Mirror* building. "I've always been moved by injustice at almost any level and I've always been moved by the hopes and aspirations of the underdog. They, I suppose, are the themes that run through practically all my work. . ."

But he won't agree he is a morbid man. What he is revealing through his writing and broadcasting is not, he says, the debased nature of humankind but "the incredible spirit" of people under fire.

"Certainly I have a dark view of the cutting edge of international politics in the way it effects the lives of powerless people but I don't think I'm morbid. I would have thought I have a completely optimistic view of people. I write about them all the time."

Pilger has just made a 1½ hour TV film about people and how they fit into the madcap nuclear logic of the arms-markers and politicians. It is called *The Truth Game* (see review below) and goes out on ITV on November 24.

Catastrophe

That he and director David Munroe should fix their sights on the business of nuclear holocaust was to be expected. Here, after all, is the ultimate human catastrophe. The nuclear finale not only reduces the aspirations of four million unemployed to rubble, it might even do away with the fierce doctrines of those who are said to be responsible as well as those with the alleged Answer.

In *The Truth Game*, Pilger, as always, takes a meticulously non-partisan line. He sticks with the issues and avoids running colours up a mast that might one day curtail his freedom.

"No, I'm not a member of a political party. I suppose I do have a view — that I can't really justify — that a journalist should not belong to a political party. You could say I have a considerable sense of my own independence and although I'm called committed and allied to everybody from the Vietnamese to the El Salvadorean guerrillas, I've always gone to great lengths with people with whom I do have sympathy to clearly establish my independence. Sometimes to the point of hostility."

Independence is a vital commodity in Pilger's high-impact line of journalism. A TV film he made with Monroe in 1979 called *Cambodia: Year Zero* raised some £19 million worldwide for the victims of the tyrant Pol Pot, whose Khymer Rouge wiped out an estimated two million souls.

Year Zero alerted the world. It earned a clutch of awards but it also drew some critical fire from those (such as fellow Australian Clive James) who accused Pilger of simple-headed 'good guy — bad guy' journalism.

Complaints

The specific complaint was that Pilger would not acknowledge that the Vietnamese — who overran Pol Pot — were themselves acting murderously: holding up food shipments and destroying political opponents. After all, weren't they responsible for the Boat People?

Says Pilger: "I don't care if I'm attacked massively so long as it's justifiable criticism. But so much of it is from a particular minority and I think it could be taken out of proportion. But there was that critisism and people who criticise have that right.

"I responded by saying that the story of Cambodia had upset so much of our conditioning of how affairs work in the world. Here we had, nominally, a Communist country liberating another country from probably the greatest mass murderer since Hitler. Now that throws people into a great deal of confusion. Not only did they liberate them but they fed them when much of the West did not. And I accused the international agencies of neglecting to feed the Khymer people right up to the end of 1979. And in fact the Vietnamese *were* feeding them.

"Now all this was based on experience. I didn't spend time at a university. Practically my whole career and the opinions that have come from that are based on experiences such as Cambodia."

Pilger as reliable eye witness, as heart-rending translator of 'images', are the pivots on which his reputation turns. It is when he is challenged on these fronts that he shows his hard underbelly. And make no mistake, 'softie' Pilger can spit a nasty line in invective.

He frequently writes letters to newspapers if he judges that his credibility has been smeared and, just recently, has initiated his first legal action. The target is Auberon Waugh, fellow scribe and *Private Eye's* favourite baiter of the working classes.

The case arises out of an unusually long piece Pilger wrote for the *Mirror* in which he uncovered Thailand's thriving child slave trade.

In the course of his research

● *continues over*

DAILY Pilger

● *from previous page*

he actually bought a child and was able, by a process of fluke and deduction, to reunite the young girl with her mother. The final tearful scenes moved Waugh to a campaign of vilification, principally in the pages of the *Spectator*.

"Auberon Waugh, who I would regard as not a special friend, has for a long time been conducting a vendetta against me, which hasn't bothered me really in the slightest.

"But as soon as he wrote about accusations from the Thai regime which said I had set up a story, in the process of which I bought a child to prove there is a great deal of slavery in Thailand; that I had in fact conspired with the mother and everybody else, then my first concern was that I would make him prove it. Make him substantiate this total lie.

"So at the moment I have four writs going against the *Spectator* and Waugh.

"However, some weeks after I issued those writs the story was stood on its head; the Thais claimed I hadn't conspired to set it up but that I'd been hoaxed. Unfortunately for them the two stories are incompatible. But all of this is an occupational hazard for me. It has to be."

Roadblocks

And so too are the bureaucratic roadblocks that go up each time he, or other journalists, take on an issue like the health cuts, dangerous pharmaceutical drugs, un-freedom in the Eastern bloc, the neglect of America's Vietnam vets and now, in the making of *The Truth Game*, nuclear arms.

Most people, he says, are not in a position to test the "manifestly unhealthy levels of freedom" available in *democratic* Britain. As a journalist he has had that privilege.

"It's not a great conspiracy but comes through a system which has a bureaucracy and if you move against the consensus viewpoint the bureaucracy will mobilise at some point to stop you.

"In making this film we have had permission to visit three or four installations. We were offered old Ministry of Defence film and were told, *really* the viewers wouldn't know the difference. We were refused entry to all American bases in this country and in the end you don't get the information you want, only the information they want to give you. But you do get a collection of images which are going to be useful for the film."

Aside from obstruction there are outright lies, one of which the film startlingly exposes. It concerns the number of US bases located in Britain. In 1979 the then (Tory) defence minister, Francis Pym, said in a Parliamentary answer that 12 such sites existed. He was later obliged to upwardly revise the total to 53, then to 56 — and now reporter Duncan Campbell has discovered a further 47, "including," says Pilger, "some of the most important surveillance bases in the world."

The nuclear issue will no doubt continue to absorb Pilger but he will also be sticking his oar in elsewhere — no doubt where it's not wanted.

His next film examines what's what in Central America. The one after that, the dwindling National Health Service. The NHS, he says, is "the most immediately pressing problem facing the country. There is no question it is being dismantled and if Thatcher gets another term it will be dismantled quickly."

Isn't he emotionally exhausted after 20 years or more of the hard core reporting life? Certainly not! Even to suggest so is to get his back up.

"In the beginning I had to work harder and perhaps run faster to make up for the lack of abilities that I felt I had at the time.

"In my first years as a journalist in this country I worked around the clock 12 months a year. I travelled for months on end, single-mindedly pursuing stories, going into countries, disappearing for weeks on end simply to find a story.

"I certainly was very dedicated then . . . and I probably still am."

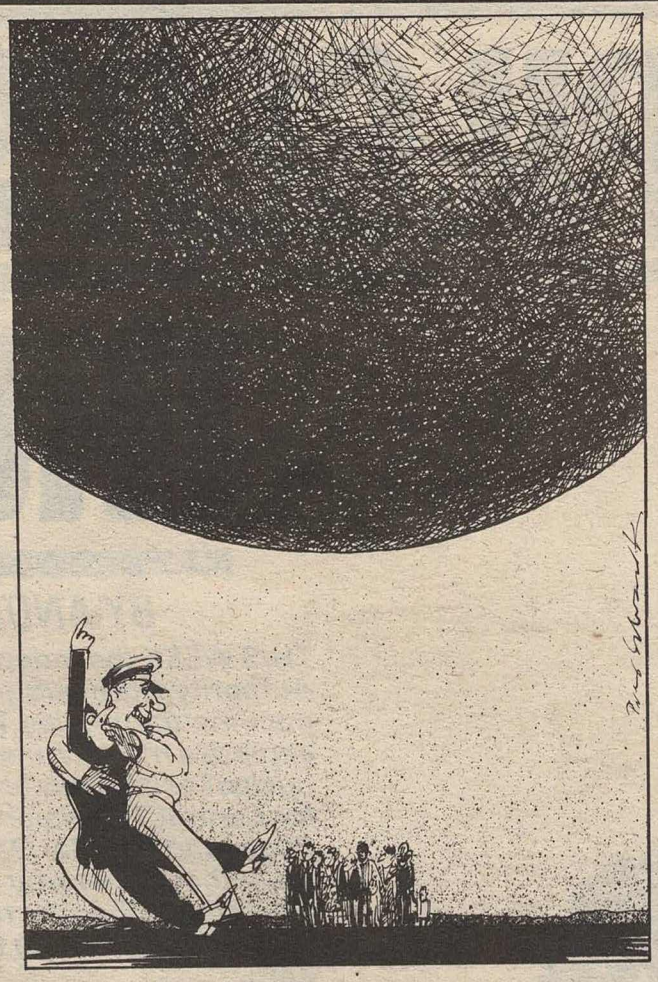


Illustration: Peter Schrank

THE PILGER FILM — OUR VERDICT

NO OTHER subject paralyses rational thought like nuclear war. It is a horror beyond imagining, beyond expression and, seemingly, beyond avoidance. Even the liveliest opponents of the arms race become listless in the very act of their protest.

The problem is that the more plausible the critique of our nuclear society, the more the propagandist is likely to crush the spirits of those people s/he hopes to set alight.

What has John Pilger, *Daily Mirror* and *New Statesman* writer, achieved with this, his approximately fortieth campaigning film?

Pilger admits that in the two years since the idea for the film was first hatched, the nuclear debate has moved along at a spectacular rate. Throughout Europe and more recently in the US, the number of unilateralists has swelled incredibly.

In the US recently, a free vote in Congress calling for unilateral disarmament drew support from all sides and only failed to get the requisite numbers by a whisker.

In Germany, the Green Party is supplanting the third party liberals precisely because of its anti-nuclear stance; and here in the UK, Michael Foot and Labour could finally be moving in a nuclear-free direction.

All these factors work against Pilger's sober, sincere, professional but ultimately outmoded 78 minutes.

Pilger and director David Munroe's thesis is that the nuclear arms race is literally killing us; that it springs from the greed of what used to be called the military-industrial complex which uses soothing jargon to mask the true consequences of its activities.

We in Britian are deprived of the truth by an establishment whose fetish is secrecy and lies.

The notion of the Russian people as our enemy is an essential component of the sickly edifice. Any approach by the Russians to engage in arms limitation talks is quickly denounced as propaganda or a trap while every move they make in the world is regarded as a move against our own interests.

There is good money in keeping the tension alive. And so it goes on . . .

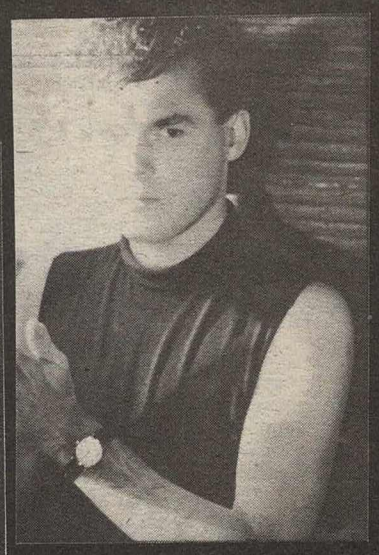
To support this perfectly logical case Pilger draws on archive film (some of the scenes from Hiroshima make the blood curdle) and on fresh but not very illuminating footage of British bases.

What the film badly needs is a cathartic moment — for instance, an advocate of the nuclear option being methodically out argued before the cameras. People badly need this victory and not a succession of pliant interviewees whether they be "from within the nuclear establishment" or not.

The film might also have addressed itself more substantially to the unhealthy way the nuclear debate in Britain snaps off along strictly party political lines. CND is for Labour and all points left, and no real attempt is made for the Conservative voter who, after all, is also for conservation — the aim of all unilateralists.

Pilger, I suspect, is happier dealing with people in motion than with the stone cold rhetoric of the nuclear power game. We can expect better from his next films.

ANDREW TYLER



ASSOCIATES
A MATTER OF GENDER
NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE ON 7 AND 12 INCH.
TAKEN FROM THE FORTHCOMING RE-MIX ALBUM "THE AFFECTIONATE PUNCH"
FICTION

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

● Recently there's been anti-nuke debate and decision from one cheeringly mainstream authority — the Church of England. They have released a working party report, *The Church And The Bomb*, and it calls for the nation to renounce the idea of its own independent nuclear deterrent. It also proposes that Britain establish a programme of abandoning nuclear weapons in favour of 'non-nuclear defence strategies'.

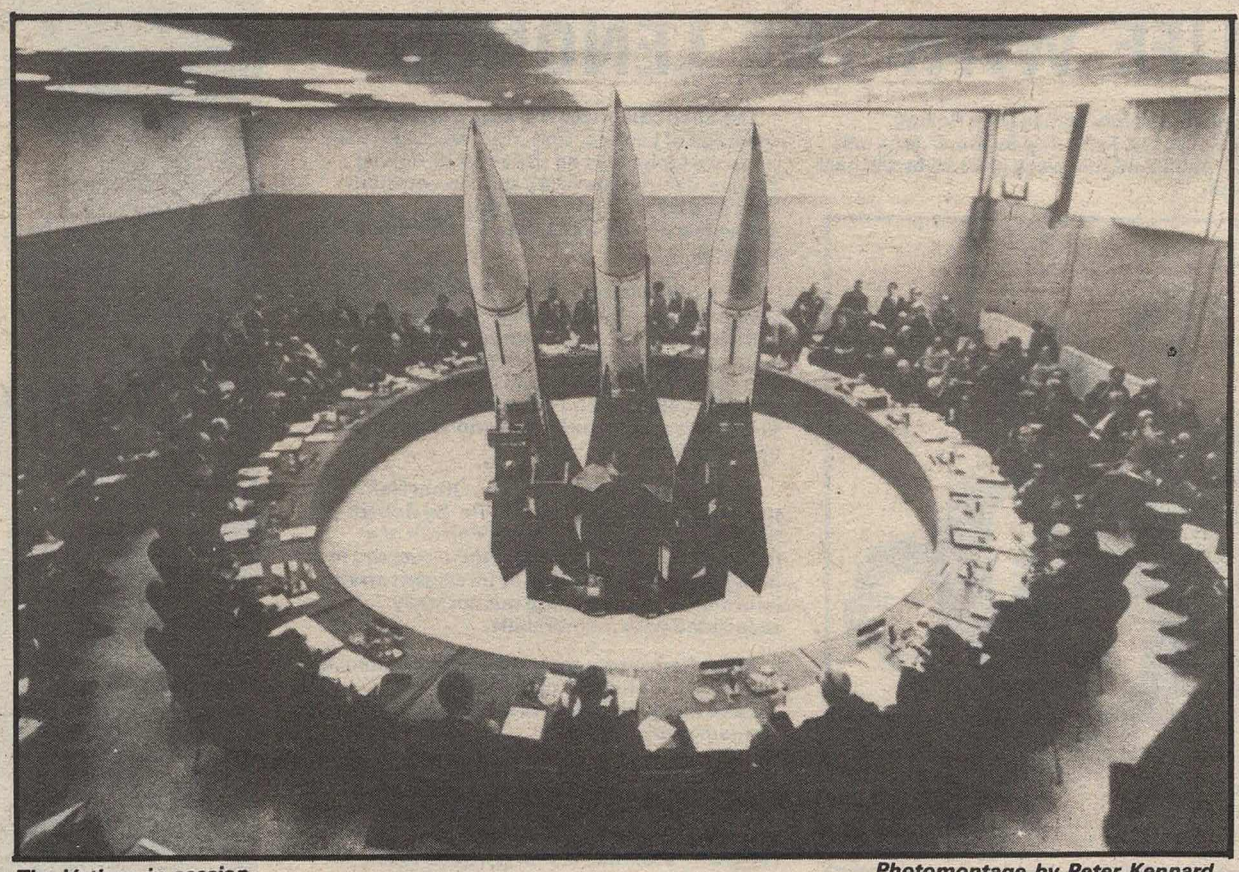
The Church also recommends immediate cancellation of the Trident missile and the 'phasing out' of both Polaris missiles and submarines.

Right-wingers and various Tory MPs have been quick to denounce the Church's paper as the work of "trendies" and "infiltrators"; but it has received the immediate approval of two dioceses and the C of E senior leadership. A particularly controversial point in the report is its request — made by the Archbishop of Canterbury — that the nation demonstrate a new "readiness to see the world through Soviet eyes". *The Church And The Bomb* argues that Russia escalates her nuclear capability "through fear . . . it is, through Soviet eyes, the West which has from the start made the running."

CND's General Secretary, Monsignor Bruce Kent, hailed the report to *Blondes* as "very encouraging . . . as in other places — particularly America, but also Holland, Germany and much of Europe — the church is now taking on a real role of leadership in the struggle for world peace and I think we can look to them for further such guidance.

"Whatever objections some senior Church leaders may voice," continued Msgr Kent, "I am certain that this reflects the views of the majority of religious, concerned Britons". With reference to the report's controversial view of Russian intentions he added that "it is essential — *especially* for Christians — to understand how other nations and people see conflict. And that's not the sort of thing you will find in government communiques!"

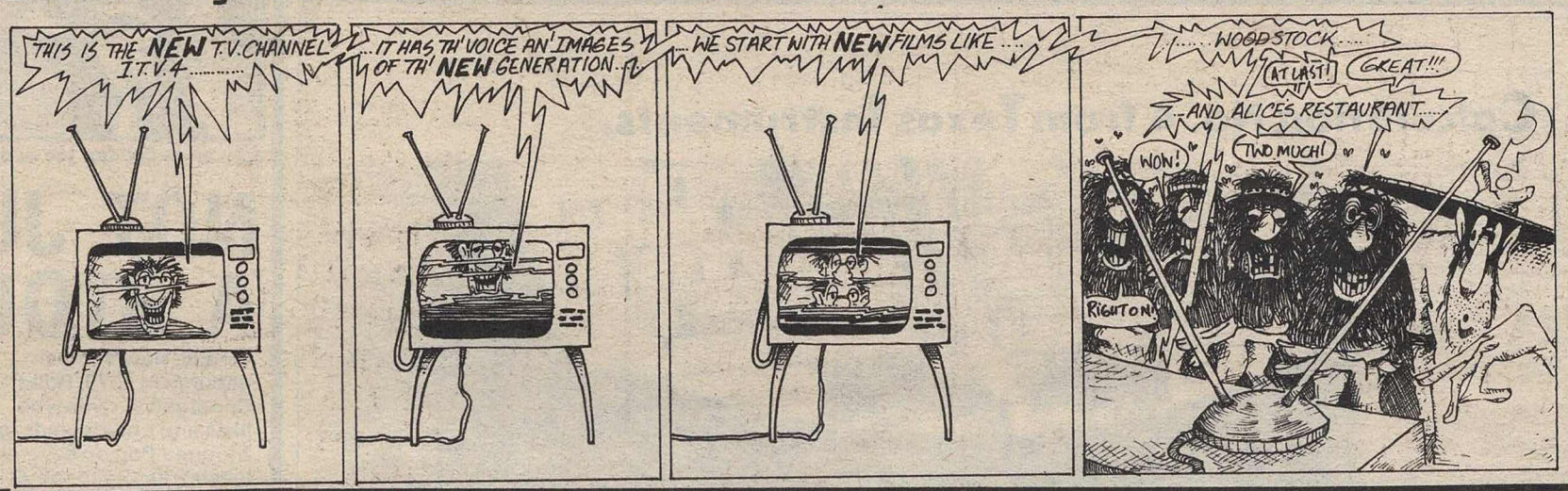
The Church And The Bomb : Nuclear Weapons And Christian Conscience is published by Hodder and Stoughton in conjunction with CIO Publishing, price £4.50.



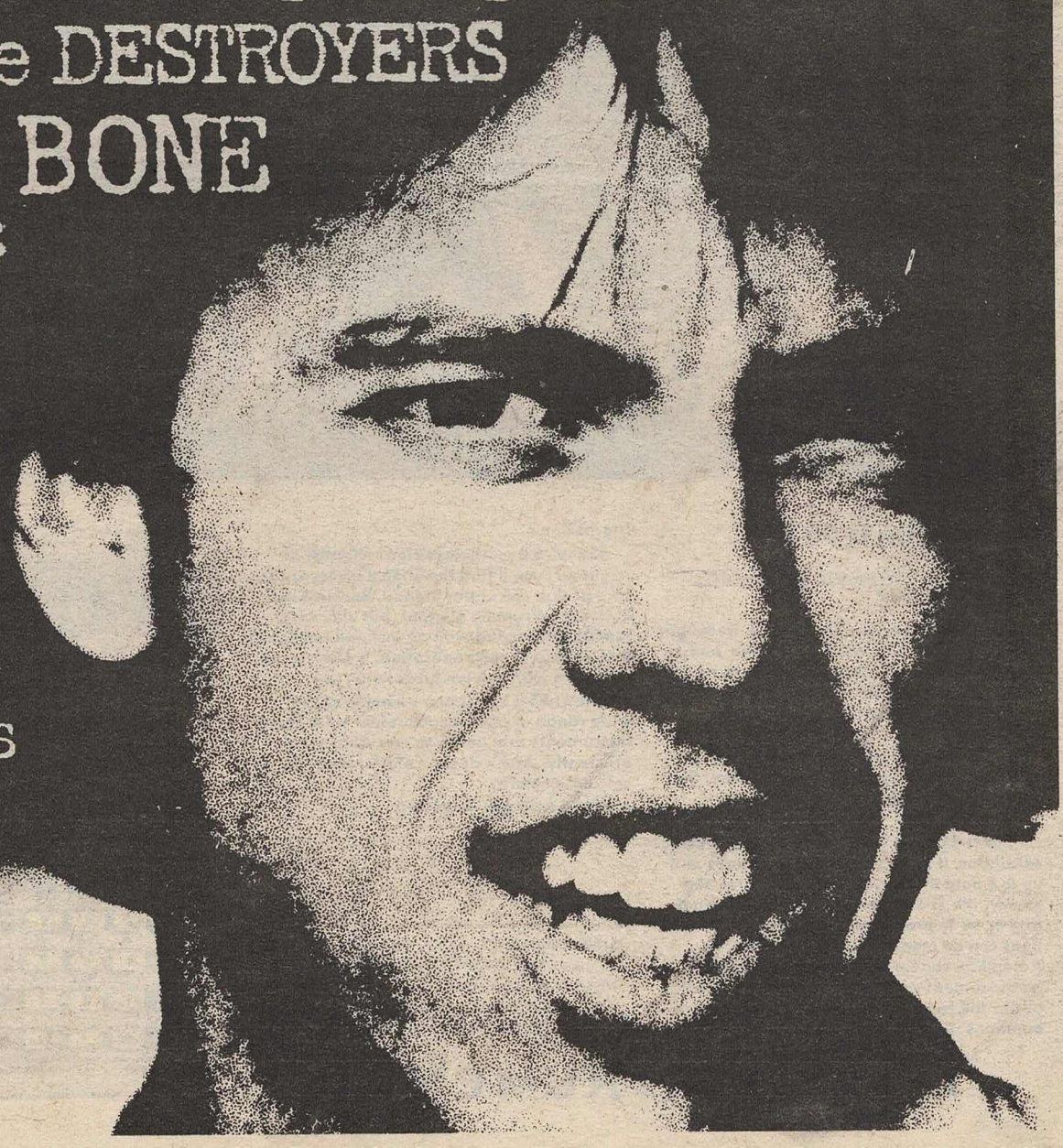
The Vatican in session

Photomontage by Peter Kennard

the lone groover benyon

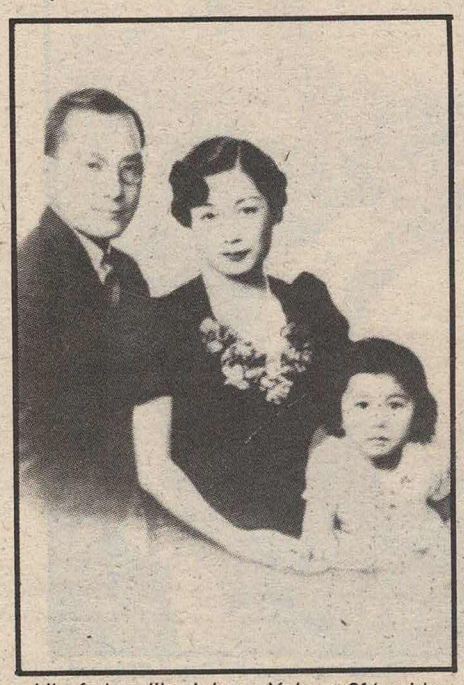


GEORGE THOROGOOD
& the DESTROYERS
BAD TO THE BONE
THE ALBUM - THE CASSETTE
INCLUDES THE SINGLE
NOBODY BUT ME
LIVE
SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
NOV 5
LONDON HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
NOV 7
EMI AMERICA



LIFE WITH THE LENONOS

THE picture below comes from Rolling Stone's glossy, hefty *The Ballad of John and Yoko*, published this week at £6.95 by Michael Joseph.



Like father, like John — Yoko at 2½, with parents

The book comprises the mag's collected coverage of Lennon, Ono, their work and their romance (John was on the cover of *Rolling Stones'* debut issue in '67 and the notorious *Two Virgins* pic featured on the first anniversary cover a year later), plus added material.

Much of the latter is taken from the Memorial Issue published on January 22, 1981, but there are also essays on the duo's contrasting birthplaces (Jan Morris on Liverpool is as gushy as Jan Morris on London while Donald Kirk on Tokyo, with the help of Emiko Hayashi, fares better) and additional appreciations.

Of the latter, essays like 'The Other Half of the Sky: The Songs of Yoko Ono' by Robert Palmer, and 'Double Fantasy: Portrait of a Relationship' by Robert Christgau, succeed in being provocative as well as intelligent and informative — something not normally associated with memorabilia.

This offers much more convincing evidence that Lennon's history of risk-taking will outlive him than chapters like 'Mick Jagger Remembers'.

Of particular dignity, however, is the wide pantheon of photographs selected by the book's co-editors (Johnathan Cott and Christine Doudna), including Annie Leibowitz's famous colour portraits taken inside the Lenono sector of the Dakota.

Cynthia Rose

Iggy gives London the bum's rush, 1972. Pic: Pennie Smith

NOT JUST A STOOGE

WHEN 'New Values' debuted in 1979, Robert Christgau (a critic who likes and understands Iggy Stooge / Pop on several levels) remarked rather acidly on the amount of people "who consider Iggy a font of natural wisdom."

And last week's publication of Pop's first book, *I Need More: The Stooges and Other Stories* ("by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer") isn't likely to lessen those numbers who have always followed the I-crawled-on-glass-and-lived side of the stooge schtick.

But for admirers of the Pop oeuvre who are a little less solemn about his career (accomplishments? exploits? survival?), *I Need More* will be of justified interest. The real subject of the book is not Iggy at all, but thought — and also because a comfortable kind of honesty permeates the proceedings.

I Need More is explicit, unrehearsed, straightforward, and opinionated. Sample, on the Stooges' legendary heyday:

"Sometimes we'd have to practice in parkas and mittens, but it didn't matter. We were fanatics. Each obstacle became more of a laugh. Through all this I was very calculating — I was the smart one in the band — I was concerned very much with where we could gain points with a DJ and how much we'd lose."

The book covers exactly what its list of 'Contents' promises: it tells you Something About Myself, We Got Lucky, First Musical Impressions, Why I Do What I Do, Dairy Queen and Decline, Capitalism Versus Rock, Getting Over Feeling Bad, The Right Stuff, Who's Who In Parasites and 38 other dissertations. (The lyrics to 16 of the songs Pop has written are also included and the volume is bookended by a pair of poems).

'I Need More' has been sponsored by New Jersey's Karz-Cohl, Inc, who according to Iggy "publish Polish poets". The impressive layout was overseen by its author and many of the not-seen-before photos come from his family, girlfriend, and associates.

The important thing about *I Need More*, perhaps, is that it succeeds not as "some fan thing" (which is how Iggy fears it may be taken), but in its chosen format — as literature. The colloquial side of American art (that side which values experience more than 'civilisation') has always been the truest yet also the most difficult turf for American artists — performers, painters *or* writers.

And, progressively, it has become even more mis-apprehended, mis-represented, and mis-used. Since this is the territory so explicitely stalked by the Stooges, and so aggressively explored since by their founder, it's satisfying to see *I Need More* deliver some perspective along with its anecdotes:

"You know something, we're caught in a big bad world where one car alone can be painted yellow, black and red and hubcaps get stolen, you know, and musicians come and musicians go, they all have their price.

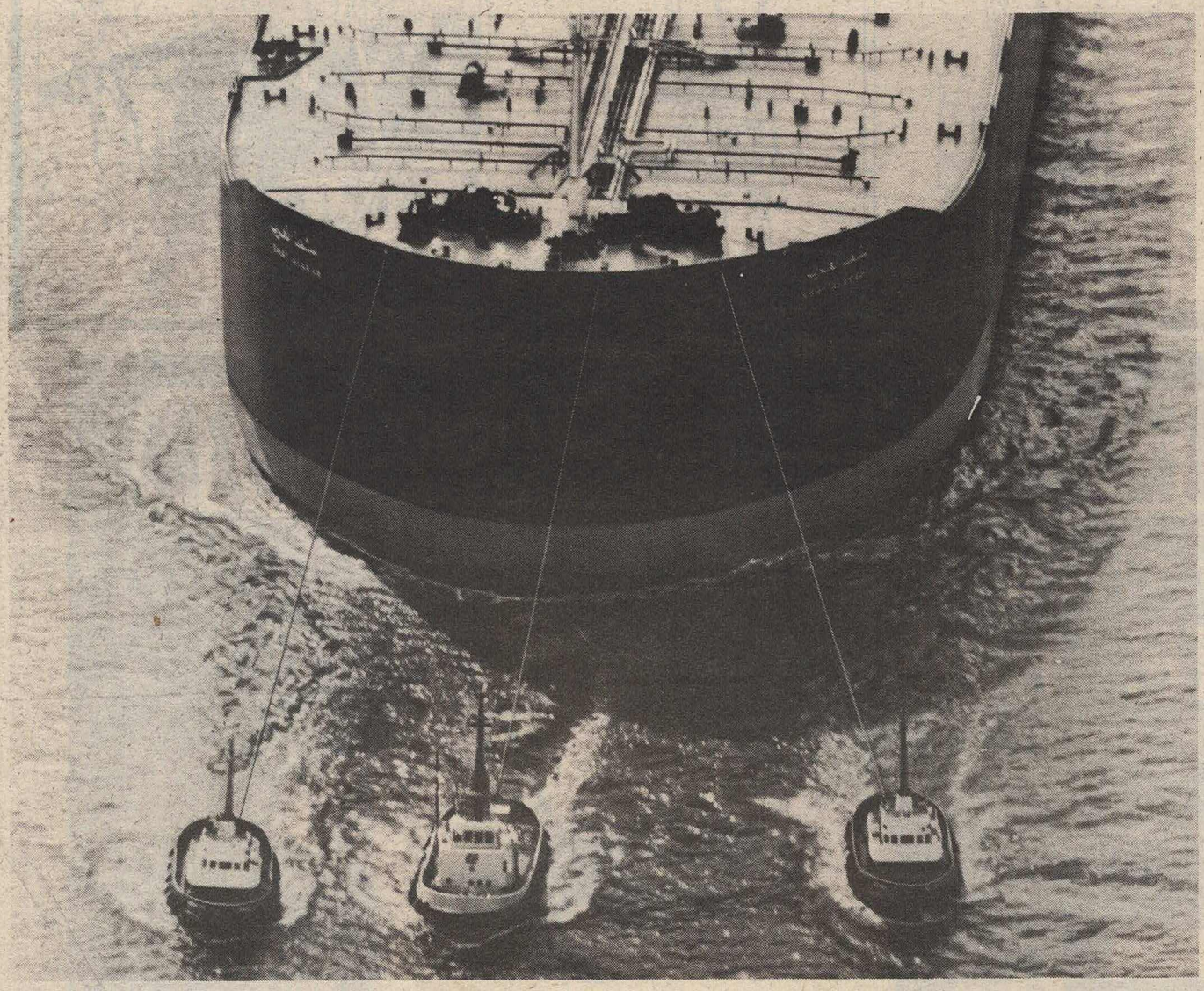
'Girls fight over men. People gorge on images, and I just can't trust it. I mean, whatever happened to when a guy just wanted to play some honest music for his peer group? What is it about this rock and roll? Well, it's the thing that shakes you out of your marriage. It's the thing that disarranges your kidneys. It's what sells McDonalds. It's a gathering place."

Altogether, Iggy's book is a rambling prose poem — the poetry of both experience and ideas, leavened with a lot of laughs. Or, as fellow Ann Arbor author Donald Hall would put it, it's "the poetry of a man in the world, responding to what he sees: with disgust, with pleasure, in rant and in meditation."

If you fancy a copy, you can order it from Karz-Cohl Inc at 320 West 105th St, New York, New York 10025 USA, for the equivalent of $9.95 plus $2 p&p (surface mail only).

Cynthia Rose

Calculation No. 4 from Texas Instruments.



Task for the TI-55 II :

How long will it take to tow the tanker one nautical mile ?

The tanker weighs 380,000 tons. Its length is 373 metres and its width 64 metres, and the tugs exert a constant towing force of 1.3 million Newtons. This seemingly difficult calculation can be solved using numerical integration.

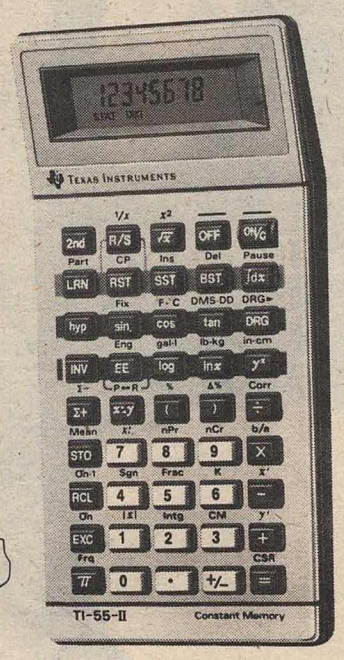
By feeding the formula into the TI-55 II and by using its unique integration key, the time to tow the tanker into port can be predicted.

The TI-55 II is a very professional scientific calculator. It has 122 scientific functions and up to 8 data memories. With computer like power, the TI-55 II can store formulae requiring up to 56 programming steps and corrections can be made during programming. Automatic conversions between different measurement systems are easy to perform as are the functions covering statistics, combinations, permutations and linear regression.

If you're a mathematician, scientist or engineer, you'll find the TI-55 II a very surprising pocket calculator indeed. Because its not only extremely elegant, but also very functionally styled with an inclined keyboard and display to ease operation. It also comes complete with its own protective case.

The TI-55 II is just one example of the wide range of pocket calculators from Texas Instruments that help you calculate more efficiently. And it doesn't matter what the calculations are.

We'll help you do better.

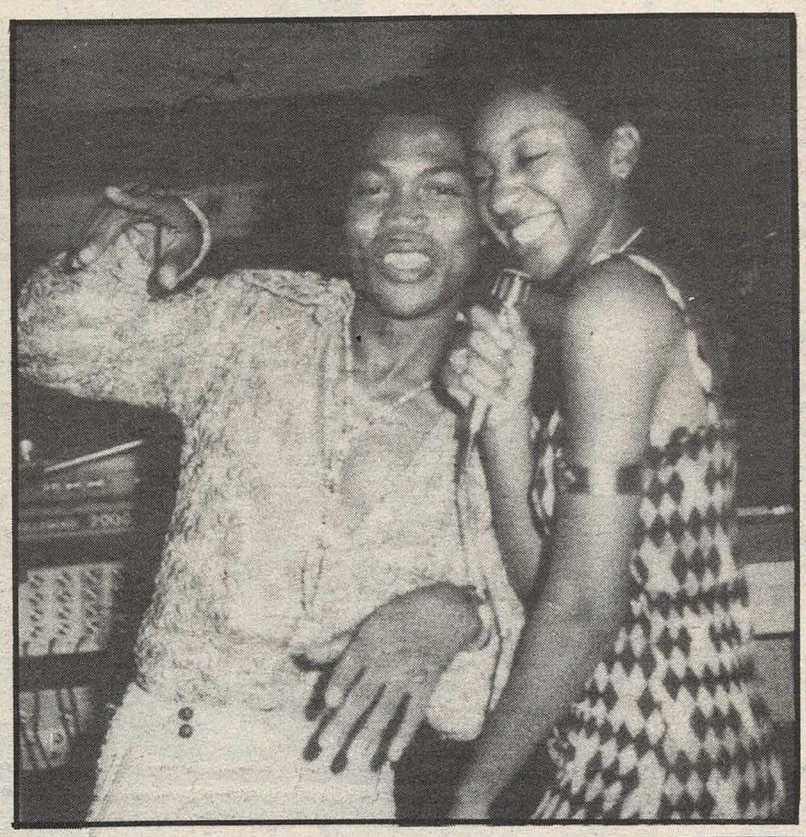


Solution, using the TI-55 II:
It would take the tugs 20 minutes to tow the tanker one mile, assuming that there is no wind and no currents, the bow section to be 1330 m² and the drag coefficient 0.3.

TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

GB/4/REV 1

FELA: BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN?



Snaps from Fela's album: Left: Fela and Queen of the time, Sandra. Lagos 1970. Above: The Ransome-Kuti clan. Fela in rompers at stage front. Below: Queen Sewaa

by a government raid on Kalakuta's Republic, Fela's Lagos commune in the ghetto in 1977.

She was thrown from a window and died shortly afterwards.

Fela's had more hard times lately — apart from his recent jail stint — with his new baby dying, and rumours of the death of the queen who used to speak to him in his beloved mother's face. Could this be juju, or is it just bad luck?

Some places in Africa the electricity supply is well dodgy, but magic works just fine all across the continent.

Our recent access to the wonderful world of African music places Fela, who always had a British following, in a clearer landscape. He's never seemed more exciting or important than he does now we're all getting a chance to check out his peer group, the Ebenezer Obeys and Sunny Ades.

Prince Nico Mbarga may offer some cute life-style adages, but Fela, with his r'n'b tinged churn'n'burn Afro-beat, his passionate, pointed moaning delivery of a man whose truth hurts, counterpointed by the needle-sharp response of the queens, is as much in a different league as is Gil Scott-Heron to Fat Larry's Band.

Not that the Larry's and the Obey's don't make good music, but these message men make music as serious as their lives.

Fela Anikulapo-Kuti is Africa's most serious and militant musician, and Moore's is the only book about him.

Despite its off-putting transcript form, the book is a fascinating and crucial insight into the man whose life is more sensational than *Smiley's People,* and who knows what he wants.

"I want to be a Great Man," he says. "I want to stand on an equal footing with the other races. You just can't be a great man by yourself. You have to have a great nation first."

I love and admire the passionate burn of Fela, and his music, consumed with this awareness: "Fuck society, man. It's unjust!"

Vivien Goldman

CARLOS MOORE:

'Fela, Fela, This Bitch Of A Life
(Allison & Busby £4.95)

THE ORACLE prophesied of the young Fela Kuti: "The child will be stubborn, impetuous, unbridled. His path will be strewn with pitfalls, turbulence and violence. His wives will be numerous. He will live in poverty along-side beggars and thieves.

"His friends will be fugitives and he will be branded an outlaw. For he will flout laws, go counter to the taboos of men and the god of the Oyinbo, and he will perish by their hand."

That could apply to many musicians, except for the last wee phrase. There aren't many musicians to earn the dubious privilege of being knocked off by their enemies for being such a threat.

There are mutterings about assassinations, but no conspiracy theory's ever stuck.

But Fela Anikulapo-Kuti, aahhhh,... now there's a musician vulnerable as a Kennedy brother. He doesn't even have bodyguards to protect him — refuses to have them. All he has to protect him is his magic, like the leather pouch he wears round his neck.

Who could want to kill Nigeria's most internationally celebrated musician? Lots of people. The Nigerian government whose corruption scandals he loves to expose in his songs, now battling its way towards a new election. The CIA, and ITT, the multinationals he persists in numbering by name more vehemently and specifically than Marley ever did.

Conceivably an ex — from his crew of polygamous wives, whose number has now dropped from twenties to teens.

The list of enemies is endless for this man who loves to trouble trouble.

Cuban journalist Carlos Moore, who has recently been acting as Fela's manager, comes up with this transcript book of interviews with the man. Transcripts are great, if, as Moore succeeds in doing here, they convey the flavour of the interviewee's speech, but any writer can tell you that it's as succinct a way of getting information as reading the entire Euston Station train schedule to find out which platform's for your 8.45 train. Moore would have done better to be less respectful of his subject and re-cast Fela's words in his own way, adding an outside view, additional history, placing Fela's life in a wider perspective than just the sax player's own view of himself.

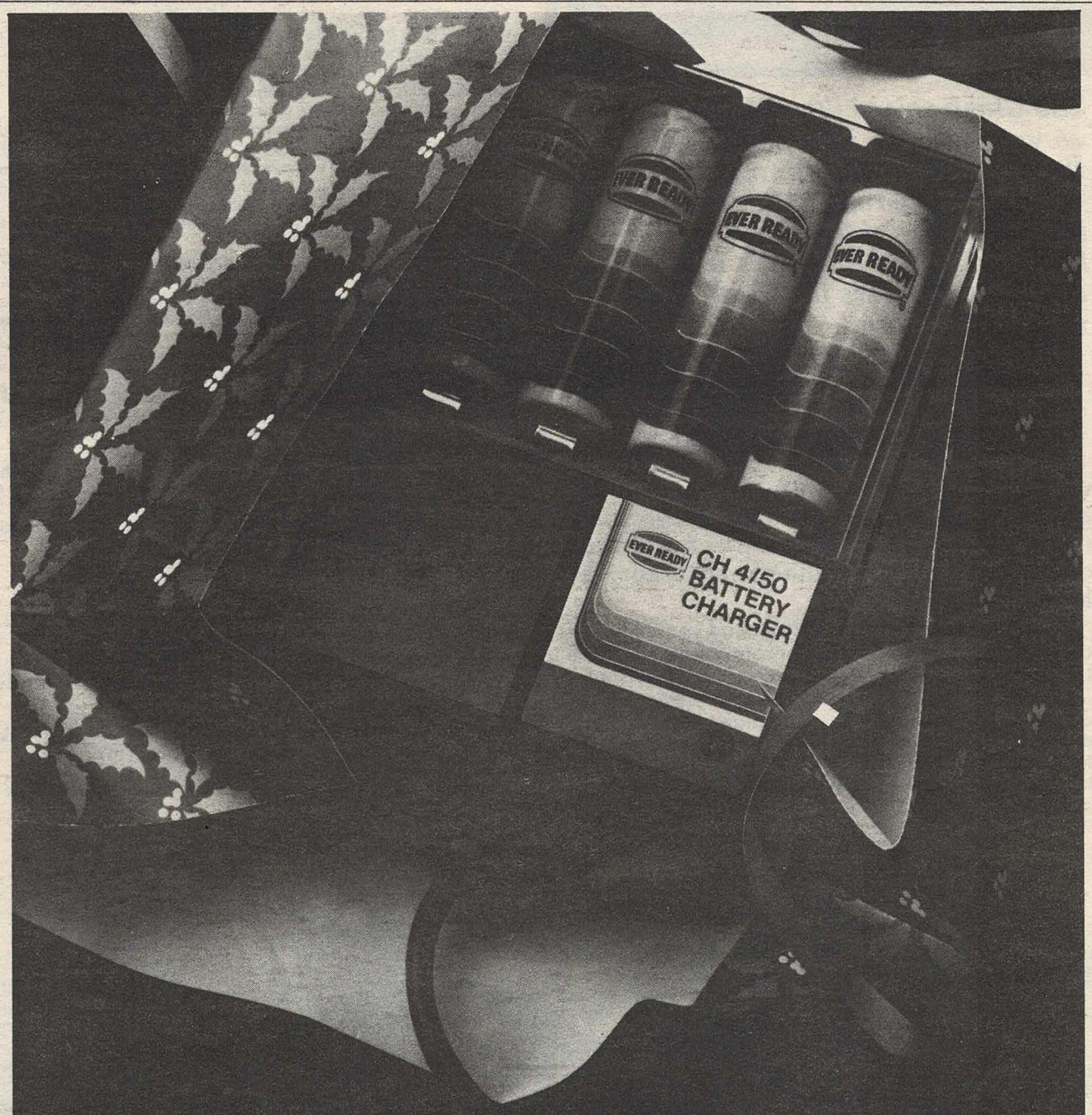
The transcript style falls down even worse in the section devoted to Fela's wives / queens. There, Moore's wife Shawna, instead of lingering round them and observing, or talking over a period of time, does a wham-bam questionnaire on a few of them and winds up with this kind of result:

Q: What don't you like about Fela?
A: I don't like his girls. I don't like his way of working; he works too much.
Q: You say you don't like his girls?
A: I don't like them because they don't realise we're their sisters. They don't realise our friendly ways to them.
Q: You mean Fela's daughters?
A: Yes.
Q: You mean they don't get along with the queens?
A: Yes.
Q: You think he favours his daughters?
A: Yeah.

Hold the front page! Come on, Carlos, surely you could have compressed this fairly large section into more stimulating reading? Spreading the information so thin makes one wonder why the type in the book is so big.

Actually, the big type is lovely. Allison & Busby have made one of the most physically attractive paperbacks I've had the delight of holding. Specially commendable, visually and informationally, are the white-on-black pages at the beginning and end.

Moore wisely places Fela in that scantily-taught subject, African history — in some ways, the most fascinating section of the book — then moves into his white-on-black period where Shawna Moore and a woman named Nayede move off into the mystic. Illustrated with magic diagrams, they evoke the words of Fela's mother, the late Funmilayo, from beyond death. This leading woman militant revolutionary, who met Mao in China, was killed



Christmas should last forever.

These new Ever Ready batteries cost a lot more than conventional batteries.

They're also among the cheapest you can buy.

Because when they run down, you just recharge them. Over 500 times each.

The more you use them, the cheaper they become.

And with Christmas fast approaching, the Ever Ready Personal Power Pack is a must for anyone with a stocking full of flashguns, electronic toys, calculators or personal hi-fi's.

Give someone the gift of power this Christmas. And they won't feel run down by Boxing Day.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE EVER READY

The Clash cruise to Shea Stadium in an open Cadillac. And (top), get into the mood of America. Note Terry Chimes' special drumstick.

The Clash say hello as The Who wave goodbye. Paul Du Noyer sees the Townshend team reach New York's Shea Stadium on their farewell tour of the world. Meanwhile, Strummer's boys shape up as contenders for the audience that's left behind.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SHEA STADIUM — the home of New York City's bottom of the league baseball team the Mets, a place like a vast ashtray with a temporary rock stage built in the hollow at one end where you'd rest your mile-long cigarette — occupies a cherished position in the annals of rockist legend.

For it was here, around a thousand years ago, that The Beatles made their heroic conquest of the USA, maybe the most famous concert of all time.

Nobody tonight makes much show of recalling the other two acts who've notched up triumphant appearances here, probably because those two acts happen to be Jethro Tull and Grand Funk Railroad. Instead, the preferred consensus holds that what we're seeing this evening is some historic return to the Normandy Beach of the British Invasion, a neat sequel, a grand event which closes a certain era as surely as The Beatles unveiled an earlier one.

The Who are making their farewell tour of America, and now they're playing New York for the very last time. Probably.

In England now, The Who's records tend to make only a fleeting acquaintance with the charts. And Pete Townshend's more honoured as a sage observer of the scene than as a central figure upon it. But it's different in the States: the newest album 'It's Hard' is acclaimed as a masterwork and sells accordingly. The Who's audience over there — and it's still phenomenally huge — persists in its well-trained habits of bestowing the awe that's seen as the lawful due of members elevated to rock'n'roll's timeless Pantheon, its Hall of Fame.

You can be 40 years old and disinclined to think the '70s ever took place; or you can be a kid that wasn't born when 'My Generation' was written. It doesn't matter: come one, come all, to raise a fist and bend a knee, pay your gate-money and your homage. *"Rock is dead, they said/Well. Long Live Rock!"*

"LONDON CALLING to the zombies of death/Quit holding out and draw another breath!"

What gives The Who's two sell-out dates at Shea a special edge of interest, of course, is the fact of their support act: The Clash. When The Who's appearances were announced on New York radio, tickets were all bought up inside a few hours — long before The Clash were even added to the bill. So when Strummer takes to the stage on the first evening, and Mick Jones stamps out the staccato-stomp intro chords to 'London Calling', they know that next to nobody in that 70,000-strong sea of faces is there to see them.

For all the resounding bravado of their entrance — *"phoney Beatlemania has bitten the dust"* — you wonder what the hell The Clash can hope to achieve here. For all the flash infatuation with classic American imagery that the group have revelled in (and often been reviled for), a run through that repertoire reveals them as every bit as English, deep down, as The Jam or anybody else.

It's song after song about the suffocating claustrophobia of the degenerate democracy one step away from a police state. It must mean little to this audience — in a town more afraid of lawlessness, where the forces of state order are stretched too thin to seem oppressive, desperate just to seem to be coping at all.

It's tempting to think of The Who presenting these junior counterparts as sort of rock'n'roll heirs apparent. Townshend's sympathetic identification with the spokesman's role attributed to Strummer is no secret. It's as if The Who are bowing out with a judicious piece of match-making: offering their followers an approved substitute, and passing The Clash their inheritance — the American mass-market, with all the crushing demands and glorious rewards which it holds.

In fact though, the pairing was loaded with no such intended symbolism.

The Clash got the gig via the routine mechanisms of music business dealing. It wasn't the first time they've been asked, and it wasn't even Townshend's idea. The Clash, naturally enough, saw the two dates as an opportunity their ambitions wouldn't allow them to pass up. Market penetration, and all that. It was a chance they've set out to grasp with all eight hands, and on the evidence of the two shows, it's occasioned a major advance in their commercial career.

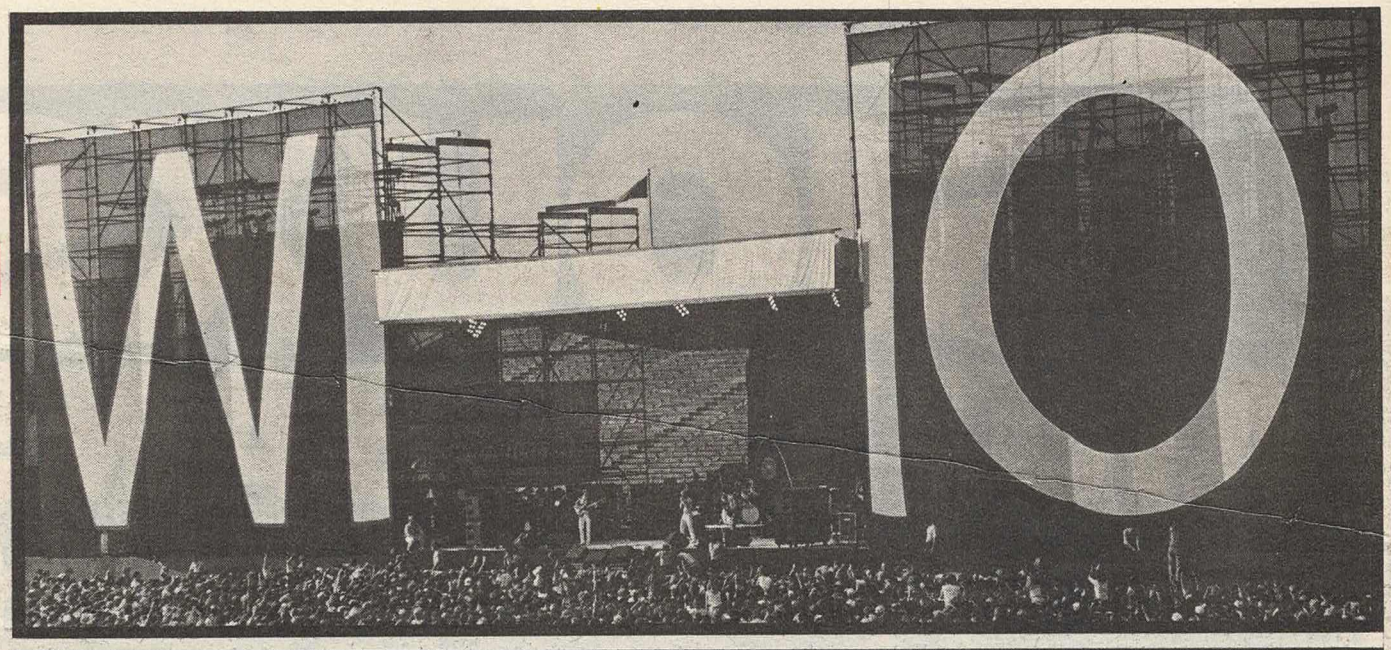
'Guns Of Brixton', 'Police On My Back', 'Tommy Gun' . . . Strummer punctuates them all with cryptic enjoinders to "ask the guy next to you if you don't know what we're singing about". Get the message through.

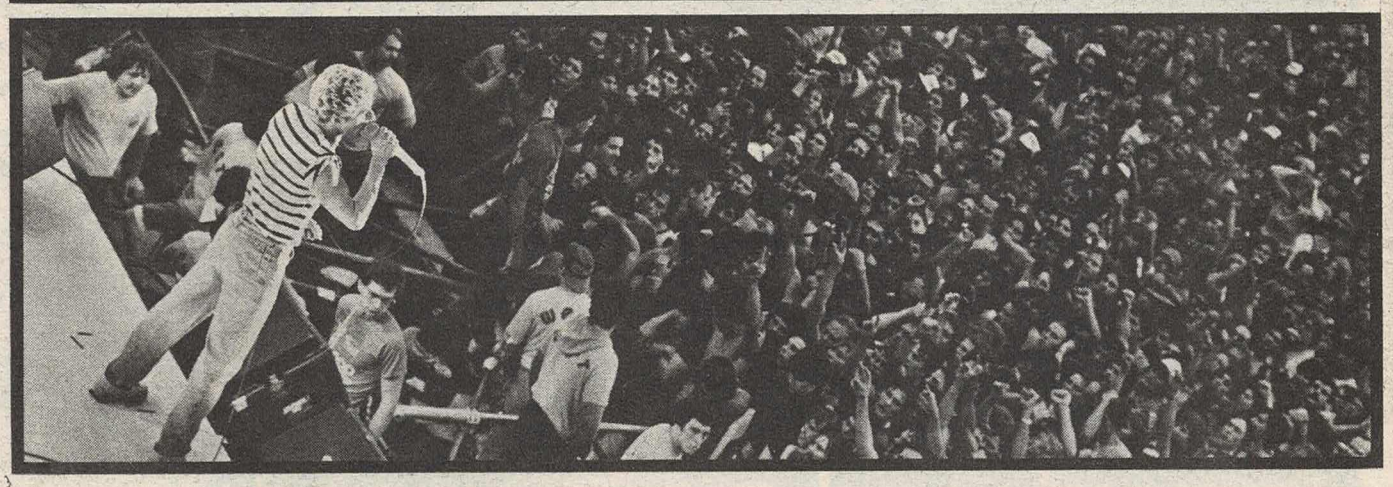
How far they do communicate any of those numbers' sense of urban desperation is anyone's guess. There's no way of telling. All you can see is that The Clash get accepted very well on the level of a straightahead rock noise: Terry Chimes' massive wallop, Simonon's rhythmic punch, Strummer's impassioned howl, Jones' dramatic backdrop of scratch and clang. Hey, these new-wavers can kick ass just like a real band!

That was the reaction as I read it. And The Clash can play that card, too. They throw all the shapes you need to impress a stadium crowd: scissor kicks, mike-grabs, cross-stage runs. The rebel esperanto of 'I Fought The Law' is especially popular, as are the trad-flash impact of 'Brand New Cadillac' and 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go'. They can carry it all with an unbeatable match of swagger and commitment.

When The Clash play that kind of time-sanctified rock so well (and currently they're playing it, if anything, better than they've ever done before) then the sound and the spectacle are such that the only people who wouldn't like it probably just don't like rock music period.

Still, for me the real magic arose at points where the band looked closest to losing the crowd's attention. Like the dub-excursions of 'Armagideon Time': Strummer's tiny white spotlight, lonely and distant in the arena's black vastness: *"A lot of people won't get no supper tonight,"* the line hanging echoey and eerie in all the dark unnatural stillness, a potent pause that's broken as another aeroplane takes off from the





Pete Townshend discovers New Romanticism but loses the rest of his pyjamas. (Pic Joe Stevens.)
Right — the event itself. (Pix Ebet Roberts.)

nearby airport, cutting a roaring diagonal across the sky overhead.

WITH ONE end of the stadium given over to a stage, framed beneath the H of a gigantic WHO logo, Shea has room for 55,000 ticket-holders, with a further 12,000 places held unreserved on the baseball field itself. That means an almighty rush for the best places when the gates open — and a crush at the front as well (a scenario that's stalked Pete Townshend's nightmares before and since the deaths at Cincinnati).

Accordingly the period before The Who's set sees the far-from-contemporary PA playlist (Hendrix, Doors, Pink Floyd) interrupted by ceaseless appeals for the crowd to step back. By the end of the two nights, scores of squashed fans have been dragged bodily out of the dense-packed mayhem before the stage.

Still, that's all forgotten — by anyone not heading from Shea to a hospital and an early night — when the tiny figures who stand suddenly revealed up there and smash equally suddenly into 'Substitute', with a volume that sounds a thousand times bigger than they look. But then there's an enormous video screen over their heads, so the visuals get amplified too. All the better to stoke the crowd's ecstasy when Pete performs the ritual windmill guitar thrashes at the appointed moments of 'I Can't Explain', 'Pinball Wizard', '5.15', and all the rest.

Yet, maybe surprisingly for an event so inevitably drenched in auld lang syne, The Who don't ride all out on the nostalgia ticket, instead presenting a set with a determined amount of recent ballast — including several numbers from 'It's Hard'. Admittedly, 'Dangerous' and 'Eminence Front' and 'A Man Is A Man' don't incite a fraction of the rapture provoked by 'Behind Blue Eyes', but the group have surely accepted that as a term of their prolonged existence.

Deeper into a long, long show, The Who switch emphasis away from attempts to make contemporary statements, and dive unashamedly into the business of giving their people what they want — namely the past, a party, a mass-celebration. The last half-hour amounts to a grand procession of crashing climaxes, no less effective for being so predictable: 'Long Live Rock', 'Won't Get Fooled Again', 'Athena', 'Magic Bus', 'Summertime Blues'. At the end of it all there's even Entwistle roaring his way through 'Twist And Shout'. (On the second night they actually insert 'I Saw Here Standing There' — conjuring up ghosts with brazen humour. And Daltrey explains the suit he's wearing with, "Well, The Beatles wore 'em, so *I'm* wearing one!" Cue delirious applause.)

If it all sounds cynically manipulative, then that really wasn't how it felt, or looked or sounded. It's easy to adopt that ideologically-correct posture of anti-dinosaur condescension describing events like this. But in justice to The Who, they're genuinely sweating to pull off something worthwhile and memorable.

Kenny Jones and John Entwistle make no bones about live shows being their element entirely, however stoic or detached they might appear. Towshend stalks his patch with restless intensity, looking alternately morose and savage, but never less than totally absorbed. While Daltrey, well content to run through the repertoire of practiced mannerisms, microphone swinging and all, still takes to heart his task of frontman, showman and go-between, holding nothing back.

I've never seen a spectacle to match this huge tumultuous bowl of humanity, whether being strafed by blinding searchlights or, after the stage finally empties, transforming itself into some sub-celestial galaxy by means of thousand upon thousand of cigarette lighter stars, each pin-pricking the midnight darkness.

But the most lingering sensation lies in something about the crowd's obsessive reverence for the rock'n'roll legend being enacted for them. It's not so much a communal time-warp, more a mass-demonstration of defiance. Defiance of passing time — the most forlorn type of defiance in the world.

HELICOPTERS BUZZ and criss-cross the air above Shea Stadium, looking down on freeways jammed with traffic the length and breadth of the New York borough of Queens, while the all-night subway trains are shuttling, packed and frantic, to Manhattan and back. The parkland and car parkland that surrounds the arena is an impenetrable sea: the crunch of broken bottle-glass under every foot, crowds pushing in 50 different directions simultaneously.

The fans are whooping, getting drunk, throwing frisbees, getting drunk, jumping on each others backs, falling down, getting drunk. Police form lines, heave against straining barriers, tap nightsticks in their hands, bark out edgy directives, patience snapping. Two are taken off to hospital after contriving to spray themselves with mace. In a car park booth, a female attendant gets relieved of 3,000 dollars, at gunpoint. It's half-past midnight and showtime's all over.

There's a labyrinth of concrete corridors running somewhere deep down around the bowels of the stadium, every entry point patrolled by men in red jackets with laminated passes, the badges of office, to signify their authority. The guards listen stoney-faced, or openly hostile, while fans plead with whining voices — even offers of money — for the favour of slipping inside. Others cluster around the wire netting protecting a compound full of press-tents, TV crews and black-windowed limousines, manned by bored chauffeurs, wondering when they'll get to finish work tonight.

Along one of those corridors there's a double-locked green door with more guards than most, and another whining/pleading band of stragglers outside of it. And inside of it, there's a private world of free drinks, minor celebrities and local potentates, harassed PR people and assorted members of The Who.

Off to the far side of this room, there's yet another room, the real inner sanctum. And in here, almost alone, there sits Pete Townshend: the centre of all that mayhem that s extending and radiating across the landscape for miles around.

He's tired — obviously — and constantly beset with requests for a moment of his attention, and it's not especially enjoyable to have to join in with the whole circus of media-greedies and UHO's (unidentified hangers-on). Typically, though, he's endlessly patient, prepared to screw his thoughts together and offer earnestly considered replies to any question thrown his way.

Yes, he says, this really is the last time they drag themselves across America, go through all of this. He's not ashamed of the shows they're putting on for people, "but you finally reach a point where you think, Right, we've done it all now, what's left? What *is* the fucking point of doing it all over again? There's just no point."

The occasional future event still hasn't been ruled out, but the last lap of this farewell stint as a touring group, which will take them across Europe, will never be repeated. And when he describes his relief at leaving it behind, the emphasis and sincerity of the remark don't leave a lot of room for doubt. Only the week before, Roger Daltrey had called The Who's music "prehistoric", saying he saw every reason for the group to move aside in favour of fresher, younger acts.

"John's pissed off about us not touring," says Pete, "and Kenny's not happy about it either — but me and Roger have definitely had enough."

Daltrey himself is nowhere to be seen. "Nah, they have to cart him off in an ambulance after he does a show these days."

So I ask Townshend what comes next. He doesn't know — just anything that isn't *this*. "I think I'll do your job for a change."

As a battalion of photographers gets ushered into the room, he pumps me for information about things back in England, like Musical Youth. As somebody else launches a complex enquiry about the philosophy underlying the exact set-placing of 'My Generation' in the show, he grimaces and responds with a heartfelt, "Who really gives a shit about it, you know?"

Part of his tenacious preference for England lies in the lack of reverence over there. In America, people are "more loyal, less picky and unpredictable than in England, more into the *permanence* of the band," and he's not ungrateful, but the mystique of being a card-carrying legend is a burden he's fought to shrug off.

Had he seen The Clash's set?

"I saw them a few weeks back, and thought they were sounding tremendous these days. As for what they think of us, I get the feeling they probably see The Who in the same way that a lot of the younger groups do, namely that we've had it, but I dunno. Obviously playing here tonight is a big opportunity for them, but I'm not sure if it's right for a band like that to play huge places like this. I don't know how much you can really get across, except this great sense of mutual congratulation, or whatever. I don't know if *anybody* should be playing places like this any more."

The Clash did well, though, considering it was completely a Who audience.

"Yeah, well that's the way a band has got to do it to break through over here. I mean, we started off in the States trailing round as the support for Herman's bleeding Hermits . . ."

THE CLASH'S dressing room — actually an indoor practice hall for the Mets — is a much calmer affair. And it's easily located, by heading for the reggae sounds and following a fleeting glimpse of Kosmo Vinyl — an immaculate apparition in pink and grey pimp-tycoon chic. Despite arriving at Shea in a giant cadillac car ("to gee ourselves up a bit"), the group aren't anything like tonight's centre of attention, but there's a general air of satisfaction in the camp after the set anyhow.

Clash pals Phab Phive Phreddie and Futura (rap/grafitti elite) confer with Paul and Mick in one corner; the promoter wanders in with a bag full of counterfeit tickets taken at the gate; two young security guards are in hiding behind a screen, being sheltered by the group after they argued with their employer over whether they could keep their red plastic jackets; and Joe Strummer is changing his boots.

"You've changed your haircut," he says by way of greeting. (Well! *He* can talk.) How did he find the audience? "Uh, I sort of looked straight in front of me."

The whole group maintain a casual nonchalance about the gig.

"Nervous? No, we had Don Letts around filming, so we just imagined that we hired the whole place as extras. After three or four songs you get bored with being nervous anyway."

"The crowd just looks like a big heap of dolly mixtures," says Simonon. "That's all you can see. Anyway, we've played bigger, like the RAR thing a few years back. That was *hundreds* of thousands."

"Only thing is," adds Mick Jones, "it makes you schizophrenic. You're looking over to this side but you're trying not to forget about the other side at the same time."

Terry Chimes having slotted successfully back into the drummer's seat vacated by Topper Headon, and after long hard weeks of solid live slogging, the group are playing with more than enough cohesion and power to justify the commercial headway they're finally making in the States. Not that Mick has much time for the suggestion that The Clash are somehow revitalised these days, or even particularly better.

"We've always been 'better'. It's just that we seemed to be the only ones who realised that."

Joe admits that the idea of supporting The Who took a bit of getting used to, but there were no doubts about whether they should do it. The exposure was too valuable. Does he admire them?

"Well, not aesthetically, but technically, yeah, the amount of control they have onstage. But I have to say that the newer stuff they're doing doesn't get to me like the old stuff. I mean, I didn't even like 'Armenia City In The Sky'."

Shepherding his flock together for the ride back to Clash NY HQ, the bar of the Gramercy Park Hotel, Kosmo Vinyl sums up his rationale for The Clash's American campaign.

"What have we got to lose? If anyone's gonna get us all blown up, it's these people. Might as well take a good look around the place before it happens."

ENGLAND CALLING!

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

'A KISS IN THE DREAM HOUSE'

ALBUM OR CASSETTE
ONLY £3.99

SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

TOUR DATES

13TH NOVEMBER	BIRMINGHAM ODEON
15TH NOVEMBER	GLASGOW APOLLO
16TH NOVEMBER	EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
18TH NOVEMBER	SCARBOROUGH FUTURIST THEATRE
19TH NOVEMBER	SCARBOROUGH FUTURIST THEATRE
21ST NOVEMBER	MANCHESTER APOLLO
22ND NOVEMBER	MANCHESTER APOLLO
24TH NOVEMBER	SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
25TH NOVEMBER	SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
28TH NOVEMBER	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
29TH NOVEMBER	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS.

Virgin

PERSONAL APPEARANCES AT VIRGIN STORES IN:– BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON AND THE LONDON MEGASTORE

RECORDS AND TAPES
HI-FI IN PETERBOROUGH & PORTSMOUTH

LONDON: MARBLE ARCH · OXFORD WALK · MEGASTORE 14–16 OXFORD ST
BIRMINGHAM BRIGHTON BRISTOL CARDIFF
EDINBURGH GLASGOW LEEDS LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER MILTON KEYNES NEWCASTLE
PETERBOROUGH PLYMOUTH PORTSMOUTH SHEFFIELD SOUTHAMPTON

THE SINGLE: FIVE CASE HISTORIES

BY RICHARD COOK

1.

THOMAS LEER: All About You (Cherry Red)

The opportunities afforded by the single — the self-contained vignette, the experiment, the compressed charge — are so often squandered, but for some the single is their natural home, a habitat to take pride in and treat with respect. Thomas Leer is in that category, and 'All About You' is the most thoughtful and delicately sprayed single he has produced to date. After the gangling sprawl of the 'Contradictions' tracks, which blew away any coherent editing and were overwhelmed by enthusiasm, 'All About You' is a much more private affair. Leer drains off extraneous effect to glow quietly in a slow, wanting melody that frames the most tender meditation, gentle and disarming. It deserves the greater success that has so far eluded him and demonstrates how the finest singles call for individual brushwork and recognition as 'a single'...

2.

DONALD FAGEN: I.G.Y. (Warner Bros)

...a theory which, of course, I can delight in confounding by selecting this terrific rondo as a parallel achievement. This is nothing more than an obligatory lift from an American album steeped in studio refinement, not a beat uncombed, not a note out of time. And it sounds as fresh and knowledgeable and upstanding — and even smarter and sharper — as any custom-cut 45. Mr Fagen's sizzling sense of the dynamic in modern US pop is hitched to his patented dry white whine and uptown lilt for this substantial excerpt from the superlative 'Nightfly' album. Although the even more playable 'Walk Between Raindrops' has been relegated to the reverse there's no reason why this shouldn't reach a few radio turntables. No good reason. Welcome back to one of the best minds in American music with the springing, direct hit...

3.

SIMPLE MINDS: Someone Somewhere (In Summertime) (Virgin)

...although what tends to be obscured in the manner of the single's consumption — though massive communication channels, huge vats of *heard music* — is its points of detail, which is usually what makes the difference between the great and the normal, between the standout song and the artless filling. It's the backing singers on 'Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize' or the alien undertow on Blancmange's 'Feel Me' — the surround bleeds into the core, and the treasures are only slowly revealed. Simple Minds have an exemplary understanding of detail, which continues to make them so valuable as singles-makers. 'Someone Somewhere' is, like 'Glittering Prize', unremarkable of itself, but the way the most elegant touches — Kerr's extravagant passions and the slowly gathering opulence of the keyboards — are undertaken sends it gloriously skyward. The song and pulse are as soulless as anything by Moroder but their execution is their triumph. It's this grasp of detail...

4.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Wishing (I Had A Photograph Of You) (Jive)

...which A Flock Of Seagulls so clearly lack, in a record that is like a craven half-brother to the Minds' opus. The same grandiose changes, the same gazing-at-heaven expression — except that it is so vulgarly drawn and bereft of the subtlety and space of its relation that its intentions are utterly transparent and earthbound. That said, I can't see why AFOS have thus far failed to score a notable success here, as their simplification process seems exactly suited to the illusory revolution of the new charts. Perhaps this year has seen more challenging pop music than we can remember in the Top 20, but it's disconcerting to reflect how the 'breakthrough' was mostly achieved with records of secondary importance to their creators. Take, for example...

5.

THE ASSOCIATES: A Matter Of Gender (Fiction 12")

...who are a useful instance. A colleague has suggested to me that The Associates will never again make a record as demanding as 'Q Quarters', and that they did so well with a single as slight as 'Club Country' is indeed disappointing. 'A Matter Of Gender', a slice from the revamped 'Affectionate Punch', clarifies some of the quaking turmoil The Associates began by investigating and eventually gave up for the less dangerous areas of most of 'Sulk'. MacKenzie was less concerned to turn every contour into a voice test and Rankine's concentration never swerved from music that really punished any foppish allegiance. It was hard, cold, cutting — perhaps now they can rediscover it again.

Now let's get on with this column...

SINGLES

MARI WILSON: (Beware) Boyfriend (Compact)

My heart goes bip-pity-bop! The portly Ms Wilson's continued reshuffle of the '60s girl group tradition is so perversely regressive in its choice of celebrations — monogamy, paste jewellery, blow-up glamour — that it had to succeed sometime. She has a good, if bawling, voice and I like the way the trumpeter gets his five cents' worth on the fade; otherwise this second chorus of 'Just What I Always Wanted' (you'll have noticed how every hack on the block delights to slot that in as an epitaph on *every single one* of their rave reviews) is undistinguished, serviceable pop music.

ALLEZ ALLEZ: Valley Of The Kings (Virgin)

Astute — Martyn Ware is the ideal man to produce Allez Allez's sober trace over the fantastical plains and hills of a mythical dark continent. He sews together the worksong chant, deep-shafted drums and noble contribution from chanteuse Sara into a gradually rising epic of invigorating strength. You need the 12 inch to appreciate how it ticks, ingeniously contrived for ingenous enjoyment.

SWEET PEA ATKINSON: Someone Could Lose A Heart Tonight (Ze)

Was (Not Was) vocalist steps out in considerable style. The strain is the potent and thunderous breed of hard metal dance tracks that are running rampant in diligent East Coast studios, and it cuts a ruthless groove across the average disco pacemaker. Atkinson's simmering voice is almost lost to the heavy guts of the backing but the power is the pleasure here.

THE MONOCHROME SET: Cast A Long Shadow (Cherry Red)

I suppose it's commendable, in a rather negative way, that this bumptious, fingersnap humour can find room beside the neurotically loud bashful aggression of obvious fools like Splodge (see upcoming review). At least the Set take a debonair pleasure in their disposability, buoying up a silly cowboy song with a swinging verve that calls in an organ so spidery you can almost hear the keys scuttle. Uncaring, modest, fetchingly likeable. *They* know how to make a single laugh.

THE PALE FOUNTAINS: Thank You (Virgin)

Well, irony and genre inversion are dangerous playthings for dullards such as these. The deliberate MOR packaging of 'Thank You', with its welter of strings, virginal voices and oboes (oboes! I ask you, oboes!) sets them a task so massive it would take a rare balance of genious and instinct to pull it off. Of course, they fall laughably short of the goal. A miserable scrap of a song is fattened on bombast and a clumsy orchestral sweep until the most unbearably sticky confection has been ceremoniously half-baked. Like so many of the offerings of those young dandies who clutter up the singles drawer every week, wrapped up in their long lashes and feline grace, The Pale Fountains are the empty echo of a line of vacuity that stretches all the way back to Rupert Brooke. Pshaw! Garbage!

KATE BUSH: There Goes A Tenner (EMI)

I have also suggested to this charming woman that she should think a little more about what the single is. It certainly shouldn't be something like 'There Goes A Tenner', a peculiar choice from a baffling LP. Rococo embelishments flit around this odd story like fireflies in a belfry, the tale told in the usual Berlitz range of voices. A deep loneliness is sighing inside — no wonder so many love her.

EYELESS IN GAZA: Veil Like Calm (Cherry Red)

These autumnal soliloquies are becoming interchangeable. Eyeless sometimes hit the mark, more often miss; 'Veil Like Calm' goes halfway. The apotheosis of their approach is distilled in Martyn Bates' 10" album 'Letters Written', which locks the glacial distress into a motionless and ultimate calm. If a pointless one.

SPLODGE: Mouth And Trousers (Razor)

THE ADICTS: Chinese Takeway (Razor)

Money from ignorance and stupidity. Loathsome. Suggested other signings for Razor: The Pinkies, Tears For Fears. And...

DURAN DURAN: Rio (EMI)

The usual.

DEAD MANS SHADOW: Flower In The Gun (Rondelet)

CONFLICT: Live At Centro Iberico (Xntrix)

The enormous number of punk/Oi records squabbling for space obscures the germinal worth of the few that require attention. Dead Mans Shadow need hauling out of the pack, and 'Flower In The Gun' is their second worthwhile single (after the lively 'Bomb Scare'). It's staggering to observe for a moment the dichotomy between this properly rugged and rousing bite of pacifism and something like 'The Bitterest Pill', to see how the genes of the new wave have virulently split across the years. The formula raging in the dorm by Conflict is petty by comparison — you need brilliant chops to deliver at this velocity, as the incomparable Bad Brains have shown — although there's a certain neanderthal panache about the hellish 'Meat Means Murder'. 'Flower In The Gun', though, suggests that further sharpening will yield greater results.

WAH!: The Story Of The Blues (Eternal)

Pete Wylie doesn't seem to have got very far. A couple of years ago I saw Wah! Heat (as they were) play a set that stank of self-absorbed anger of the most unproductive kind, a process refined into the pathologically sentimental with this full-flushing sneer at big pop production. Obscurity beckons again.

THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Pass The Kouchie (Island)

Cool and mellow in comparison to the record which has become the year's most irratiating and inescapable hit. In case we're not sure what the Diamonds are on about they explain matters with a great deal of audible sucking on chalices (no doubt on a break from work in the forge). Personally I find Fazall Pendergrass' 'Cool Vibration' and Michael Prophet's 'All My Love Is For You' are superior intoxicants among current rhythms. Do you remember reggae? It still lives.

A CHA CHA AT THE OPERA: A Cha Cha At The Opera (Island)

The white funk blueprint has become the most adaptable of diagrams, wearing its stepping credibility as a tawdry justification for the slumming wealthy to make divine little records. A Cha Cha At The Opera is the indulgence of someone with the handle of Zeus B. Held, although (cue obvious gag) this is no Olympian undertaking. Strictly Victor Sylvester in pleats and Guccis. Bogus rubbish.

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: Love Rip-Off (De-Lite 12")

CENTRAL LINE: You've Said Enough (Mercury 12")

When the factory line of white pop is so redolent of a gaggle of pale orphans, it's scarcely a surprise to turn to the main current of black dance records with such pleasure. Both entries here, one from each side of the ocean, are reproachful songs exploded into life by the brand of virtuoso fireworks that illuminate this playing — exuberant throats, crystal recording, a dozen levels of activity. Central Line's record doesn't have the authoritative fatback width of the Affair, as is usual (still?) with Britfunk, but each function as a widescreen montage of bruising energy. I feel better.

NICK PLYTAS AND ANNE PIGALLE: Hot Sagas (Illuminated)

A resilient old trouper's multifarious interests lavished over 10-inches and four tracks. 'The Extranorm' is a smoke-filled fantasy on the blues dripping in steamy impressions of Jimmy Smith, 'Citizen Of The World' and 'Girl In Moscow' leapfrog several stylistic barriers and Ms Pigalle dissects Cole Porter's 'Love For Sale' with amateurish eagerness. Exercises in style, but all preached with the enthusiasm of the devotee.

DETROIT SPINNERS: Magic In The Moonlight (Atlantic)

As The Spinners' first LP is entwined in my heartstrings I'm prpeared to nod through most anything by them. This ordinary work has enough flair to put it above their more careless recent efforts, if not by very much. Of course, Bell and Wynne are absent. Old memories aren't challenged.

JOHN LENNON: Love (Parlophone)

The industry rolls on. I can't believe that this maudlin gush does any great service to the memory of a good man. *"Love is real/Real is love/Love is feeling/Feeling is love"* — well, of course, but we all know it's not as simple as that and so did he. A cheap shot at the seasonal goodwill that spreads hypocritically over a Godless country once a year so everybody doesn't feel so bad at being ill-tempered the rest of the time.

THEATRE OF HATE: Eastworld (Burning Rome)

A moderately ludicrous collision of balalaika melodies, a cossack chorus and Brandon's hilarious stab at being the Pasquale Amato of post-punk. Enjoyable enough nonsense, in the main, with one startling moment when Mick Jones shoves the saxophone into the frontline Dimestore Dostoevsky.

ROBERT PALMER: Pride (Island)

Robert is losing his mind on this evidence. 'Pride' is an inappropriate title for a record that takes his renowned sexism to new heights, railing against the benefits of physical fitness and even daring to cast aspersions on Olivia's masterful 'Physical' itself. Meanwhile, the sound casts around for an identity in steel pans and one of those watermelon calypso accents. As a 1500 metre man I find it all deplorable.

BRILLIANT: That's What Good Friends Are For. . .(Brilliant/Limelight)

Tiresome autobiographical allusions aside, a routine melodrama with very little going for it. A sort of cut-up approach to gothic darkness that never hits its aspirations, nothing binding together and the hangover of Killing Joke's doomsday drums trading migraine for firepower.

THE CORPORATION FEATURING MANNIX FLYNN: Dub Rap (Crashed)

You see, even rap records rely on expert playing and production. Mannix Flynn's Dublin rant is as impassioned and 'relevant' as anything by Brother D or Flash but is entirely diffused by a backing track disastrously cluttered and disorganised. Without a suitably hypnotic casing for the speech rhythm, messages tend to fall on deaf ears.

THE WAITRESSES: Christmas Wrapping (Ze)

If Island want to reactivate Ze's Christmas box they should at once release Davitt Sigerson's kitsch masterpiece 'It's A Big Country', not this dull Big Apple Joke. And that's all my advise for this week.

NOW PLAYING

Obsession ..... Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
Moon Beam ..... James Blood Ulmer (CBS)
My Foolish Heart ..... Singers Unlimited (MPS)
The Nightfly ..... Donald Fagen (Warner Bros)
Kathleen ..... Townes Van Zandt (Tomato)
Days Of Wine And Roses ..... Clark Terry (Bingow)
There Will Never Be Another You ..... Stan Getz (Verve)
Irene .... Charlie Haden & Hampton Hawes (Artists House)

BERNI WEEKDAY
Big Night Out

ENJOY THE
BIG SCREEN EXPERIENCE
WITH
FREE CINEMA TICKETS FROM BERNI

Voucher with every Berni Weekday meal until 26th November 1982*. Buy one cinema ticket for a Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday-Get another free!

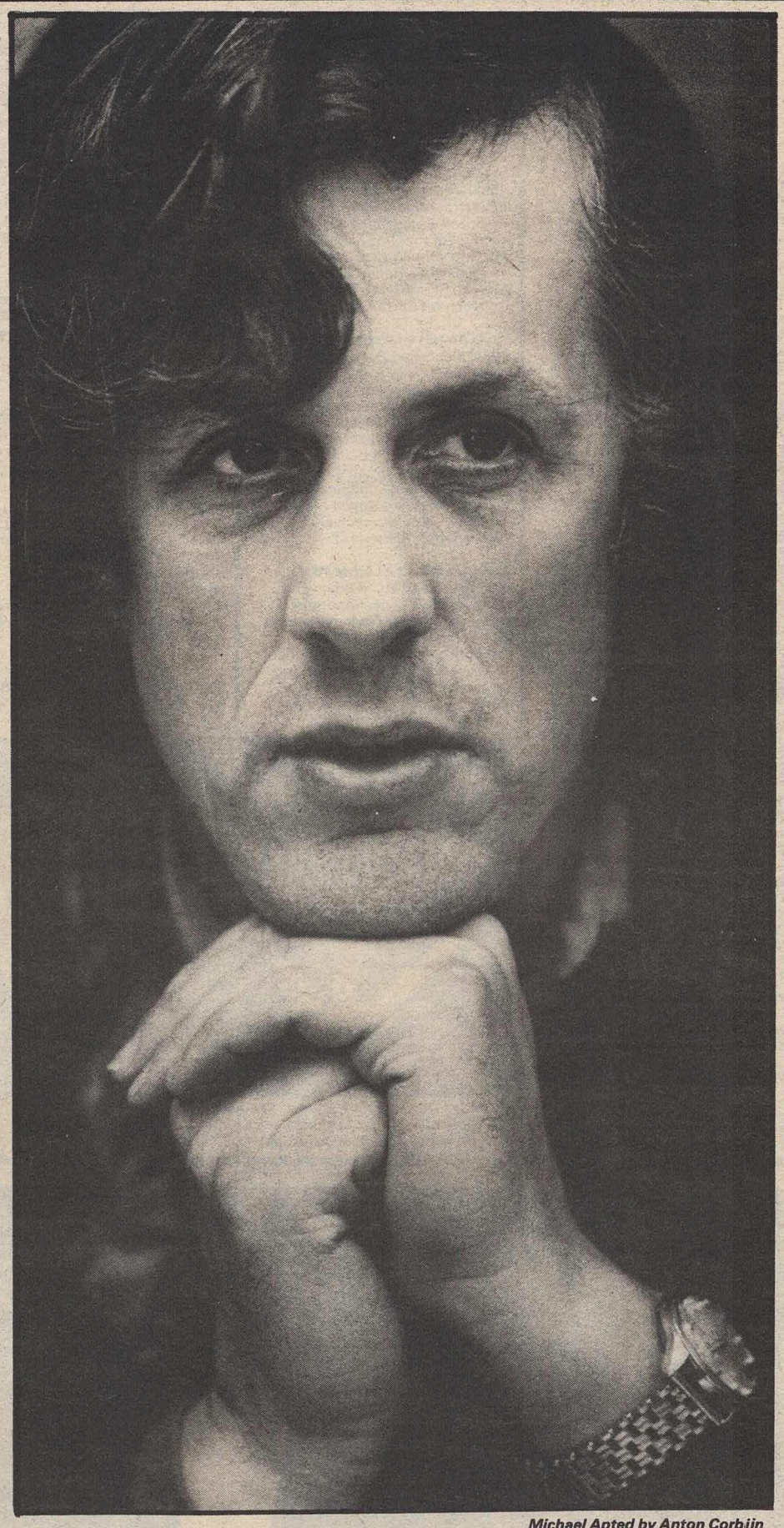
SEE YOUR LOCAL BERNI FOR DETAILS

In Scotland this offer is available through Stakis Steakhouses

*SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

THE GREAT DIVIDE

. . . between a Hollywood hit and a follow-up flop, between Coronation Street and Channel 4. Director Michael Apted talks about his movie ups and downs and why he's returned to his first love — British TV



Michael Apted by Anton Corbijn

BY THE TIME you read this, you will probably have been playing with the long idle fourth button on your television set for a couple of days. You may also have decided that Channel 4's new and aggressive approach to TV programming and filmmaking is A GOOD THING. Whatever happens, the success or failure of the fourth channel will depend on its capacity to sustain audience interest beyond the first well-publicised weeks.

Among the many self-acclaimed coups was the luring back from America of Michael Apted to direct the opening film in the *First Love* series, a comedy of post war schooldays by Jack Rosenthal called *P'Tang, Yang, Kipperbang.*

When I talked to the director at Shepperton studios — where he is preparing his next film, *Gorky Park,* based on the best selling novel by Martin Cruz Smith — he waxed enthusiastic about the new channel and explained his reasons for returning to his first love, television.

"One of the reasons for doing *P'Tang, Yang* was to drop a calling card and say 'I do want to work in England, I am not lost to America nor am I going to spend the rest of my life doing 10 or 12 million dollar feature films.'

"What is interesting is if Channel 4 can survive then there does seem to be the possibility of a cross-fertilisation between television and the movies, which has always been missing. And the choice of material in Channel 4 does seem to be indigenous English material; they do seem to be proper movies about England.

"Frankly, it's wonderful for me to see a group of people working for television where there is some cognisance for commercial and financial credibility. All of us feel that probably most of our best work has been done in television, and I'm speaking for myself or Jack Gold or Loach or Boorman. But the stuff that we did in England was never put in the marketplace. At last television grows up. It makes the whole thing more aggressive and introduces the elements of making movies in the sense of having to draw a crowd."

For *P'Tang Yang* Apted was reunited with writer Jack Rosenthal with whom he had worked extensively on the small screen, from *Coronation Street* to *The Lovers* and a whole series of one-shot plays. Much as he admires Rosenthal's material, he makes no bones about the difficulties involved in translating the words on to the screen.

"Some writers give you a kind of foundation or starting block and then with the actors you can begin to improvise in rehearsal so they can find other things. That usually destroys Jack's stuff. It was hellish difficult with children because you have to find kids who can actually play dialogue.

"Some kids are wonderfully truthful and are much better saying things in their own words but with Jack they've got to say it his way. We've had a lot of difficulty, Jack and I — some spoken, some unspoken — about that because I like things to be as real and as truthful as possible and sometimes you have to sacrifice a bit of that. But on a thing like *P'Tang, Yang* you can really pull it off."

P'Tang Yang Kipperbang: NME's editor (played by Robert Urquhart) executes just punishment upon errant pupil Ian Penman (playing truant).

BORN IN Aylesbury and educated at Cambridge, Apted's film pedigree is a curious one. After a number of television series and dramas he made his big screen debut with *The Triple Echo* and followed up with *Stardust, The Squeeze* and *Agatha.* In 1979, having gone to America to work on a film that was later to become *The Competition* ("I wanted to do it like *Fame.* The producer Ray Stark wanted Tatum O'Neal and Michael Jackson. We fell out.") he was offered *Coal Miner's Daughter,* the success of which made him a Very Important Property.

"It wasn't the sort of material that was attracting American directors. It was seen as just a sleazy kind of Country and Western film and they were really scraping the barrel, frankly, to find someone to do it."

Since then he has made *Continental Divide,* a film with John Belushi that bombed so badly in the States it is unlikely to be shown here.

"We fell between two stools. Belushi's fans didn't like the film; his fans just want him to throw custard pies and fall on his arse. And the people who really would have liked the film would not have been seen dead in a John Belushi audience. It was a risk we took and it's very alarming when you come head on with the conservatism of the American entertainment public who like their Clint Eastwood, their Burt Reynolds, their John Belushi in place and won't accept them doing anything else. It's alarming and very limiting for everybody and depressing for them and was the reason why *Continental Divide* didn't cut it."

Apted has had his fair share of disappointments (the lawsuits from *Agatha* have yet to be settled) but he has plenty to occupy him for the present. *Gorky Park* begins shooting on Valentine's Day next year and, with a script by Dennis Potter and a cast headed by William Hurt, looks like being the kind of challenge that appeals to Apted — besides being a potential commercial success.

"I'm much better at creating other people's worlds than I am my own. I'm a good middle class lad from Ilford in Essex and I've made my reputation doing north country plays with Granada and the BBC for Rosenthal and Colin Welland and Arthur Hopcraft, actually stuff that has nothing to do with me. Then I went to America and I was able to recreate that in *Coal Miner's Daughter.* Now I'm going to Russia to try and recreate Russia for *Gorky Park . . .*"

He adds, by way of a filmmaker's corollory: "Most films don't work. It's very rare that you get a film that you're happy with *and* makes money. Very rare. It's the secret of life if you can do it."

Neil Norman

Also commissioned by Channel 4, a contentious drama about media censorship

CUTTING WAYS

Giro City
Directed by Karl Francis
Starring Glenda Jackson and Jon Finch (Cinegate)

IT'S NOT so far from the political inferno of a bruised, rainy Ireland to the lonely struggle of a Welsh hill farmer against multi-national corruption. For a TV current affairs team, the battleground is the same, the crusading instincts shared, the destiny of their inquiries similarly doomed. At the eleventh hour, the devil looks after his own: the good guys *always* lose.

Karl Francis mixes the two pitches in *Giro City* with a hefty slug of bitterness — the unmistakeable ring of a personal enmity against corporate censorship on investigative television. Employing his two principals — Glenda Jackson's film-maker, brittle and leathery by turns, and Jon Finch's slobbish, dogged crack reporter — as touchstones for the human involvement behind the clipped objectivity of reportage, the director/scriptwriter uses the analytical twists in the narrative to lend thriller status to the hard lines of TV journalism: assignations in a Catholic church, lock-picking research into financial backgrounds.

Appropriately, the film has the dour and serious mood of a cheerless documentary. Shabbily photographed, gruffly played, it displays astutely the worry lines and peevishness wrought by circumstance on well-intentioned investigators. By the end, Jackson and Finch look weary to the bone, all for nothing. But they accept the compromise of defeat — and there, maybe, is the rub.

It's true that Francis softens the film's grainy punch by casting stars, yet the impression is that it's his own approach which flaws the picture. It is *too* cut and dried. The resulting compromises are too predictably brought off; the members of the team are too clearly written as vehicles for flinty, 'humane' performance. Ambiguity and responsibility are scarcely touched on — the *role* of reportage isn't explored, merely spelled out as fundamentally tame and futile. Unlike Volker Schlondorff's *Circle Of Deceit,* which won a sometimes startling aura of uncertainty from its querying of involvement, *Giro City* is too straight to unsettle.

Nevertheless, as a parallel portrait of the far wastelands of our intimate little islands, a palpable sense of desolation borders every frame. That, and the admirable playing by the two leads, is what makes *Giro City* a worthwh le proposition.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

Thursday November 4
The Animals Film (Directed by Victor Schonfeld 1981). In which animals are hunted, hacked, fried, roasted, toasted, packaged, petted, poisoned, drugged, farmed, fused and fucked, mainly in the interests of business or science. The bit where the cavalry comes to the rescue has been excised on the command of IBA lawyers, lest the sight of masked men incites you to do unlawful acts. Narrated by Julie Christie. Music Robert Wyatt. **(Channel 4)**

The Hunchback Of Notre Dame (William Dieterle 1939). Beginning a season featuring Charles Laughton, the man with the most malleable rubber face in the history of the cinema. This is the best of three versions of the Victor Hugo story, not the least because its incidental detail places it well in its medieval time. **(BBC2)**

Friday November 5
Harold And Maude (Hal Ashby 1971). Starring the oddest looking boy in the history of the cinema, Bud Cort is the morbidly pallid Harold who repulses his mother's matchmaking choices with a series of elaborately horrible hoaxes, only to fall instead for the lusty 80-year-old Maude, with whom he shares a fondness for funeral services. Not even the Cat Stevens soundtrack spoils the jokes. **(BBC2)**

Woodstock (Michael Wadleigh 1969). Or *Singing In the Rain 2.* Book by Timothy Leary, music by Om Hum and choreography by Neil Owsley. Retrospectively, its parading of stars like trophies and listing of statistics as significant victories — 500,000 people came! — is as embarrassing as it is wearing. It is unfair to re-view it as field research for Wadleigh's under-rated eco-horror story *Wolfen.* **(Channel 4)**

Saturday November 6
The Longest Day (Ken Annakin, Andrew Marton, Bernard Wicki 1962). Not a manageable third of the extraordinary long weekend recorded above, but a multi-linear account of the D-day landings, starring John Wayne in a wheelbarrow, Robert Mitchum in the wrong movie, Henry Fonda and Richard Burton. **(LWT)**

Hells Angels (Howard Hughes 1930). Featuring Henry's boy Peter as an itinerant World War One fighter ace, who, unwilling to slot into a boring peacetime role, chooses the restless outlaw life of a motorcycle gangleader. Unable to live with the stigma of introducing the pariah genre to American cinema, millionaire eccentric Howard Hughes, who directed, went into seclusion. The rest is myth. **(Channel 4)**

Network (Sidney Lumet 1976). Taking to heart an "if there's no news, make it" line, unpopular TV newscaster Peter Finch revives his own ratings along with the network's with the announcement of his pending suicide, gambling on the figures staying up for the duration of his life, at least. Paddy Chayefsky's bitterly funny, if sometimes messy, script won him an Oscar. **(Channel 4)**

Brides Of Dracula (Terence Fisher 1960). Peter Cushing and David Peel chase each other through a girls' boarding school. **(BBC2)**

Sunday November 7
Step Lively (Tim Whelan 1942). Based on the Broadway comedy *Room Service.* If the Marx Brothers couldn't breathe anything into it, I wouldn't put much on Frank Sinatra or Adolphe Menjou playing it for laughs any better. **(BBC2)**

Scarface (Howard Hawks 1932). Perhaps the best — because it's the most brutal — of the '30s gangster movies, totally lacking the mawkish or sentimental qualities of the Warners Cagney/Bogart vehicles to follow. Paul Muni plays the Capone figure as the cheap, mean hood he was, while George Raft provides some wonderful back up sneers. **(Channel 4)**

Walkabout (Nicolas Roeg 1970). Shimmeringly set in the Australian outback, this is Roeg's least puzzling and best-looking picture. Jenny Agutter plays a 14-year-old schoolgirl who is stranded in the desert with her younger brother for company and an aborigine boy for survival tips. **(BBC1)**

Monday November 8
Mr Majestyk (Richard Fleischer 1974). Charles Bronson is laughably miscast as a melon farmer — with a face like that, a walnut grower would have been more appropriate — who through force of circumstance finds himself on the lam with a vicious killer, who is not played by Jill Ireland. **(BBC1)**

Wednesday November 10
Remembrance (Colin Gregg 1982). What with the Falklands, Fassbinder's forthcoming *Querelle* and this one — about a group of young sailors the day before they ship out for manoeuvres — sailors have never been so topical as now. If you can sit it out you'll be rewarded with a Paul Schrader interview on Channel 4's *Visions* programme at 11pm. **(Channel 4)**

Chris Bohn

Guaranteed! All these films will be showing!! Honest!!! — Ed.

Faye Dunaway in Network: "I now declare Channel 4 well and truly open — except for Monty Smith, who will not receive transmissions until December 17." (Ha ha! — A. Gill)

THAT BOX A STATEMENT

It has become increasingly apparent that last week's *On The Box* was a monumental error on my part. What was intended as an innocent hoax and affectionate raspberry in the face of Channel Four's imminent arrival has infuriated and alienated a large proportion of our readership. This lapse in editorial judgement on my part has undone all the good work pioneered by *Silver Screen* these past five years. It is with deep regret, then, that I have resigned my post as this section's editor. I hope you find it in your hearts to forgive me as you watch *A Clockwork Orange* this Sunday lunchtime (TVS region only).

Monty Smith

'That' Box: Written by Ian Penman.
From an idea by Danny Baker.
Executive Producer: Monty Smith (resigned)

IN THE CAN

Amityville 2: The Possession (Directed by Damiano Damiani). Aha! One of those danged prequel things, ie a sequel that deals with events *before* the original 'success' (in this instance the horrible *Amityville Horror*). So the Lutzes haven't even moved in yet, and it's another family's turn to be subjected to creepy goings-on in the baleful house. For the benefit of the imported director, famous for his gauche and gruesome Italian exercises, everyone in the cast shouts and shrugs a lot. Boo! **(EMI)**

Cat People (Paul Schrader). One of the films of the year, a persuasive and haunting . . . oh, hell, why not just read Penman's pretentious review in *Silver Screen* 10.7.82. I mean, on the strength of that and his lofty interview with Mr Schrader (*NME* some time in September) Penman's pissing off to Hollywood toot de sweet. **(UIP)**

Deathtrap (Sidney Lumet). Minor pleasures after the major *Prince Of The City* but Lumet keeps a graceful grip on Ira Levin's Broadway mystery, and Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve and Dyan Cannon play it for meaty laughs. **(Warner Bros)**

Diva (Jean-Jacques Beineix). Yes, M. Beineix's diverting thriller is still going strong on the big screen, contrary to reports in last week's scurrilous *Box* (which, incidentally, caused more ripples than that bomb in Bikini Atoll — and, yes, Penman has been summarily dismissed for his 'prank'). Viva *Diva!* (I've been dying to say that. — A. Hack) **(Palace)**

The Entity (Sidney J. Furie). Flabby, 'true-life', Dolbyised horror with Barbara Hershey being poked by a poltergeist. Leave it to Steven, Sidney. **(20th Century Fox).**

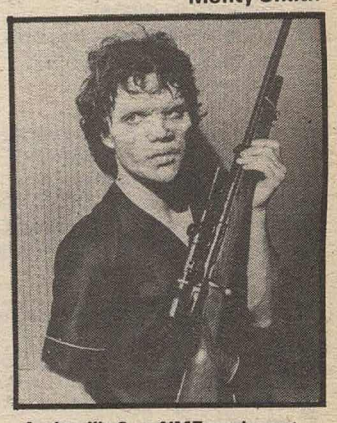
The Last Movie (Dennis Hopper). Let's hope so, Dennis! **(ICA)**

Five Days One Summer (Fred Zinnemann). Mr Zinnemann's first film since 1976's *Julia,* and apparently as personal. Richard Cook reviews in typically fair-minded style next week. **(Warner Bros)**

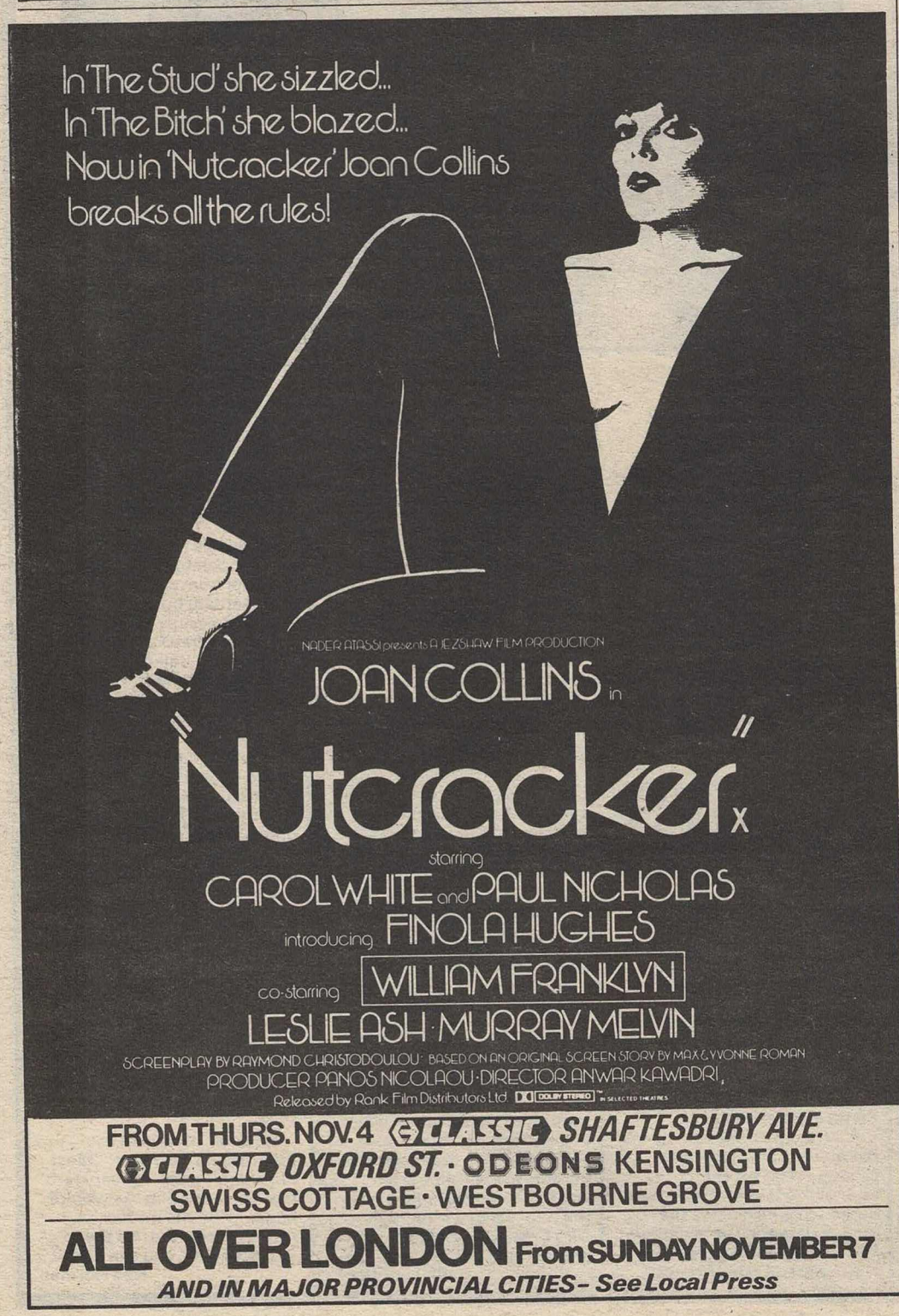
Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (Woody Allen). "NOT FUNNY" — Anthony Quayle's king to Woody Allen's quivering jester in *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex.* **(Warner Bros)**

Sword And The Sorcerer (Albert Pyun). Well, the director's name is itself very nearly some kind of joke (ie if Typhoo put the T in Britain, who put the Y in Pun — or something like that); unfortunately, the film is no kind of joke at all. This is serious fantasy stuff (people turn into toads and have their heads chopped off and vice versa) and the sequel's already been shot. This should have been shot, too. I love you all very much and God knows how much I love the movies but this is it. The End. Monty's gone mad. As Yosser said to the man at the so-called DHSS: "Goodbye". **(Rank)** *(It figures. — ED)*

Monty Smith



Amityville 2, or NME reader out for revenge after last week's Box.


In 'The Stud' she sizzled...
In 'The Bitch' she blazed...
Now in 'Nutcracker' Joan Collins
breaks all the rules!
NADER ATASSI presents A JEZ SHAW FILM PRODUCTION
JOAN COLLINS in
"Nutcracker" X
starring
CAROL WHITE and PAUL NICHOLAS
introducing FINOLA HUGHES
co-starring WILLIAM FRANKLYN
LESLIE ASH · MURRAY MELVIN
SCREENPLAY BY RAYMOND CHRISTODOULOU · BASED ON AN ORIGINAL SCREEN STORY BY MAX & YVONNE ROMAN
PRODUCER PANOS NICOLAOU · DIRECTOR ANWAR KAWADRI
Released by Rank Film Distributors Ltd. DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES
FROM THURS. NOV. 4 CLASSIC SHAFTESBURY AVE.
CLASSIC OXFORD ST. · ODEONS KENSINGTON
SWISS COTTAGE · WESTBOURNE GROVE
ALL OVER LONDON From SUNDAY NOVEMBER 7
AND IN MAJOR PROVINCIAL CITIES – See Local Press

Dolly in the doll's house — just what, do you suppose, are these ladies' attitudes toward pre-marital sex?

LITTLE THINGS

The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas

Directed by Colin Higgins
Starring Burt Reynolds, Dolly Parton and Dom Deluise (UIP)

"I FEEL like a country dog in the city. If I stand still they screw me, if I run they bite my ass."

Just another southern lawman's dilemma. Sherrif Ed Earl Dodd isn't much of a man for pretty words, even if he does have moviestar looks. Shoot, it's enough to make a man choke on his grits when the local house of pleasure — a right purty place 'n' all, specially when it's run by your girlfriend too — gets picked out by some faggy, toupee-totin'-little fart from the capital, a TV crusader out to *clean up* our little town.

Thereby hangs this entertainment. Casting Dolly Parton as Miss Mona, the madame of the neighbourhood 'brothel' under threat, doesn't give Colin Higgins (who also directed her in *Nine To Five)* a lot of choice: he zeroes in on her cleavage as the constant centre of the film, but I guess he'd counted on that.

This is a musical: it therefore fills a gap. This year we've had the joyless mechanics of fornication, as it were, as the soft strokes of a plundered Titian *(Laura),* the Freudian aftermath of emotional larcency *(Private Lessons),* a revision and the spurting currency of a barter economy *(Not A Love Story)* — now we have it as a series of sketches in homestead bickering, glib and forgettable little songs and choreography of suitably unrequited exhaustion.

In its favour is the way the production numbers (from a show that originated on Broadway) are made small-scale — Higgins is more interested in the partnership of Parton and Burt Reynolds. The trouble is that Sherriff Reynolds is far too smooth and stencilled for a part that calls for a touch of the beer-bellied commoner. I'd be an early acclaimant of Burt's versatility, but there's nothing of the slob about him. And, tarnation, he fits beside Miss Dolly like a Cadillac beside a tour bus (no disrespect, Ma'am).

A further disappointment is the poor chance offered to Dom Deluise as Ed Earl's podgy adversary Melvin P. Thorpe, a dandy with a congregation (this is the bible belt, isn't it?) of admirers and too obvious by half.

It's as inoffensive as the whitewash Higgins sprayed over feminism in *Nine To Five,* but for Parton's southern charm alone it's diverting enough. As social observation it cuts about the same slice as *Last Of The Summer Wine.* Only the accents are changed and innocence is *well* protected.

Richard Cook

The Watcher In The Woods

Directed by John Hough
Starring Bette Davis, Carroll Baker, David McCallum and Lynn-Holly Johnson
(Walt Disney)

DISNEY'S VAULTING ambitions wind up in mud this time. Publicity for *The Watcher In The Woods* insists it is not a fairy tale — accurate, because it's not really much of anything. Ghosts, inter-dimensional transference, guilt in an enclosed community uncovered by visiting Americans: the script is a sarcophagus of themes worked to dust by countless television adaptations, padded out by a glut of tarnished star cameos and the deodorised sex interest always primly dispersed through Disney's 'action' features.

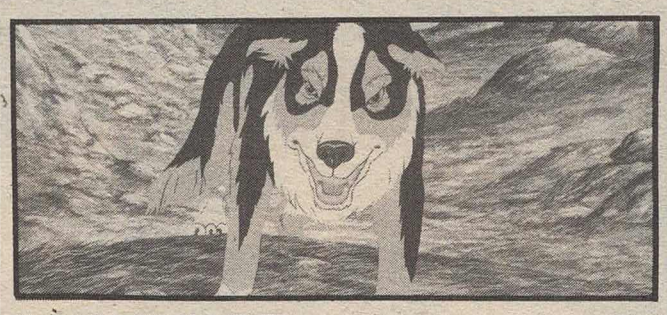
In this case it's Lynn-Holly Johnson who plays the blossoming teenager in trouble. Her resemblance to Karen, the daughter of the old woman who lives in the woods, sets off a chain of 'weird' occurrences: Karen disappeared 30 years ago in an initiation ceremony in the old chapel — during an eclipse? And there's one due again tomorrow?

In an embarrassing gallery of dummy people Bette Davis as the aged recluse is the only one to emerge respectably, and then by sheer force of charisma. The few other villagers seen resemble members of *The Archers,* petrified at being made flesh. Why Carroll Baker and David McCallum are scratching for pennies here is not explained.

Director Hough is something of a Disney staple *(Escape To Witch Mountain)* and a confirmed disaster area *(Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry, Brass Target).* Though he presents the upsets in the narrative capably enough he crucially misuses the one haunting image in the film — a glimpse of a clutching, blindfolded girl inside a mirror is overworked until its impact is squandered.

Nothing is dark enough; satanism is scarcely hinted at. Frightening films can be built from green spaces and brilliant sunlight, but that's far beyond these ambitions. In spite of the pretensions to fear everyone is clearly under orders not to make it too scary. There's plain spooking for you.

Richard Cook



Wadja think of it so far? "Ruff!"

The Plague Dogs

Directed by Martin Rosen
(UIP)

BEING UNFAMILIAR with Richard Adams' book I watched *The Plague Dogs* as an impartial observer and found it modestly affecting, although it's clear that Adams' principal argument (against animal experimentation) is partly diffused by the boundaries of the film. Martin Rosen's ambitions might be somewhat different.

He has his animation team draw the morality tale of Snitter and Ralf in a flat, intentionally orthodox manner that gives the film a faintly eerie, sleepwalking character, suspended somewhere between dream and nightmare. To have applied the rosy warmth of classic Disney to such a bleak and fatalistic story would have been too cruel an irony, and the context of a mannered and unreal moorland might undercut the sting in Adams' narrative but presents an interesting stab at a darker side of cartoon-making.

Snitter, a fox terrier with a partly vivisected brain, escapes the terrible research centre with his gruff labrador friend in search of peace and sanctuary; but they are forced to scavenge and eventually kill, aided only by the fox Tod. Unwittingly, they wreak a panic that escalates across the countryside: can these be plague-carrying dogs?

Rosen clearly has an adult audience in mind: the dialogue isn't troubled by prudishness (James Bolam is in ripe voice as Tod) and several moments carry an overtone of chill. If his cartoon slides towards the sentimental by the end then it's in good company. How you react to the ending will probably determine your liking or otherwise for the picture: I left the screening very quietly and, sucker that I am, it has stuck in my mind.

Richard Cook

NEXT WEEK IN SILVER SCREEN

ANGEL

a stunning movie debut by Ireland's Neil Jordan

FILM VIDEO MUSIC

Ai No Corrida		Black Uhuru	£19.95
Diva		Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark	£19.95
The Honeymoon Killers		Gary Numan's Micromusic	£19.95
Taxi Zum Klo		Gary Numan The Touring Principle	£19.95
Eraserhead		Rockers	£29.95
Fitzcarraldo		Richard Pryor Live in Concert	£29.95
Aguirre		Bob Marley & The Wailers	£21.95
Pink Flamingos		The Essential Mike Oldfield	£19.95
Female Trouble		Devo	£19.95
Cocaine Fiends		Madness	£19.95
Sex Madness			
Desperate Living			

Price: £29.95 plus £1.50 p & p — ADD £1.50 p & p TO ALL PRICES

Send your cheque to: Video Palace (Distribution) Ltd.,
c/o Scala Cinema, 275 Pentonville Rd., London N1 9NL. 01-278 0751

Available MAIL ORDER or from
The Video Palace, 62/64 High St. Kensington W8

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

STARTING NOVEMBER 4
for an unlimited season we are **FIRST RUNNING** Neil Jordan's remarkable debut movie
ANGEL
Plus two jazz shorts
CHARLIE PARKER and COLEMAN HAWKINS in AFTER HOURS
1.00, 3.00 (not Sat, Sun) 5.00, 7.00, 9.00
Saturday 6th and Sunday 7th Matinees
Wim Wenders double
ALICE IN THE CITIES
1.00
+ THE AMERICAN FRIEND
3.00
All Night Saturday 6th
All night **BELA LUGOSI PART 1**

PALACE BREAKS INTO W.H. SMITH

AND AT ONLY £29.95 A TAPE.

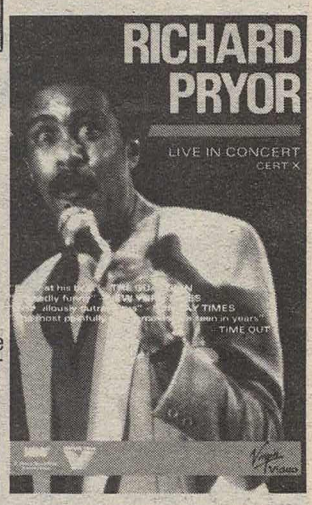
At all W.H. Smith branches with video departments.

£29.95 ONLY

'A boundlessly energetic cocktail of satirical fancy . . . a divine debut' N.M.E.

£29.95 ONLY

'The most painfully funny movie I've seen in years' TIME OUT



£29.95 ONLY

'The most original horror movie in years' NEWSWEEK

£29.95 ONLY

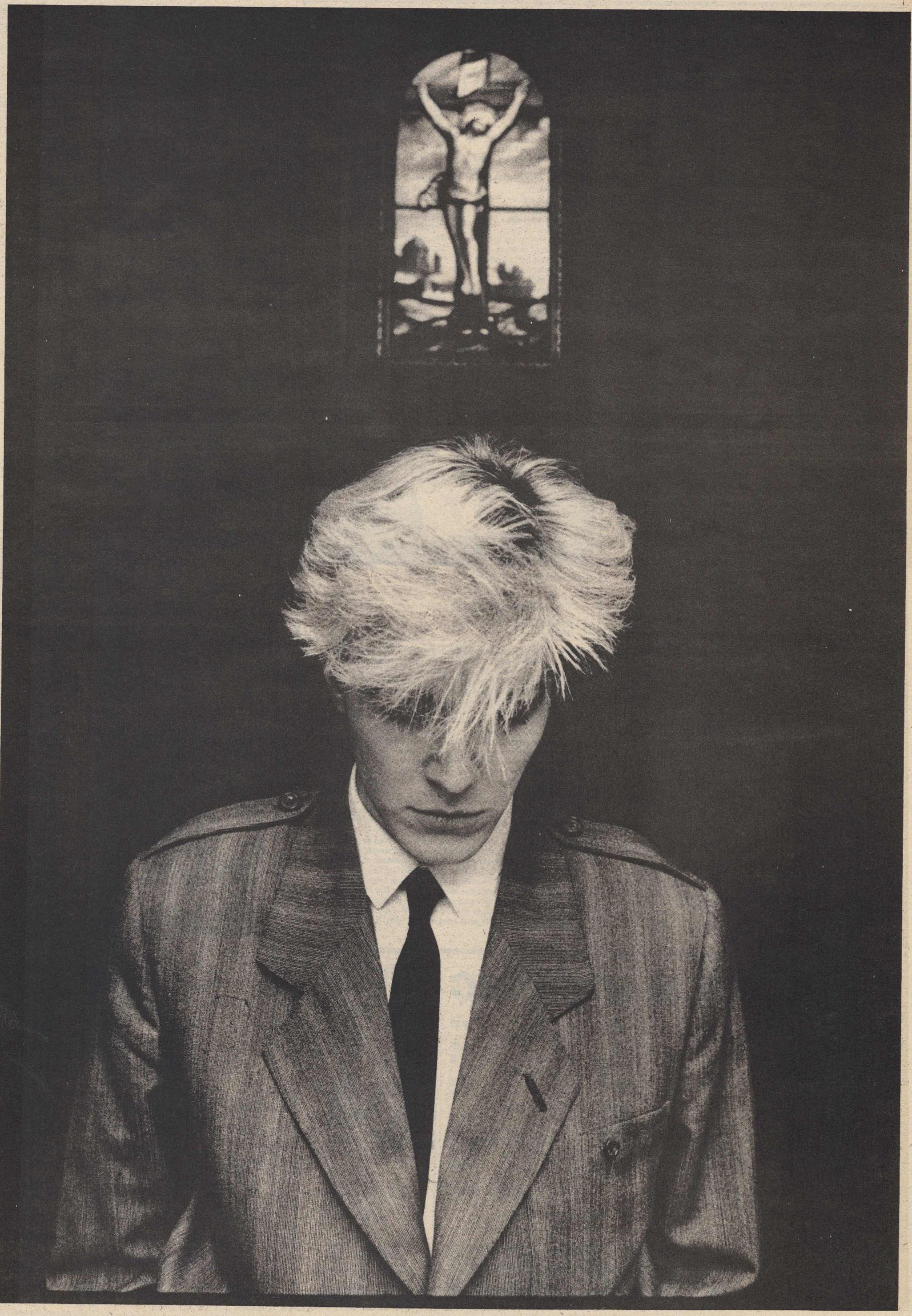
'Herzog's magic journey . . . dramatic, enthralling and heart-stopping . . . SUNDAY TIMES

PALACE VIDEO

Palace at W.H. Smith's
At £29.95 a tape, it's the Videological choice.

WHSMITH

Prices correct at time of going to press. At selected Video branches where you see this sign. While stocks last.



THE OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE

BY PAUL MORLEY

PIX ANTON CORBIJN

WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER . . . WHAT HAPPENS IN THE SILENCE AFTER SOUND? DAVID SYLVIAN TALKS AND TALKS . . . ABOUT HIS CHILDHOOD, RELIGION, POP AND FUTURE BEYOND JAPAN . . .

IN A HOTEL ROOM IN PARIS

What, then, is time?

If you don't ask, I know. If I have to explain, I do not know.

There seems to want to be. . .a uniting of perfection of thought and feeling with perfection of form, resulting in a subjectivity that takes you beyond the ordinary self towards a confrontation with the ideal self. . .So?

So, people say to me that I should *act natural,* but to *act natural* is merely to imitate things and ways that have been pushed at you since day one. *Acting natural* doesn't exist.

Do people say, don't be so precocious?

So? Fear not to be young, precocious, hurry on, if there is somewhere you can hurry on. . .

THE SAME ROOM, SOMEWHERE ELSE

But relaxation of the languid frame
by soft recumbency of outstretched limbs
was bliss reserved for happier days; so slow
the growth of what is excellent, so hard
to attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus, first necessity invented stools,
convenience next suggested elbow chairs
and luxury the accomplished sofa next.

I have never seen a man gaze and smile, sit and walk like *that. . .*

At it's lowest, the sanction of Buddhist morality is purely selfish.

Sometimes the comfort of a room . .
Sometimes I feel I've been here before.

I'M LIVING ON THE EDGE OF MY NERVES

Do you remember the last time?

Yes. This now seems to be the right time. The last time obviously wasn't. But I did enjoy the conversation, even though I could tell you were a little hostile. I could see as the conversation went on that you were becoming more and more interested in what I was saying, and so more confused. The same for me in what you were saying.

Then, no one gave you a piece of chance.

Oh no. If you make mistakes around here it's difficult ever to escape.

I know the first album is rubbish, that all the hype that went with it was wrong, but we were just five boys being naive and trying to get something together. At the time you came along we were just getting there, but no one would see that until 'Quiet Life' was re-released — if then. And all the stubborness, ignorance and naivety we paraded then was a strength in a way, a blindness that enables you to get through those bad periods. We were pushed towards the outrageous and it was past the age of outrage. We struggled against this and it came out as a caricature.

Do you laugh at that Japan?

Not really. I think it's sad that the context will always allow a situation like that to happen. At least I got out of it. There are so many people trapped in the wrong business or even the wrong society and they can't get out, they don't know how to get out, really even why to get out, it's just the people and the environment around them profoundly trap them. It's sad.

In our minor instant Japan could have become just another trapped band, and when we were reviewed it was always the decoration that was assaulted, never what may or may not have existed beyond or behind all that. For me any reason in reviewing a record is to discern 'truth' or 'falseness' amidst all the decoration: a truth in sentiment, a purity of spirit, an honest type of speculation, as naive as the people may be. Something that's not directly produced for rea sons of money and attention. Honesty should be acknowledged amidst all the clutter. The stylistic approach is increasingly worthless. There is always going to be decoration in this context. What should be discovered is whether there is determination or deception.

We never deceived. That's that.

When did you develop a self-consciousness about what you were actually doing, a feeling towards what could be done?

After 'Life In Tokyo' I was in New York for about a month, and it was a real deep depression, looking back on what I'd done and disliking everything. From the appearance of the band to the people we'd worked with to the music itself. Just horrible.

We talked about splitting, although we were getting on together fine. I started writing songs in a new way, on keyboards, which made a whole lot of difference. Something as simple as that changed things around, everything sounded more mature, and there was a great change in approach and attitude. We started 'Quiet Life' with a concept of sound whereas we'd previously just thrown songs together.

I just grew up! Very quickly in the six months between the second and third album. I saw where I was.

What was it about the adopted appearance that you hated?

It was a bad caricature.

When I was about 13 or 14 I didn't like myself very much, I didn't like the idea that I was shy and introverted. I disliked my childhood intensely, but from as far back as I can remember I hated not being independent. People were saying to me that I would never do well in music because I was too shy. . .that I couldn't get onstage to sing because I couldn't even face talking to people. Which was true, I couldn't. But I wanted independence.

So I built, like, not an alter ego, I exaggerated a tiny part of myself, I turned it into a gross caricature and wore certain types of clothes that I could hide behind. I lived the part totally. I believed that if I lived the part long enough I would become it. I saw it as like a salvation. But eventually I hated this caricature so much I was forced to come to terms with myself and find a way to control myself within the context.

How do you see this exaggeration now?

It's difficult to pinpoint.

When I started in the music business — oh, disgusting phrase — when I first started *making music* I was doing it for all the wrong reasons, the wrong reasons being to have fame, to boost the ego. It was this part of me that I exaggerated, the part of me that wanted to be at the centre of attention. I'm not that type of person at all. So I stood back from it, and as much as I was allowed, slipped away.

Everything that motivated you to make pop music you've had to shake away: those rampant desires, myths absorbed as a teenager.

You have to lose all those things to function smoothly. You have to lose the desire for people to look at you in a certain way. So that when you say write a lyric you have to lose the desire to put in something about yourself which you only want people to see but that isn't true. You strive towards a strange purity that is probably impossible, a kind of carefulness that hopefully achieves the opposite effect — a radical. . .bravery.

The sentiment was always there in the songs, it was just always covered in decoration. I have to lose that decoration. It's disappearing. But it's still there, even on 'Tin Drum'.

You become an individual writing songs, taking the temperature, clicking the shutter, snatching at moments, wiping away the dirt of the rock scenery, rather than the pop puppet bathing in this dirt?

That is the difference. Separation, achieving a knowingness about your surroundings, seeing clearly where you are.

First of all you have to define the role people place you in as entertainer. And how far do I want to go on being the entertainer in this place rather than the individual? . . .And I'm discovering that the more I've gone on the more pressure to be the entertainer, and I've resented it more and more.

I resent everything that ties me to the traditional nature of the entertainer. The handed down pressures of such a thing are nonsense. I've always had the ambition, but so far never the intelligence, to bring a new dimension to the idea of musician working inside this context. The idea of pop music being artist is so pretentious to most people, and in the past it has had good reason to be so. The context is for games, really. There is a great lack of understanding. I don't think that saying or implying you're an artist is a great statement to make anyway. I'm not talking about 'artist' but just a state of mind.

'Tin Drum' wasn't a "record about China", it was a state of mind being presented, thoughts and moods pushed forward as bare as possible to not even reach the place where confusion enters into it. I want to achieve that state of mind where what I write doesn't refer particularly to time or place, but that goes beyond that. Something words can't touch.

I'm achieving that, I think, whether I like it or not. I make the truth. . .

WE FORGET TO BE ASTONISHED

An example of this rejection of the assumed, faded decorations and desires is your performance on TV and stage.

I throw blankness against all the confusion. On TV I try to represent nothing. I try to be a blank piece of paper. Any physical gesture becomes irrelevant, it is superficial.

The live thing for me is rubbish, it again amounts to nothing. This way of performing has been done so many times, people are ready to read millions of things into every gesture and movement, so nothing new or whatever can be done, it's all echoes of some past to varying degrees. It needs a type of performance that the songs wouldn't suit to break away from that.

Touring is something I do not need to do, and it's something I don't intend to do. This is the last time. I'm doing it because it's what I need now, it helps me move my surroundings so that I don't get in a claustrophobic state. Maybe I'm trying to rationalise it. . .to be honest I can't think of one reason why I'm doing this tour. I guess it must have some relevance somewhere. Maybe it's one of those parts of your life that just drift by and don't mean a thing.

I'm not prepared to analyse it. I just accept that it means nothing. I don't mind getting onstage and parodying everything. I don't feel that it damages me. To have one person come up and acknowledge not what I've done but what I am is really important to me, but to have a mass screaming out means nothing. I can only parody.

What about the Japan fans lining up for their fill?

They'll see it as what it turns out to be, unavoidably — entertainment. It's perhaps all you can hope for in this context. Maybe it reaches them on a different level, but maybe it's enough that they're entertained. Maybe seeing Japan live is one of those important transient moments in somebody's life, that moving exhilarating hollowness, perhaps you can get that if you get enough feeling from a show. That's why entertaining, that pure acting, that type of lying, is so important to people. . .I've never really thought about it before.

It seems that the possiblity of (pop) music bursting through all the dogma and received opinion and futile demands to actually work loud and positively is very pale.

It's hardly worth hoping for. Escaping the context, overcoming the stigma or whatever of the magazine an interview appears in, evading the traps of the programme you appear on. . .no.

TOTP means nothing outside what it feeds on and who it feeds off, but if you could perform your music in a completely different area, out of context, it would mean so much more. It's so small in here and if you want the 'best' you are left to fulfil your own demands, it's all that can test you ultimately.

This interview appears in a rock magazine, and it doesn't help that much, it just gets absorbed, pulled into the bland centre. . .Maybe, hopefully, there's some kind of inevitable uncontrollable resonance. . .

CAN POETS SOOTHE YOU WHEN YOU PINE FOR BREAD?

Under the piston stroke of the mass media, of open and subliminal advertising, even our dreams have grown more uniform. Like our bread, much of our manner is becoming prepackaged. It is only in secret that we celebrate the insolent wonder of the ego, that we inhale — oh, riddle of sensuality — the smell of our own ordure.

Knowing begins with the awareness of the deceptiveness of our common sense perceptiveness, in the sense that our picture of physical reality does not correspond to what is 'really real' and, mainly, in the sense that most people are half-awake, half-dreaming and are unaware that most of what they hold to be true and self-evident is illusion produced by the suggestive influence of the social world in which they live. Knowing, then, begins with the shattering of illusions, with DISillusionment.

AT THE EDGE OF QUIETNESS

What?

I don't know.

Oh.

But it's true that I've isolated myself away from the 'real world', if that's what it needs to be called. I don't see the 'real world' as being 'out there', I place it 'in here'. The more you learn about what's going on 'in here' the more you understand what's happening out there. I'm probably privileged, as things are, to be able to sit in a room and discover things about myself that the mythical average person isn't allowed to do, but I don't think that I'm living in an unreal world. I think it's a very real world.

If I use the word 'spiritual' people are always going to say, Oh, that guy's wet. That type of thing rarely gels in people's minds because the things that it suggests are far too abstract, and people need things concrete and laid out right in front of them so that they can grasp it. People are genuinely frightened by life, but that lies submerged, shoved away, reduced. I'm frightened by life, but excited as well because I face up to all of it. I let it arrive.

How would you describe a permanent luxury of the mind?

To keep following your instincts, whatever you believe that your instincts are. I will never be easy, in my mind — but that's what I want. Not to feel easy, not to feel complacent.

When I feel at ease with myself I become angry. I feel I'm falling I want to be able to wake up and feel nervous, but at the same time understand that nervousness, its shape and position, and be excited by it.

The part of you that you 'believe' in is the instincts: the part you cannot 'believe' is that which has been forced upon you, received opinion, crude dogma. . .

Yes. The part that you have faith in is the part you didn't create for yourself, something that is aside from what you've been forced to invent, that which is forced upon you by growing up in the circumstances that I was, what you are given to learn. I have to unlearn all those things, the things that become irrelevent to how I want to live my life.

From the very beginning things are forced upon you that are just so irrelevant and everything gets confused and unless you can ever sort out within yourself what is important to you, what is relevant, then it all becomes profoundly meaningless. It becomes survival instead of living.

Living is *learning,* this is what is of use, taking a step upwards, forwards. . .I'm excited by life only in relation to this learning, the challenge of a new feeling, a new discovery about yourself, finding out why things happen and are happening, looking not just at the surface appearance of things but also into their nature.

In a lot of your songs the word 'life' appears.

Because it represents so many different things. Ways of life, patterns of life, that's what the word represents, the way people live their lives, the attitudes they adopt to their life, and it suggests the learning, or what is involved in unlearning all those things that are forced upon you from childhood — so that you can really begin to learn.

People say, Well, just live a life and grab as much physical luxury as possible, but for me that can never be enough. To me the learning is what is important. There's something vital there, and a reason for it that spins around inside my mind. A reason for learning, and learning justifies life.

He not busy being born is busy dying.

Someone asked me in an interview if I'd ever considered suicide, and I did at a very young age.

But I came to terms with the idea of death, and when you're young you're not scared of that idea of death because you haven't properly developed that *possessive* attitude towards living, and you never really know what killing yourself is, beyond that is takes a particular type of guts which you can't know if you possess.

For some reason I came to the conclusion that

OVER ▸

SYLVIAN

CONTINUED

if I didn't do it today there's always tomorrow. You know? It's as if you've already done it, and everything else is beyond it, some kind of bonus or something.

If you think on that level everything is possible, you can accept everything and anything. There's no limit. Mistakes and wrong decisions hardly matter, you accept going right down or right up, it's as if there's nothing to lose once you've broken through the thought of killing yourself.

And it's that idea that moved me towards my present way of thinking: to learn as much about myself and place myself in as many different situations as possible. The wise thing about life, not about death.

It's interesting that you should be asked about suicide. The apparent introvert, the melancholy boy, is seen to be suicidal, when it's obvious once you've skipped about a bit that the quiet life can be a manifestation of a seizing excitement.

People always ask me about 'depression'. I never feel depressed. Or I say to them, I enjoy my depressions.

The word's another smoke screen. To me, depression and loneliness is part of the learning process. You do come against walls a lot, you're always hitting walls. . .but you need to hit those brick walls in order to break them. In the process of knowing things, adjectives like 'tangible' and 'contentment' acquire new meanings.

Going back to your notice that pop music has little novel force beyond the skill and games, how do you feel about the potent energies created within 'Ghosts'? A song about stillness that moved you forwards: what goes on? Where does the energy go? Is it felt? Can we know?

Whatever happens with such a song, whether it's heard, ignored, dismissed, I'm doing it. Whether people realise it now or in the future or never at all, I know I'm doing it. I know it's there, it's documented, it's a point of reference, and it is unforgettable. It creates in its ways, silence. Nothing else can be properly defined.

I know that I need to write these songs or I lose my way; I need to write them to move on. Or I have done.

Do Japan have a great justification for their existence?

Me.

You.

Me. My state of mind. Maybe I'm making records for myself. I'm doing it for myself. And then it turns into that something we're wondering about which is where all the complications enter into it.

I'm writing the songs to help my learning, to understand how to take the next step, and that in turn may be of use to someone, but that's not my way of thinking. My way of thinking is selfish. I am thinking about me making the next step. I think that everyone in this situation is very selfish. They're thinking by themselves, they're searching for themselves.

And yet you're reaching back to the source of the problems around us today, problems that people demand that you should deal more directly with. That which you are searching for is exactly that which dissolves any such idea as selfishness — your efforts and music go towards keeping in touch with a distant part of ourselves that get further and further away, that part of us that music and poetry reacts to and connects with, the part that is outside language and thus, as language is the medium of thought, beyond thought. Your searching, the questioning, allowing for that 'resonance', is of benefit. Something that can take us past our masters, and reach into the core of independence.

These are the only valid things for anyone to achieve in any art or media. When I talk of selfishness, that's an immediate thing. Past that. . .well it seems obvious when you discover that the questioning thing is the great difference between 'good' and 'bad', 'right' and 'wrong'. . .questions and yearnings that go beyond the bland enclosing details of everyday existence.

LOOKING FOR NOTHING TO DO TO DO SOMETHING

How important are people to you?

They're useful.

Is that disgusting?

It's disgusting in the context people will immediately put it in.

I'm not letting dogma and weakness interfere here. People use each other, it's what they know. The best of friends use each other, and all those people who say that life is wonderful because you have friends . . . well, it's just because you're using them and they're using you. When you can use each other on an equal basis, then it works well and that's a good friendship. But it's using.

I find people that are useful in that they will help me to achieve something, a position . . . well, not a position, a state of mind.

Do you look upon the members of Japan as being useful?

Yes. The most useful people . . .

Is having a God useful?

There is something about *religion* that I know I'm interested in. How that meets up with a God I'm not sure.

I did, as I've said before, have a childlike belief in God. I never doubted, I never wanted to doubt, it was something pure, this feeling, and I lost it, and it really annoyed me. When I lost it I felt that I was moving away from something that I should have been moving towards.

Just recently, since 'Tin Drum', I've found a connection again; the fact that I've found something exciting within myself makes me believe that I've come in contact with something again, perhaps what lingered before I was conditioned.

I still can't say that I believe in God. But I believe in something because I feel myself working towards it all the time.

An admission that there is a part of 'you', 'your' 'self', that is outside of thought, behind words.

Yes.

God.

That's one *word* for it. That space, that missing part, the part that cannot be reached through words. Nobody must be kept from salvation by mere barrier of language.

The drama of existence is not all voice. Nor is it only voice heard at a given time. It has its silences, pauses and gestures in lieu of words. Feeling through the textures of this conversation, thinking about the sound of 'Tin Drum', it appears that you hover on the edge of quietness; words grow numb. So what about silence? Is this an indifferent thing to place before a pop personality?

No! It's obviously part of where I'm heading. I'm becoming more and more interested in it, it almost seems inevitable . . . at some time.

It's obviously far too early, but I'm already aware of what it stands for. This conversation makes it clearer. By talking it's helped me follow a logical train of thought that I find difficult to follow on my own. Of course if I follow through that train of thought I no longer need conversation, I sit alone, and once I sit alone I want to be in a place that allows me to do it properly, and a temple would be perfect. But I've visited temples in Japan and it's a state I can barely think about.

It is an ideal, to be able to learn, but learn inside yourself, in silence.

I don't know if I'll be able to achieve that. Words cannot cover coherently that type of potential. If it appears logical that quietness beckons, it is also illogical. Everything we've talked about will appear illogical and contradictory, because words don't reach these sort of depths. It will almost seem random . . .

You enjoy being random . . .

Apparently . . . detached is the word that's often used, although who knows what it is I'm detached from?

Some people might look at me and feel sorry for me that I'm worrying so much, circling these mind games, when life is just so simple! And it is in a way, what you're aiming for is just 'being', like that table just is.

It's a paradox — moving through great intricacies of thought and reasoning to reach this simplicity — but the movement, the searching, must coat this with an intensity.

You wonder how important it is to 'work out' when the ideal state is 'to be'. Perhaps the intense state of being comes about through understanding, and the learning will take you towards the understanding, away from 'having' towards 'being'.

Silence as we know it is an exotic temptation, but it seems now that you're treading water, dismayed with the clutter of the pop context, apprehensive of what to do next.

That's true. I'm meandering. I'm not even sure about wanting to continue with music. I've started painting recently, and that has led to discovery, or recovery, of new shapes and forms, seeing things in a different way, and that's exciting.

In one way I feel I can move away from music easily, in another that I'm here for a reason. Somehow, perhaps because it all seemed so easy, I feel I'm in the public eye for a reason. It seems unimportant to me that it should continue, this odd fame, yet I can't get away from the fact that people come to talk to me. I can't imagine moving away from this type of conversation, related directly to me as a person in the public eye. In a way I'm apprehensive about throwing away this slight public position because of the potential that's involved to take chances in my life and possibly communicate something that is unusual if only in the context. I just feel I'm here for a reason.

Does the dynamic of unpredictability thrill you?

Well, I don't fancy predictability, but nothing is completely predictable, because clues are always there and everywhere. Words are at their height as clues. Clues are a great fascination, and it's your curiosity that leads you to follow these clues as you move along.

I know, I see the clues, that I'm right at the beginning of my state of learning. If I presume what the end of it will be then I'm stupid. I'm just bringing things together.

How does artificial intoxication enter into all this?

Not very much that is artificial. The only thing I do is coke. But I only use it because it appears to speed up the process of the mind when I'm in such a low state that I feel I need to use it, when I feel trapped and my mind's too slow or lazy to work. I sometimes turn to that, but it doesn't really help.

What helps more, to a certain extent, is recovering a contentment of being, even on a superficial level . . . a contentment that relates more to an excitement than people associate with the word. Not necessarily thinking that deeply about what's happening around and inside, but continually conscious somewhere of those depths.

You can find that by living in an absent state for a while that at the end of it you can see yourself more clearly.

This is what's happening at the moment: I'm living in this absent state, aware of my situation, content to a point to be meandering, ready to take up the next stage. It's this absence which allows the human spirit its vital space; which enables the mind to construe essence beyond the narrow and shut horizons of our material condition. And I step forward . . .

Do you worry what other people think about you?

Only on a day when I'm feeling incredibly superficial.

That's to do with the physical being. How people see you, how they represent you, all that is irrelevant; irrelevant in relation to the importance of the spirit and irrelevant in relation to any proper development.

This body is the equipment that you have to carry you through this space. I feel troubled by it, in a way I think that when I no longer have a body, what trouble have I? I find it clumsy. That's why I always wear baggy clothes, because the more shapeless it becomes the less I worry. When I'm performing I'm at the height of my awareness of how inhibited I am by my physical appearance.

I want to ask about your sex life?

So?

So this 'detachment' is from the body that is people's immediate point of reference, of contact?

Yes. There's an amusing section in a film called *The Tenant*. There this guy tells the story of a guy who had his arm amputated. He wanted it buried, but he was told that he wasn't allowed to have it buried. He said, why not? If my head was chopped off, which would you choose to bury? They said the head!

And it's true, you relate everything to the head. I would say my arms and legs belong to another because I relate everything to up here.

Is it I am *in* my body, or I *am* my body?

It's all there, it's of immense use, but if you have to sacrifice one for the other you sacrifice the physical. That's only a temporary situation — it rots — whereas I don't believe the spiritual is.

The spirit grows.

Yes.

THE BEATIFIC SMILE

He now had to experience himself . . . The body was surely not The SELF, nor more was the play of the senses, yet thinking was not it either, nor reason, nor acquired wisdom . . . No, this world of thoughts also was not part of the beyond, and it led to no goal if one killed at random I of the senses in order to fatten the random I of the mind and of erudition. Both of them, though, thoughts as well as senses, were nice things. But the ultimate meaning lay hidden behind both of them: it was important to listen to both of them, to play with both, neither to despise nor to overestimate either — and to perceive in both the secret voice of one's innermost being.

Know contentment
And you will suffer no disgrace.
Know when to stop
And you will meet with no danger
You can then endure

What's the time?

I'm not wearing a watch.

Further reading:
Tao Te Ching **Lao Tzu (Penguin Modern Classics)**
To Have Or To Be **Erich Fromm (Abacus)**
Youthful Writings **Albert Camus (Penguin)**
Illuminations **Walter Benjamin (Fontana)**
The Other Side Of Silence **Peter Keiwiccz (Oxford University)**
Language And Silence, Extraterritorial, After Babel **George Steiner (Penguin, Peregrine, and Oxford University Press)**
Company **Samuel Beckett (Picador)**
Siddhartha **Herman Hesse (Penguin)**

© Paul Morley 1982

You've never heard stereo look so good. The new Ferguson Stereomaster. The complete hi-fi system with looks that match its performance and bring a sense of style to any room.

Inside is a single, integrated hi-fi unit. Cassette deck with Dolby N.R. and feather touch controls capable of taking every type of cassette, including metal. A precision, belt driven turntable with a magnetic cartridge. A three band radio tuner and a powerful but discriminating amplifier.

The Ferguson Stereomaster has soft red and green function indicators to tell you what's happening when the lights are low.

Matching floor standing speakers with a sound that fills a room cleanly and sweetly. An elegant cabinet with smoked glass door and storage space for your records and cassettes.

And there are no messy wires and trailing cables at the back, either. Just plug in the single mains lead and away you go.

There's also a second Ferguson Stereomaster which gives you all these features plus a double cassette deck for easy tape to tape editing.

And prices that are music to everyone's ears. See them and hear them at your Ferguson dealer now. It could be love at first sight.

Twin cassette model also available.

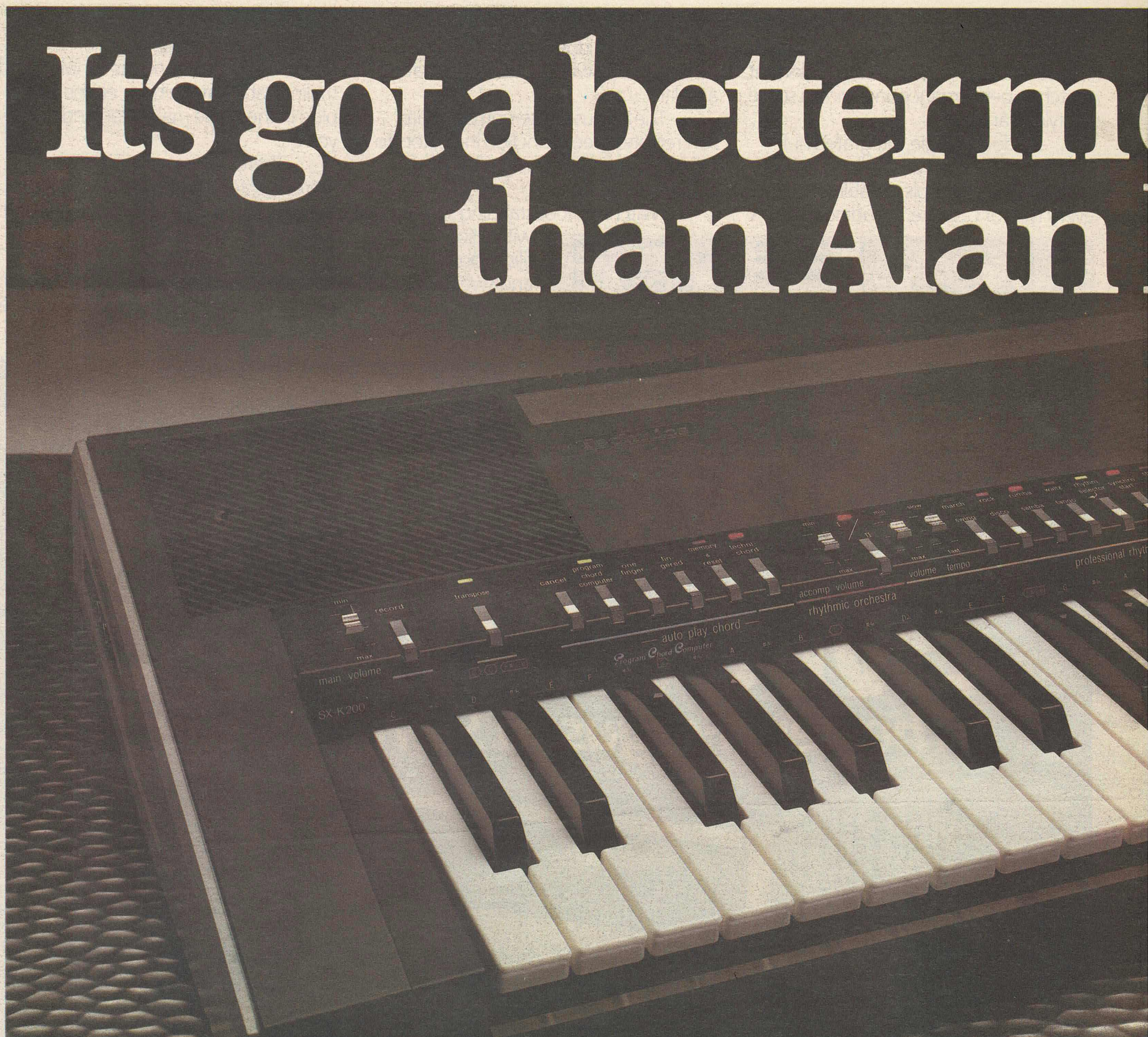
Soft Lights Sweet Music

The new Ferguson Stereomaster

THORN EMI **FERGUSON**

Technology you can trust

It's got a better m than Alan



Can it be true? Has old Fluff finally met his match in the memory stakes?

Allow us to present the Technics single keyboard with built-in memory.

It can teach you to play in less than five hours.

Or give you a complete backing group for the next five years.

The secret's all in our memory pack no bigger than a matchbox.

Use it for learning and it'll play you the complete accompaniment for eight popular tunes.

Bass, chords, rhythm and registration.

Use it for arrangements and you can lay down the backing for whatever tunes take your fancy.

Strings, brass, percussion etc.

In short, a complete set of arrangements all stored away to be recalled at the touch of a button.

Impressed? That's just the overture.

What you're looking at is a 49 note keyboard with full size keys.

In other words, a real instrument and not an expensive toy.

Every sound it reproduces is as close to the original as it's possible to get.

Added to which you've got the digital accuracy of PCM rhythm.

Or suppose you're having trouble matching the key of a

The new Technics single key

emory for tunes Freeman.

particular tune or singer.

Press 'Transpose' and you can automatically change key by up to one full octave.

Again, it's something you won't find on any other keyboard in our price range.

Then you've got our Program Chord Computer for memorising chord patterns.

Plus our Technicord feature that lets you play block chords with just one finger.

We also provide you with a full stereo sound to play out through your home hi-fi or club P.A. system.

Not to mention a range of accessories including extra memory packs, 40 watt speaker amps and a stand.

Now for the grand finale.

Our SX-200 retails for £423 and our SX-100 for a mere £323.

If that doesn't stick in your memory, nothing will.

Technics

Electronic organs.

300/318 Bath Road, Slough, Berks SL1 6JB. Tel: Slough 34522.

boards with built-in memory.

LPs

Siouxsie

Illustration: Ian Wright

FLOODS OF RADIANCE AND FLAME

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

A Kiss In The Dreamhouse (Polydor)

IT'S RARE for a group to make their fourth LP and still be provocative, still be interested in themselves, let along break any substantially new ground. For them to progress as far as Siouxsie and The Banshees have done on 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse' is a feat of imagination scarcely ever recorded. It's breathtaking.

It seemed to me when they took first brash, punky steps that this might be the model for the perfect group. They avoided record contracts for longer than most would have dared and built up a following based solely on live performance and reputation. Their manifesto was to challenge the natural order, incarnate both as the soft revolt of the new wave and the consumptive greed of the business: they wanted to restore the mystery dispersed by years of rock misuse.

Of course, as soon as their records began to appear the whole strategy capsized disastrously. As I suggested in discussion of their singles collection last year, the clumsy noise-making of the 'Scream' period did nothing more than throw a shabby cloak of ersatz strangeness around a grey little repertoire of songs, redeemed only by the occasional glimmer of sensuality from a singer bound up in mannerism.

I had forgotten about that 'perfect group' until some of the glistening resonance in this record brought it back. The Banshees' discipline of their progress is what has allowed them to move on: as with Smith and The Fall, the only other group of their era to have retained their dignity, reigning in their ambitions has permitted them to reach this now incandescent state. From 'Cascades', an opening flourish that falls down like a rainstorm of needles, to the bottomless shaft of 'Slowdive', their old gothic garb is traded for robes of transfiguration. Everything here is flooded radiance and flame.

Somehow, a bold assurance of intention has met with a hunger for experimenting with sound to expand an already formidable group of songs into pure, open-ended ambiguity. The flesh of a song wil balloon out or contort into unimaginable patterns; indecipherable echoes volley between the walls of the recording; glassy, splintered tones pierce the luxuriant sheen of the mix. Repeated listens trick the sense of balance; tremendous risks are taken. They have refused to settle for simple light and dark. There's even some humour.

In John McGeogh's guitars a shattered beauty settles on the tattooed skin of the songs, and in Budgie's now tumultuous rhythmic shifts they are given the spirit of the movement. The most improbable sounds crowd the corners of an esentially electric music: bells, the rustic trill of a recorder, the taut skein of parched brushes. 'Green Fingers', 'Obsession' and 'Cocoon' are the most ambitious and consummately realised works they have conceived, daunting songs that actively confront passive listening — sensually threatening in a way they have only fleetingly touched on before.

As the seal on this breakthrough, the singer sheds her last doubts at being as one with the music. She doesn't trouble to strain through a great babble of accents — it is the same voice throughout, one which arcs between moods with a suddenly struck grace, taunting and cajoling and whispering its spellbound state. Having dispensed with affectation she actually sounds younger, betrothed to the wisdom of a calm, all-knowing child. It is a marvellous performance by Sioux.

And yet, the record is flawed — which is as it should be. Their frameworks don't always set a prodigious enough challenge for imaginations which are now in full flow, which leaves, say, 'She's A Carnival' as a too familiar Banshees spiral and too many of the lyrics as obscure reversions to vulgarly clotted imagery (*"So many blazing orchids/Burning in your throat"* and a recurrent horror of the marital altar). But it means they can progress still further: for now, there is enough here to call for a complete revaluation of the Banshees.

Especially in the closing 'Slowdive', the most complex and demanding of all their singles (significantly, a commercial failure). In its acid collage of strings and voices it triggers the emotional avalance which they were trying to secure on 'Helter Skelter'. I promise, this music will take your breath away.

Richard Cook

TIME OUT FOR FUN!

DEVO

Oh, No! It's Devo (Virgin)

HELLO. THIS is Paul. I would like to say, is there anything happening? In the world, on this Devo record. Is there anything changing — in your mind, on this Devo record? Well, it just seems that this Devo record is something funny at your expense again.

There are those who would say that Devo are some vacant vegetable-cabaret equivalent of The Ramones; we enjoyed ourselves hugely, it started off pretty juicy and even finely twisted, then it 'all' dribbled down the looping chin of our indifference, became that lame anti-social organisation rock knows so well, the smart career, and we weren't cheered up any longer. Some would say that Devo got flattened as comprehensively as The Ramones by the great weight of American Rock. From a basic abstract outline, callow and magnetic, they were systematically fattened up into the monumental emptiness of all American rock; whip it up, can anything be salvaged from all that effort? Slatternly, evil-mouthed cynics decided that Devo had become just the other American Rock Band, the habitual groove junk thing that wants to HELP YOU — help you arrange your mind into that tragically constricted pragmatism that parades as realism. For some, Devo just gave up, stopped being mixed up, added to the prevailing atmosphere of complacency and conformity. Their imagination was scraped away.

Well, I would prick a cold potato with a warm worm before proclaiming that Devo became a numb part of the systems that they originally caricatured and undermined. As if Devo could change from decomposers into composers that easily. It can never be that simple, and Devo are never as simple as they sound, and they are far too sceptical and unreliable to accept the stupidities of their context and their country — the overwhelming functional rationality of American rock and roll and the society it forms a skin over — without putting up some kind of fight. And the great glamorous 'point' about today's wonderful Devo — healthy appearance and marvellous uniforms, you almost believe they are fit to rule the world — is that their 'fight' is so desperately feeble. Existing on such a glossy turnip as America, Devo acknowledge that a conventionally aggressive 'fight' would be of no use whatsoever. In the face of the American arrangement all that's left is to do a lot of things that don't make sense. Like, be obvious and dress slightly different whilst singing beaty songs about nincompoops and their traditional behaviour. These days, Devo just do what they must. It isn't much, but it's a lot more than sticking in the mind.

Hardly anything happens on this record. Just enough to let you in on the secret, enough for you to hear that they know it's a joke scene — and I mean that most blankly — and that they know as intensely as anyone that the system is depraved. On Devo records these days there's just a trace of the personality that made them famous. Just fragments, trembles, blots of their original wobbly, wonky, fatigued fascination with the mysteries and fascinations of pop music after Beefheart had bandaged the pauses and Fleetwood Mac sealed all exits.

Devo have perfected their parody of the truly unpleasant passionless energy of rock, coasted through all available channels of monotony, pressed down as inscrutably as possible on the predictability, and here we have, oh no, an out-of-sync version of rock's conservative stability that's so merciless and supercilious it's HIGHLY enjoyable. They reach that rock sound of seeming to say something and yet really saying absolutely nothing, and somehow at the end of it they end up saying something; NOTHING! Except that we are truly strange creatures, and what can we do about the irrationality of man? Sounding as indifferent as any rock group — just woke up from a deep sleep, hardly out of place in the void of the American charts — Devo manage to hold out for sanity.

I mean, you're thinking, jip, this is so ordinary, and then a line like *"life's a bee without a buzz"* pops up. In fact, 'Oh, No, It's Devo!' is ordinary with something extra, but not extraordinary.

A lot happens on this record. The anxious question that emerges from Devo stuff is whether American society and all it sits for is a fit place in which to live. No scope, no incentive, beyond the context of the organised system. Be well adjusted! as far as it goes. Devo appear to accept the bizarre reality principle offered to them by their society, sit next to the habit and the dreams with faces as normal as possible, dripping into their careful straightness the mildest hallucinations.

The feeble point they make, that somehow ends up strong, is that in a woeful attempt to adjust to this absurd fantasy public world more and more of us are being driven crazy. In the face of the inferno there may be

Devo, l-r: Dud, Bud, Spud, Pud and Mud

ENTER THE DRAG 'UN

PETER HAMILL

Enter K (Naive)

THIS IS the 21st LP which Peter Hammill's songs have exclusively graced, yet it's my first concentrated taste of the former Van Der Graaf Generator leader's work. And I'm pleasantly persuaded that to dub him just another unremarkable oddball Brit — to be patted fondly then ignored — would be an injustice and a mistake.

Hammill has described the subject matter of 'Enter K' as those of "paradox, mystery and coincidence". Yes, I cringed when I read that, yet their interpretation in song avoids being precious and, though unorthodox enough, is neither too obscure to be approachable, nor is it particularly "weird". Hammill and his four-piece bass, guitar and drum band create a musical landscape where jagged anguish, as epitomised by the singer's savaged tones, rules but never gets out of hand.

The aural aim, it seems, is to blend the unconventional melodic approach for which Hammill is renowned with what we recognise as hooks. This enables Hammill's potentially clumsy analytical vocabulary to involve also the kind of rhyme and repetition which us normals crave. For example, as our man ponders those old subconscious forces on 'The Unconscious Life', catchy bits occur as footholds, and enable what could easily be a dreadful bedsit-bore lyric like *"someone that I barely know must unpick the stitch/to unravel the unconscious life"* to sound actually quite soulful rather than hideously forced.

You may think I'm pulling your leg. But, honestly, Hammill's thoughtful journey through the labyrinthine, puzzling ironies of Fate is mapped out in a musical manner eloquent and elegant enough to engage even those (like me) for whom such stuff would normally bring bile to the throat. Why? Because while intellect holds the upper hand, instinct does not disappear without trace. And nor should the perpetrator of this worthwhile disc. Peter Hammill's alright.

Dave Hill

THE THING OF SHAPES TO COME

GRACE JONES

Living My Life (Island)

THE QUEEN of Clubs breaks her silence.

Gambling bravely, Grace Jones has clearly played a dominant role in the shaping of this LP, marking a deliberate departure from its near flawless predecessor. In a class of its own (and voted album of '81 in NME), 'Nightclubbing' is virtually impossible to emulate anyway. An open and closed chapter which speaks volumes: *"Feeling like a woman / Looking like a man ..."*

An androgynous blue-black Amazon staring impenetrably, and triumphing — at any ball-game you care to mention — over those pale shadows of similar ilk ... There's no drastic change in image here, though: the ambiguity lingers. Grace stares from the cover of 'Living My Life', boldly challenging — sharp edges, ruthlessly straight lines, tough as ever. But with a degree of sadness that softens her eyes and suggests a vulnerability.

The shifting nature of her private life (recently publicly aired by mentor / manager Jean-Paul Goude) coupled with this ambitious collaboration with the Compass Point All Stars, has produced a complexity of mood in the music and lyrics: exposing a depth, however obliquely, that would previously have been firmly concealed.

In general, there's a slackening of discipline — and the major fault of this album is rooted in the tendency to allow weak melodies to float along the back of lush rhythms.

Side one opens with 'My Jamaican Guy' — a disappointing Jones original which is guilty of meandering in precisely the above manner. But it flows right into one of her most powerfully confident songs to date — 'Nipple To The Bottle' (co-written with drum ace Sly Dunbar) explores the dark waters of sexual politics with biting insight, and is more successful in tone than a whole library of raging feminist literature: *"I won't give in / I won't feel guilty / rant and rave / to manipulate me / From the nipple to the bottle / Never satisfied"*.

'The Apple Stretching' — the current single — is sung with remarkable affection, demonstrating a delicious warmth in her voice that is rarely permitted a chance to surface.

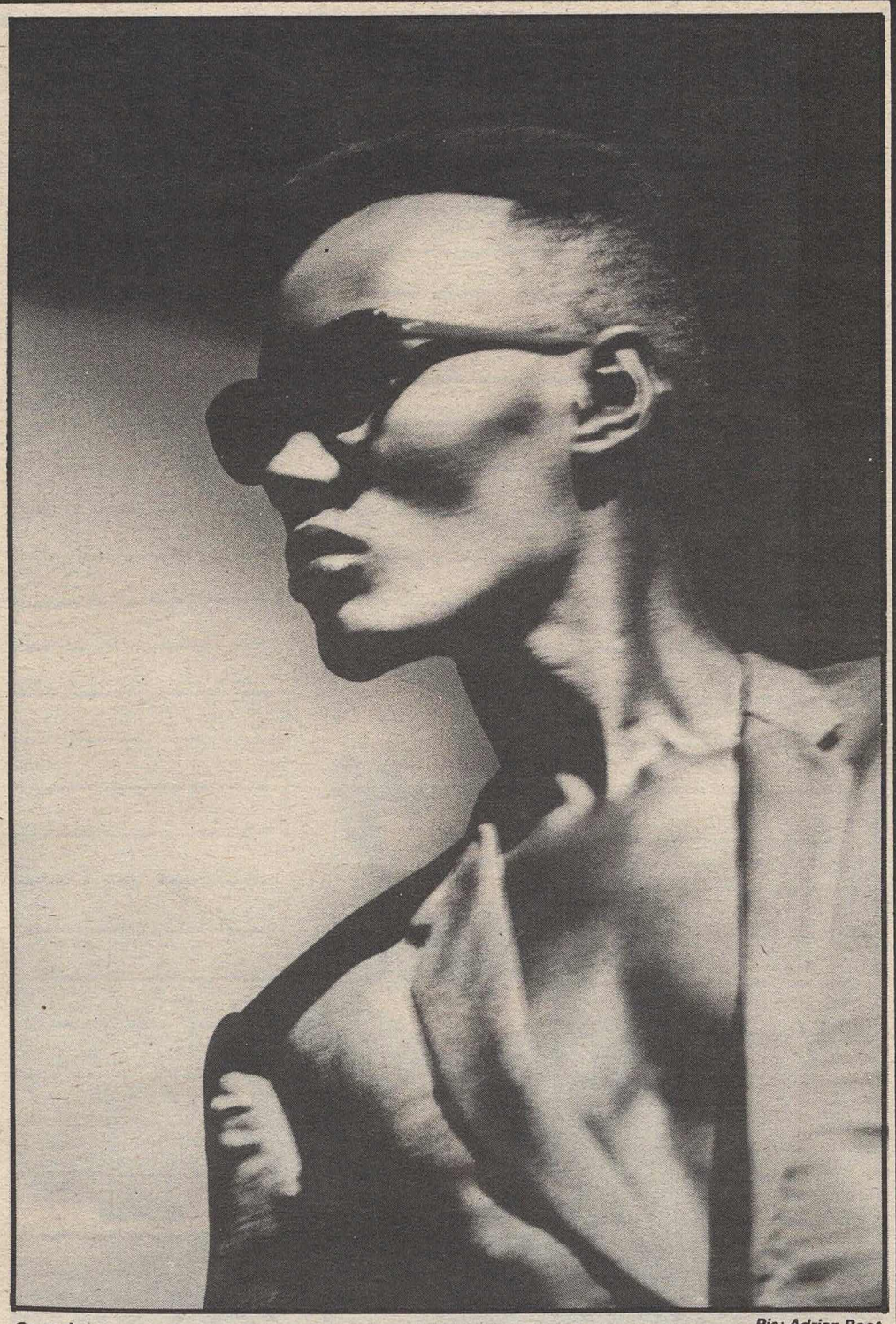
Side two contains four songs, all co-written with guitarist Barry Reynolds: 'Everybody Hold Still' is short and somewhat throwaway ... 'Cry Now Laugh Later' has a confused lyric riding a somewhat shallow melody; the song gells together so anonymously it seems to sleepwalk ... 'Inspiration' is superior by far: a dreamy, eerie, sad song. The tender quality of the lyrics is strongly reminiscent of a Chrissie Hynde ballad.

And closing with 'Unlimited Capacity For Love', a melancholy lyric, and probably the most vulnerable on the album — sung preciously, and paced sympathetically.

Seven songs, 'Living My Life', in places purely balanced, is a valid progression from the sleek sophistication of 'Nightclubbing'. The loose ends, the flexibility, and the faults are ultimately essential.

Grace Jones has started stretching ... putting her feet on the floor.

Kirsty McNeill



Grace Jones *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Lee Thompson *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

sanity in silliness. One of the silliest things in the world is a serious rock group: Devo can cope with that disease. They're just driven by a terrible sense of honesty to be nothing, to be out of their minds, to be sturdy and tidy and dispassionate, and present just a small sense of aliveness. What's it for? — to make a small space in our heads for the operation of free inquiry, but I'm guessing there.

Devo speak as accurately as a grin of the bland insulated circumstances most civilised Americans live in, a minimum of courage and failure, test and transcendence . . . they testify to the dismay and disorientation of those raised and ruined by the ethic of striving, dissatisfaction and renewal. Again, I'm guessing, but the guess is to be celebrated.

What's it *really* like? As thingy as usual. Another Devo record: nothing, doubt, crisis and reconsideration: and the world can be more attractive. (I thought I had nothing to say about this record! But I don't have anything to say!! Oh!!!)

Chin up. Deep Sleep. Far out. Peek a boo. Way In. Out of sync. I desire. What I must do. Turnip surface. Big mess. Seriously. Speed racer. Growing up absurd. Explosions. Gone amok. Patterns. That's good. Hard Cheese. Time out for fun. Devo.

Oh. No.

Paul Morley

MAD AND MINDFUL PLEASURES

MADNESS

The Rise And Fall (Stiff)

ONE STEP beyond? 'The Rise And Fall" of Madness going for it with a vengeance, discarding the old Nutty Boys lovable cheekiness in favour of something a little less sweet, something towards which they've been moving ever since 'Grey Day', something altogether harder and less cute. There's very little jollity to 'The Rise And Fall' even though all the trademarks are in place and every track features the knees-up piano, fairground saxes and off-hand vocals that 'announce' Madness. This time around it's more like Brecht and Weill ina North London style: as ambitious an attempt at chronicling life in and around the capital as anybody has made since Dury mislaid his mojo and The Kinks went to America.

The cover of 'The Rise And Fall' depicts The Gang on Hampstead Heath acting out the songs: 'New Delhi' is interpreted by Mike Barson in turban and blackface (but with the same inpenetrable shades and menacing grin) as a snake charmer, Mr Woodgate of the drums appears as a vicar in a dressing gown armed with the *Sunday Times* to portray 'Sunday Morning', Mark Bedford is a most convincing conman festooned with credit cards for 'Calling Cards', Chris Foreman is glued to his telly for 'Blue Skinned Beast', the group's curiously named trumpet player is transfixed by his own reflection as per 'That Face', and so on.

This reviewer must confess that Madness have never loomed large in his life as an Album Band. They are, however, valued extremely highly in this man's cosmology as purveyors of at least three strokes of genius each year of the 45 rpm variety (each with accompanying visual). Madness are the life and soul of the video jukebox party, but this is their best-ever full-length movie. The quality is so consistent that it's difficult to pick out the singles, though I would personally pick the title tune, 'Tomorrow's Just Another Day', 'Blue Skinned Beast' and 'That Face' as tips to click.

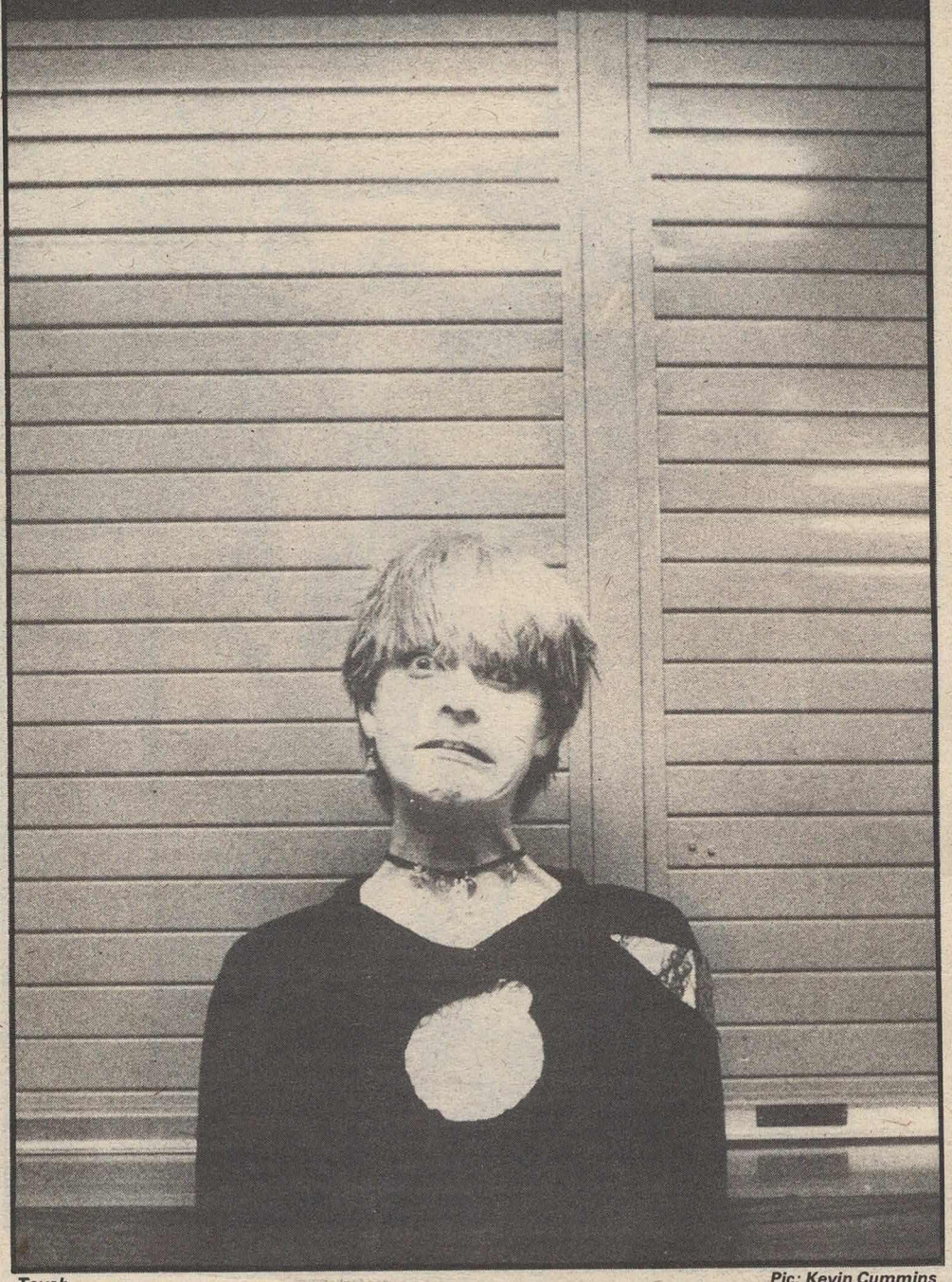
On first exploration, the album sounds exactly like thirteen Madness singles which don't whack you over the head with instantaneous impact, which is — I suppose — part of the band's process of maturation. 'The Rise And Fall' is insidious, inventive and highly eerie: it is more rather than less eccentric than their celebrated pop work, it demonstrates a quantum leap in terms of musical and sonic ingenuity (check Bedders' acoustic bass on the 'Fever'-ish closer 'Madness Is All In The Mind' and the frequent percussive interventions by Geraldo Rondo, not to mention David Bedford's strings and brass) and it demonstrates an intense willingness to do something other than amuse and divert.

This may, of course, count against them. 'Tiptoes', for example, tells the story of a chap unable to resolve the complexities of his life by any means other than walking off the top of an extremely high building, and the title tune looks back at happy, nutty times which are — by definition — already some distance away. All things pass and even nutty boys grow upwards and outwards: the results may have limited application as party music. Still, this album represents growth, and there's plenty of that here. There's been much chatter about 'craftsmanship' and 'the art of songwriting' around of late; you'll find a goodeal (sic) more of that here than you will in 'The Lexicon Of Love'.'. Me, I think Madness will be around and contributing a for a hell of a lot longer than either ABC or Haircut 100, but then I'm the one who predicted a big future for Stimulin.

'The Rise And Fall' is a grimly ironic title: I say Madness are strictly on the rise.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS...



Toyah *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

TOYAH

Warrior Rock — Toyah On Tour (Safari)

THIS IS the Toyah review where speech impediments don't get a mention — where there will be no cheap cracks about short people and only one snide reference to people with Midland accents. The simple fact is that this album presents such a wealth of ammunition that the standard insults can be given a well needed rest.

Not only is this a double album but it's also recorded live — a well known way of getting gullible fools to shell out for badly-recorded versions of songs they already have. Then there's the sleeve — one of those horrendous items with on-stage photographs front and back and 'snap shots of the tour' in the middle of the gate-fold, and the hilarious pretension of crediting Toyah Wilcox with 'Sleeve Concept'.

Inside, it's a turgid tale of attempted tribalism, a sad stab at a Siouxsie-style burst of charisma overlaid with a cheap and transparent coating of Warrior chic fresh from Woolworths. The really depressing aspect, though, is the complete and utter lack of humour — nowhere is there even one sly wink to let the objective listener see that Toyah realises how *funny* this all is. There's none of the slapstick pantomime that made Adam so attractive — just a pallid Erik Von Danikenism, an underlying philosophy of the type that most people abandon as their acne starts to clear up.

The likes of 'Danced' are unimaginative pomp-rock, delivered in hushed and pseudo-reverential tones, pimpled with overblown guitar solos punctuated with thoroughly slick-making star/audience interchanges. The dulcet *Crossroads* tones of the sheep farmer with the blazing barnet are met with a hushed respect that's only broken by the bay of recognition that follows any familiar key word. Ring bell, salivate — Toyah tolls and the masses slobber.

Surely the announcement: "This next song's called 'The Jungles Of Jupiter'," should have anyone with the vaguest semblance of sense rolling about on their backs with comic hysteria. But not this lot: you can just picture them gawping in awed admiration as the podgy popster whales (as in large, cumbersome mammal) her way through a semi-digested *2001* traipse.

"Is it a mystery to you?" the concerned young lady enquires with extreme unction. The only mystery to me, sweetie, is that anyone can suck on such a stodgy bait for long enough to reach the hook. I'd suggest that they might be better sticking to their blue dragon fairy stories, but by the smug little smile on your face it looks like you're pretty sure they won't listen.

"I'd proudly dedicate this song to anyone in the audience who's mad," she announces to the predictable bout of hopeful cheers. The fact is, though, that Toyah's audience are as remarkably unexceptional as the girl herself, but in the midst of this circus they can all kid themselves otherwise. Toyah plays the brave Boadicea and the audience pick up their fantasy spears.

Toyah, meanwhile, flaunts her minor differences to conceal her mind-numbing conventionality. "So what if I dye my hair?" she pouts.

So what indeed.

Don Watson

Curtis Mayfield

STILL THE BEST POLICY

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Honesty (Boardwalk — US import)

WITH THE new found interest in the music of Gil Scott-Heron and The Last Poets and the more general toughening up of newer American soul, this is perhaps an appropriate moment for a new Curtis Mayfield record, and a chance to cast a few retrospective glances his way.

From his work in the '60s with The Impressions, to the solo '70s, few people articulated better the personal in the political and delved through the faceless mass of the song as political discourse to spot the smaller (and most important) snares — the tracks of the smallest tears.

Mayfield avoided some of soul music's more gauche political discourses (generally a product of the music industry's preference to deal in an easy, more marketable language) with a care and economy that perhaps only the mature Gil Scott-Heron has equalled.

Mayfield, like Scott-Heron and Billie Holiday, has a voice which in its subtle deviations and intonations has the peculiar ability to denote suffering. However, more in common with Al Green, whose "solutions", where they do exist, are also ultimately and deeply religious, Mayfield's voice soars and sails in massive spirals of spiritual ecstacy, while Scott-Heron and Lady Day move in lower registers, hearts, feet and hopes planted firmly on the ground. The religious power and feeling in Mayfield's work is such that he could make a non-believer wish he could believe.

'Honesty' is, I believe, a return after a slight absence, and even if it cannot improve on the glory of 'Move On Up' or the power of 'Super Fly', it is nevertheless a very pleasing record. Even though the more general movements in American soul sound (syndrum crack and slinking synth) are acknowledged, the sound still remains Mayfield's own — lush, loose and intricate. A whispering, sensuous jungle of sound — still, paradoxically, very economical — for Mayfield's voice to play in.

In an LP full of pure SOUL music, special attention for 'What You Gawn Do?', a song that demonstrates very clearly the inseparability, indeed homogeneity, of personal and political dilemmas, starting off as an average lament for a lost lover and turning towards more general questions — *"the freedom train breaking down"*. Also, a smile for the closing 'Summer Hot' — a warm summer's night of a song that simply bathes and basks in desire, rather like the Isleys' song of similar title. Release it as a single!

'Honesty' then is Curtis Mayfield in 1982: the work of a master able to stand in the shadows of his own history without shame. A record that, like Marvin Gaye's excellent 'Sexual Healing', proves that love is still firmly in control.

Marcus Boon

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH...

ROSANNE CASH

Somewhere In The Stars (Ariola)

EMMYLOU HARRIS

Last Date (Warner Bros)

THESE will probably end up in the country racks, even though two such Southern names as Rosanne and Emmylou serve these disparate stylists unjustly. Harris continues her fantasy waltz with the shade of Gram Parsons, Cash shines quietly in her starless, interpretive world.

'Last Date', a live recording of a dozen songs representing the seven ages of country, is so lacking in spirit that it resembles the dustiest of museums. Writers like Hank Snow, Carl Perkins, Don Everly and Conway Twitty are treated with the same colourless sincerity: Emmylou's spindly voice takes its recreative course with the uniform energy of duty, not pleasure. Her 'Hot' Band are similarly lacking in fibre.

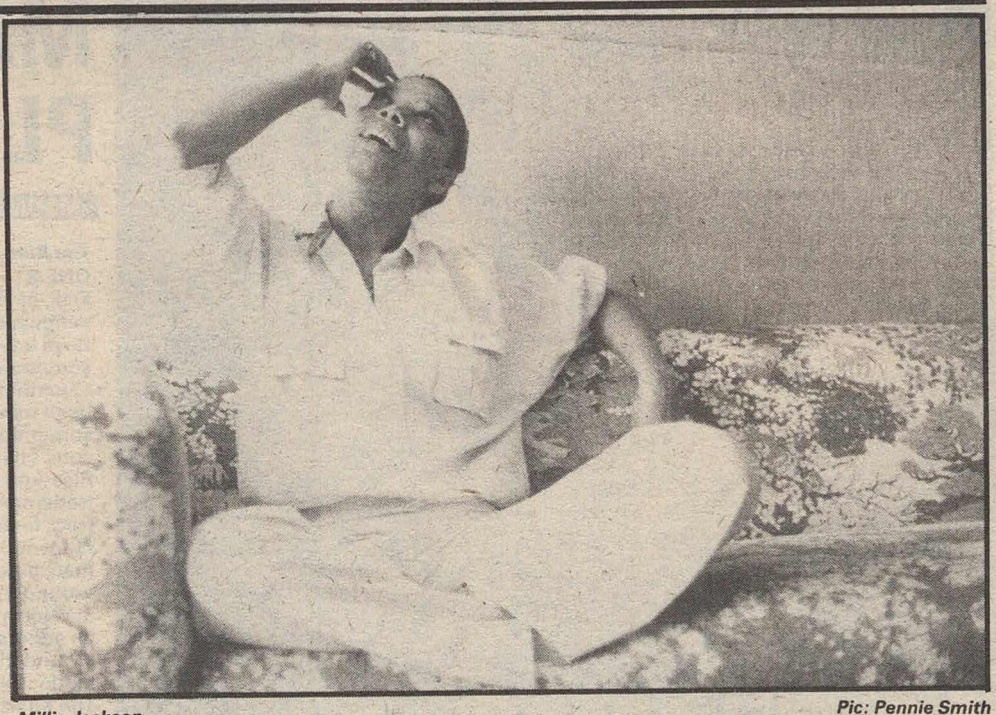
I said it last time, I'll say it again — Brian Ahern has forgotten what to make of Harris. The prospect of performing this itinerary, which represents an intriguing passage between the deepest of Tennessee backwoods and the urbanisation of American legend, has inspired them to the most perfunctory and unenterprising ends. They choose to cover 'Racing In The Street', the key to Bruce Springsteen's vision and one of the most significant of American songs, and make its solemn drama a matter of inconsequence.

Rodney Crowell, another producer-husband, is a far smarter man. He gilds the edges of 'Somewhere In The Stars' with the kind of abrasive clarity that's the deliberate antithesis of the usual Nashville molasses; and he and Rosanne tend to pick songs composed at a jaundiced remove from the country millstream. John Hiatt's brilliantly harsh writing is represented in 'It Hasn't Happened Yet' and 'I Look For Love', Russell Smith's grimy wit surfaces in the class 'Third Rate Romance' and their own 'Somewhere In The Stars' and 'Looking For A Corner' are adult extensions of the childish self-pity in the country ballad.

Somehow, though, Cash is out of place here. The cold grace of her voice a clear diamond quite without accent or any melancholic rasp, sits motionless within Crowell's skilled and persuasive arrangements. For someone who never wanted to be a singer she copes well enough with the tasks set, yet the spark of a personal intrusion has been glazed in aspic.

One of the songs is 'That's How I Got To Memphis', a skimpy memento from the rucksack of the great Tom T Hall. Towards the end the gruff voice of her father takes over the verse, as if scolding her plain deportment. But in Rosanne's ice-blue singing the emotional husk of country is stripped away — *"Somewhere in the stars, I'll be meeting you tonight . . ."*

Richard Cook



Millie Jackson *Pic: Pennie Smith*

STICKY FINGERS?

MILLIE JACKSON

Hard Times (Spring)

AS FAR as this consumer is concerned, Millie Jackson's act wore extremely thin a few years ago. Jackson's so-called raunchiness — a kind of bold-soul-sister routine roughly equivalent to Tina Turner with subtitles — ended up as little more than gross, let's-talk-dirty stuff which was about as liberating (and about as stimulating) as a sticky copy of *Fiesta*, but 'Hard Times', with its 1930s-style *Saturday Evening Post* graphics and Reaganomic diatribes, indicates that Jackson would like to get up and feel like being something other than a sex machine.

The opening 'Blu(funk)es' sets the tone and states the theme — unhappy days are here again, get some blues in your funk, etc — aptly restated on the title tune and on a blues, alternately scarifying and lugubrious, entitled 'The Blues Don't Get Tired Of Me' (even though she's tired of the blues, etc). However, the album's two best shots are a remake of Little Milton's classic solidarity-in-face-of-the-pressure anthem 'We're Gonna Make It' which turns out touchingly sweet and unbrassy, and 'Mess On Your Hands/Finger Rap', which is one side of yet another 'phone conversation between Millie and The Other Woman. In this one, she warns the poor unfortunate who's playing about with Millie's staggeringly worthless hubby that *"you've got a mess on your hands"*, which is why the back-up chorale can be heard crisply and delicately answering back with *"shit on your fingers."* Eventually, the two women decide to stitch the poor bastard up, but I suppose we'll have to wait until the next album to find out what happened next.

In other words, 'Hard Times' is no special occasion, not the sort of album to bust a gut for, but it's pleasant and to the point. Only committed Millieophiles need bother.

Charles Shaar Murray

LITTLE STEVEN AND THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL

Men Without Women (EMI International)

IN WHICH Miami Steve Van Zandt steps out to fairly unimpressive effect. The startling disparity between his aiding and abetting of performers such as Big Brucie and Southside Johnny and this annoyingly lacklustre pastiche of Stones, Dylan and Motown would suggest that Van Zandt is best employed as a second banana.

On 'Men Without Women' he is backed up by a mixture of E Streeters, ex-members of '60s white-soul mob The Rascals and NYC and Jersey cohorts, resulting in a big, dirty noise that aims for the exhilarating soul-rock lift which the Springsteen band achieves when it's peaking, but the rhythm section spends too much of its time simply bashing, a tendency not ameliorated by Miami Steve's off-centre Keith Richard guitar stuff.

His lyrics are only just this side of banal, and non-sung in a non-voice that recalls Keith Richard and Bob Dylan in more or less equal doses. The end result is somewhere between a yap and a whine, and is neither pleasant nor expressive (in other words, none of that truth=beauty and beauty=truth stuff here, Jack). Despite the 'Disciples Of Soul' tag, the band's combination of bash and whine makes the album exactly what Miami Steve's past form indicated it wouldn't be: just another dose of American rack'n'rowl. As your attorney, I would advise you to ignore this album as energetically as possible.

Charles Shaar Murray

GENERAL CAINE

Girls (Tabu import)

TALES OF the mothership connection. Last year, General Caine II (and even time starts getting perverse around here . . .) gave us an LP, 'Get Down Attack'. This LP, besides boasting several slices of the hardest, most pure funk ever recorded, also included the beautiful ballad 'All About You', a mutant gospel number, a doo-wop croon and a prelude bearing traces of the chemical influence of that other godfather, Mr George Clinton. As various people pointed out, it was a stunning record.

On 'Girls', the allegiance between the sons and the father is made formal, as Mitch McDowell (perhaps known to you as The General) is joined by Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker: disciples of JB in the '60s, partners in P-Funk in the '70s and now helping the new funk generation in the '80s. There are, therefore, 101 P-Funk cross-references too, including snatches of 'Flashlight' and a rousing chorus of 'Tear The Roof Off The Sucker'. This may well be totally irrelevant and unnecessary — The General being, in his elevated state, more than capable of forming his own vocabulary — but it results in a record more powerful than anything that Clinton himself might produce in the near future.

What you get, then, is eight slow-to-mid-pace floor stompers and one dull-to-average ballad. 'Girls' and 'It's Getting Deep' move most, both on and off the floor, whilst 'Wait At The Mountain' is a lesser movement towards Dionysian heights and 'Momie Dear' loots heavily from Syreeta's wonderful 'Out The Box', itself another few links in the connection.

'Girls' often lacks the unpredictability and sheer class of 'Get Down Attack', but it still remains one of the rawest LPs released this year, and a ready inheritor of all that P-Funk stands for.

Marcus Boon

Michael Smith *Pic: Adrian Boot*

LAWWWWD!

MICHAEL SMITH

Mi Cyaan Believe It (Island)

IT WOULD be forgivable to assume that a record by a dub poet that was produced by Linton Kwesi Johnson and his long-time collaborator Dennis Bovell and which featured many of that combination's favourite sidemen would end up sounding remarkably like an LKJ record. Forgivable, that is, but dumb. Despite the LKJ-Blackbeard production and the presence of guitarist John Kpiyae, Aswad's Tony Robinson (keyboards) and Angus 'Drummie Zeb' Gaye (you have to *ask?*), Rico (ditto) and Bovell's own highly innovatory approach to reggae bass, 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' is a strikingly individual piece of work that owes nothing to LKJ except the benefit of his production experience.

Far less rigidly stylised than LKJ, Smith uses pitch, tonality and structure with exhilarating freedom. His most frequently repeated mannerism is a long-drawn-out drawled *"Lawwwwwwwwwd"*, but on the long unaccompanied title piece, Smith holds the attention effortlessly: he slips in and out of rhythm and meter in marked contrast to his benefactor's heavy, measured, tightly rhymed regularity. Smith has a lightness and agility of style that is wholly his own, and a hard directness that provides the perfect counterpoint to his almost playful approach to language.

There's a grim prophecy of doom in 'It A Come' (one of the only two tracks that *do* recall LKJ), which warns *"Fire a guh bun/blood a guh run/nuh care how/yuh tek it"* and adds *"So Maggie Thatcher/yuh better watch yah/Yuh goen meet yuh/Waterloo"*, but the album ends with the uplift of 'Give Me A Little Dub Music' featuring wonderful trombipulations from Rico and a testament to the healing power of music. The problem is that it's too damn short — where's the discomix? — a criticism which applies to the whole album, which clocks in at a very disappointing length of under half an hour. Even if Smith didn't have enough poems of suitable quality — which I doubt: he seems like a talented and prolific man — Johnson and Bovell could have weighted the album with a few dubs of the excellent backing tracks, unless they're saving it all up for a 'Michael Smith In Dub' album.

Speaking of the music, 'Picture Or No Picture' — to name but one — features Bovell introducing an excitingly radical and funky new variation on the traditional reggae bass formula: busy, inventive and consistently surprising, a leap up from the standard heavy heavy heartbeat styles.

Everybody concerned with 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' has serious cause for pleasure and pride in every aspect thereof except the shortweight length. It only remains to endorse Paul Bradshaw's praise of Smith's work and to leave you with this, from 'Picture Or No Picture':

"It was seven past nine/daylight saving time/When I step/Pon a corner/For smoke a spliff/For de times a run stiff/When I sight some man sitting/ Like/dem a just exist/And it just grip me/ina me guts/that sooner or later/dis silence/goin bust . . ."

Charles Shaar Murray

DVA

NEW SINGLE
HIGH HOLY DISCO MASS
AVAILABLE ON 7" AND 12"
polydor
7" — POSP 499
12" — POSPX 499

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 4th November (Adm £3.00)
JOHN COOPER CLARK
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Friday 5th November (Adm £2.00)
DOLLY MIXTURE
Short Commercial Break & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 6th November (Adm £1.00)
K-Tel Pres...
OPPO... SOLD OUT ...UNITY ROCKS '82

Sunday 7th November (Adm £2.00)
RAGE
Dumpy's Rusty Bolts & Jerry Floyd
Half price admission with this ad!

Monday 8th November (Adm £2.50)
Special November Residency
THOMAS DOLBY
Plus Support & Martin Ball

Tuesday 9th November (Adm £2.00)
ORE
Mama's Boys & Jerry Floyd
Free admission with this advert before 8pm.

Wednesday 10th November (Adm £2.50)
ROCK GODDESS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tursday 11th November (Adm £2.50)
THUNDERSTICK
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

Klub Foot

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS), ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE ROUGH TRADE RECORDS ROCK ON RECORDS
LATE BAR TILL 12-00

£2.00
VICE SQUAD
URBAN DOGS
BRUTAL ATTACK
THURSDAY 4th NOVEMBER 8.00

£2.00
ERAZERHEAD
ESCALATORS
KING KURT
THURSDAY 11th NOVEMBER 8.00

FOR CONFIRMATION CALL 01-351 3355

Ye Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM
17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1 · TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Coulthard
Cabaret — Prizes — Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

TUESDAY
60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 4th NOVEMBER
LIVE MUSIC from
BOPLICITY
THURSDAY 11th NOVEMBER
THE CORPORATION

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
Invites you to spend an evening with him and his special guests.
Entrance £2.50 and ALL DRINKS 50p until 11.00. Entrance £3.50 and drinks normal price 11.00 - 3.30.

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
LIVE MUSIC. BAR. DISCO. RESTAURANT. VIDEO
Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
2674967

Thursday 4
WILKO JOHNSON
LEW LEWIS
Supported by LITTLE SISTER £3.00

Friday 5
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Supported by DOUBLE FEATURE £3.50

Saturday 6
ROOT JACKSON & THE GB BLUES COMPANY
Supported by TRANSPORTER £3.50

Sunday 7
CND Benefit
DOLLY MIXTURES and HI-FIDELITY
(Open 7 - 11 30 only) £4.00

Monday 8
TURBO THE INNOCENTS
£1.75

Tuesday 9
FUZZY SAMUELS AND FRIENDS
(ex Steve Stills Mannasas) £2.00

Wednesday 10
TALISMAN
and support £2.75

Thursday 11
HANK WANGFORD
Supported by
J.J. AND THE JEALOUS GUYS
£2.50
Coming Soon
Wednesday 17 & Thursday 18
From Jamaica
CULTURE

OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM.
& SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 5th November
LUDUS
Tuesday 9th November
SWANS WAY
Thursday 11th November
THE HIGSONS
Friday 12th November
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
HERMINE
Wednesday 17th November
BIG COUNTRY
Friday 19th November
HEY! ELASTICA
Monday 22nd November
GREGORY ISAACS
Thursday 25th November
ORANGE JUICE
Friday 26th November
SANDY & THE SUNSETZ
Monday 29th November
PALAIS SCHAUMBERG
Wednesday 1st December
Special guests ring for details
11–13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
061-236 5051

The LYCEUM

Derek Block presents
The Strand, London WC2
ORANGE JUICE
?
STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE
THURSDAY 2nd DECEMBER
7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50
ON SALE NOW - FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715 KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

DEREK BLOCK presents
FASHION
KAJAGOOGOO
Wednesday 10th November
7·30pm
TICKETS £3.75 £3.25 FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 KEITH PROWSE
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 4th November — Free
ORSON WELLES
+ Walking Floors
Friday 5th November — Adm. £1.00
FRANKIE & THE FLAMES
+ The Escorts
Saturday 6th November — Free
MARBLE STAIRCASE
+ Thin Men
Tuesday 9th November — Admission £2.00
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ 3 Support bands
THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE., GREENWICH, SE10
Tel. 858 0895 (200 yards southside Blackwall Tunnel)

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

GUY KENT presents
badmanners
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE PinkKees
PLUS SUPPORT
Monday 15th November 7·30pm
All tickets £4.00 From Box Office 01 748 2812 and all usual agents

MCP presents SLADE

EXTRA SHOW 18th DEC.
Plus Guests
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 17th/18th DEC 8.00 p.m. Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from: B/O Tel. 01 748 4081, LTB, Premier B/O Keith Prowse B/O's and Albermarle

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441
Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 4th November £3.50
MARSHALL CRENSHAW

Friday 5th November £3.00
THE GLITTER BAND
+ The Fan Club

Saturday 6th November £3.00
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

Monday 8th November
Closed

Tuesday 9th November £2.50
THE SOUND

Wednesday 10th November
Phone for details

Thursday 11th November £3.00
AZTEC CAMERA
+ Hurrah
+ The Dainties

COMING SOON

Friday 12th November £3.00
ANY TROUBLE

Saturday 13th November £4.00
PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON & THE ROYAL RASSES
+ Johnny Gadasha

Tuesday 16th November £2.50
COCTEAU TWINS + Xmal Deutschland

Wednesday 17th and Thursday 18th November £5.00
GREGORY ISAACS

Wednesday 15th & Thursday 16th December £4.00
IGGY POP

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER
5, 6 Millie Jackson
6 Tangerine Dream
6 Taj Mahal
7 A Certain Ratio
7 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
7 The Roches
7 Level 42
8 Talk Talk
8, 9 Earl Klaugh
9 Squeeze
9 Sad Cafe
10 Fashion
11 Shalamar
11 Shakatak
11 Belle Stars
11 Orange Juice
12, 13 Hawkwind
14 The Go Go's
14 (Matinee) Duran Duran
15 Flock Of Seagulls
15 Bad Manners
17, 18 Doctor Hook
19 Hey! Elastica & The Danse Society
20 Durutti Column
21 Japan
24 Yazoo
25 ABC
26, 27 Michael Schenker
27 John Cooper Clarke
28 Aswad
29, 30 Phil Collins
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
1 Phil Collins
1, 2 Jam
2 Orange Juice
2 Lindisfarne
2, 3, 4, 5 Ultravox
4 Doctor Feelgood
5 Marc & The Mambas
5, 6 U2
6 Steelye Span
6 Gang Of Four
7 Budgie
7, 8 Simple Minds
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
12 Fall
13 Adam Ant
14 Dire Straits
14 Ozzie Osbourne
17 Gillan
17 Slade
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
23 Anti-Nowhere League
24, 27 Elvis Costello
27, 28 & 31 Haircut 100
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
15 Gary Moore
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

MAY
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 4th November £1.25
SMALL WORLD + Grubstreet

Friday 5th November £1.50
THE DIRTY STRANGERS + Double Agent

Saturday 6th November £1.50
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS
+ Annie Anxiety + The System

Sunday 7th November £1.00
'60s & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

Monday 8th November £1.25
OBJET D'ART + Judi & The Shades

Tuesday 9th November £1.50
THE ODD
featuring Jerry Spencer & Bob Brunning from Fleetwood Mac & Micky Waller from Rod Stewart
+ The Hamsters

Wednesday 10th November £1.25
WHITE SPIRIT + Double Agent

THE SOUND

NEW ALBUM
ALL FALL DOWN

NOVEMBER DATES
7TH · LEICESTER POLY (SCRAPTOFT LANE)
9TH · LONDON, THE VENUE (VICTORIA)
10TH · LEEDS, WAREHOUSE
11TH · SHEFFIELD, LIMIT CLUB
12TH · BIRMINGHAM POLY (WESTBOURNE ROAD)
13TH · BRISTOL POLY (REDLAND HILL)

Jam, Yazoo, Shalamar: new dates

THE JAM have added a third show at London Wembley Arena to their farewelll tour schedule — on Friday, December 3 — and tickets are on sale now at the box-office, Keith Prowse, Albemarle, Premier and London Theatre Bookings, priced £6 and £5 (plus booking fee at the agencies). Lengthy queues formed to book for the band's first two shows at the arena (December 1 and 2), and all outlets had exhausted their allocations within 24 hours of tickets going on sale. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith says that all postal applications received will be dealt with — every endeavour will be made to provide tickets for the preferred dates though, in some cases, it may be necessary to supply them for alternative nights.

YAZOO open their debut UK tomorrow (Friday) in the knowledge that all their originally announced dates have now sold out. And to accommodate the exceptionally heavy demand, they have added two more shows in London at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road — they're on November 23 and 24, and tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.75 and £3.50. Coinciding with the tour, the duo have their third single released by Mute Records next Monday (8) — it is 'The Other Side Of Love' coupled with 'Ode To Boy', and it comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

SHALAMAR have added two more concerts to their upcoming UK tour, including a new opening date at Manchester Apollo next Tuesday (9), the other being at Sheffield Lyceum on November 25. Tickets are priced £5, £4 and £3 (Manchester) and £4 only (Sheffield), and are on sale now at box-offices and usual outlets. To tie in with their visit, the group have a new single released on November 12 by Solar Records (through WEA) — it's the title track from their smash hit album 'Friends' which has already produced three previous hit singles, and it's coupled with 'I Just Stopped By Because I Had To'. There's also a 12-inch version with a bonus track 'Playing To Win.'

Subs shake up the cities

UK SUBS headline a ten-date UK tour, prior to setting out in early December for a six-week American tour — which means that Charlie Harper will be abandoning his own Urban Dogs project for two months, while he returns to his original environment. Besides established material, the band will be featuring tracks from their new EP 'Shake Up The City', released this week by Abstract Records.

Dates are Swansea Marina (November 17), London Hammersmith Klub Foot (18), Retford Porterhouse (19), Sheffield Leadmill (22), Norwich Gala Ballroom (24), Lowestoft Pier Pavilion (25), Middlesbrough Cavern (27), Newcastle Bierkeller (29), Glasgow Might Moves (30) and Manchester Drifters (December 1).

This is their first British tour with the new line-up of Harper (vocals), Kim Wylie (drums), Alvin Gibbs (bass) and Nicky Garratt (guitar) — left to right in our picture.

Culture's schedule finalised

CULTURE, the top Jamaican group whose impending UK visit has already been revealed by *NME*, have now confirmed the first leg of their date sheet — London University Union (tomorrow, Friday), Bath University (Saturday), Manchester Russell Club (November 8),Sheffield Leadmill (9), Cardiff University (10), Hitchin Regal (12), Reading Central Club (13), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (15), Bournemouth Town Hall (16), London Camden Dingwalls (17 and 18), Bristol Trinity Hall (19), Leicester Polytechnic (20), Glasgow Night Moves (21) and Edinburgh Playhouse (22). They then leave for Europe, returning here in December for further dates.

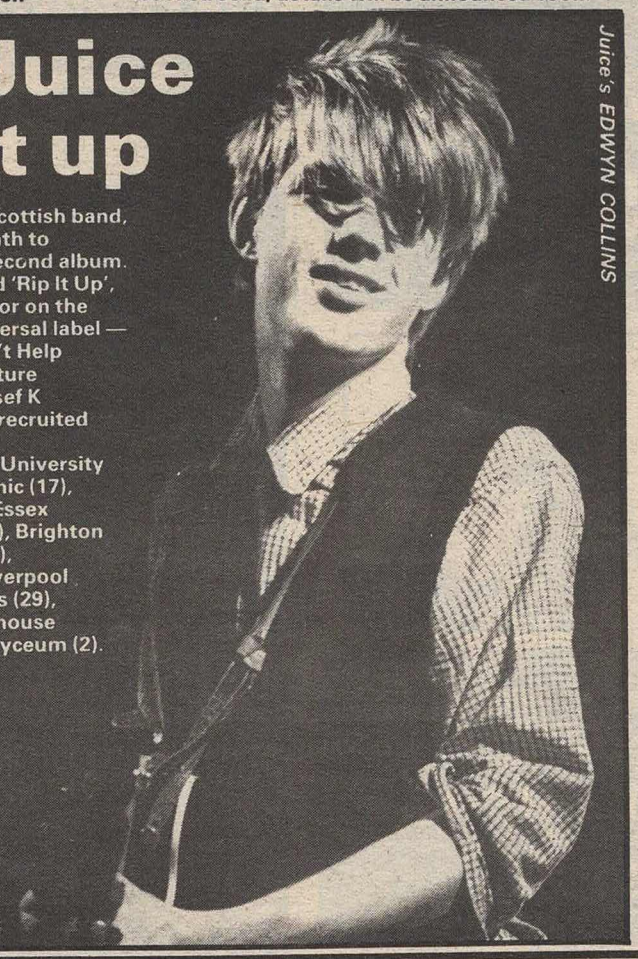
The group have undergone a marked change in recent months. The original trio of Joseph Hill, Albert Walker and Kenneth Paley decided to go their separate ways early in the year — since when Hill, the vocalist and writer, has recorded a new album still using the name of Culture. The LP is titled 'Lion Rock' and is set for November 12 release on the Cultral Foundation label in conjunction with Rough Trade. Hill has also formed and rehearsed a group of musicians called The Soul Defenders — whose line-up includes long-time Culture percussionist Harry Powell — specially for this tour.

ADAM NIXES WEMBLEY

ADAM ANT has decided against playing in the cavernous Wembley Arena and, as a result, his projected Christmas show there on December 13 is now off. Unfortunately, the cancellation came too late to prevent hundreds of people making reservations at ticket agencies although, as tickets hadn't actually been distributed, no money changed hands. So no harm was done, apart from the inconvenience!

However, promoters ITB said this week that they are trying to set up a pre-Christmas show for Adam at an alternative London venue — and if they are successful in finding one that isn't booked solid, details will be announced soon.

Orange Juice ripping it up



Juice's EDWYN COLLINS

ORANGE JUICE, the highly rated Scottish band, begin a national tour later this month to coincide with the release of their second album. The ten-track self-penned set, titled 'Rip It Up', is issued on November 12 by Polydor on the group's own Holden Caulfield Universal label — it contains the current single 'I Can't Help Myself', and it's their first LP to feature drummer Zeke Manyika and ex-Josef K guitarist Malcolm Ross, who were recruited into the line-up last year.

Confirmed tour dates are Cardiff University (November 13), Leicester Polytechnic (17), Sheffield Lyceum (18), Colchester Essex University (20), Bristol Locarno (21), Brighton Top Rank (22), Keele University (24), Manchester Hacienda Club (25), Liverpool University (26), Edinburgh Coasters (29), Glasgow Mayfair (30), Leeds Warehouse (December 1) and London Strand Lyceum (2).

Apart from the first three gigs, support act throughout will be Glasgow group Strawberry Switchblade, with an extra act — still to be named — for the London date. Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agencies priced £3.50 (London) and £3 (all other venues), and all college dates are open to the public.

ULTRAVOX CHANGES

ULTRAVOX have had to re-arrange three dates in their upcoming tour schedule, and cancel a fourth — because they've been offered a major German TV show, which involves them performing with a 70-piece orchestra. The gigs affected were originally set for the December 6-10 period, and the three revised dates are now Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion (December 15), Poole Arts Centre (16) and St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (18) — but Cardiff St. David's Hall has been blown out altogether. Existing tickets remain valid for the re-scheduled shows, and cash refunds are available for Cardiff. Remaining gigs are unchanged, and the support act throughout is The Messengers, who will also back Ultravox on stage.

A new Ultravox single titled 'Hymn' is released by Chrysalis on November 19 — it's taken from their hit album 'Quartet', though the B-side 'Monument' is previously unissued. The 12-inch format also has the bonus of a live version of 'The Thin Wall', recorded last year at Hammersmith Odeon.

FEELGOODS LAUNCH OUT ON THE CIRCUIT AGAIN

DR. FEELGOOD have now confirmed the first dozen dates in their end-of-year UK tour schedule, which aids promotion of their recently released album 'Fast Women And Slow Horses'. It also introduces British audiences to their new drummer Buzz Barwell and bassist Pat McMullan, who joined the band earlier this year as replacements for long-standing members Sparko and The Big Figure. Support act on the tour is French R&B outfit The Dogs, who are signed to CBS — and with more dates currently being finalised, those set so far are:

Bradford University (November 17), Preston Polytechnic (18), Ripon College (19), Loughborough University (20), Redcar Coatham Bowl (21), London Hounslow Red Lion (30), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (December 1), Southend Pavilion (3), London School of Economics (4), Leicester University Stamford Hall (9), Birmingham University (10), Dunstable Queensway Hall (12). Subsequent gigs will be announced shortly.

LEE BRILLEAUX — always feeling good

Shalamar Xmas show, Talk Talk delay

SHAKATAK — whose current lengthy UK tour ends on November 15, four days after they headline at Hammersmith Odeon — have announced another London appearance, this time a special seasonal concert. The Shakatak Christmas Show is at the Wembley Conference Centre on Friday, December 17, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £3.50. And with Gillan performing in the adjoining Arena at the same time, it promises to be a busy night at Wembley!

DAGABAND are setting up their first gigs since the serious road accident which put them out of action for a couple of years. So far set are Middlesbrough Cavern (November 10), Stafford Riverside Centre (12) and London City University (19), with more being finalised. After a European trip in December, a second one-nighter series begins at Birkenhead Sir James Club on January 3. The Chesterfield band's new single, a revival of The Who's 'I Can See For Miles', is released in late November on their own label (through Pinnacle).

THE NASHVILLE TEENS support their first record release for ten years, a live 12-inch mini-LP issued this week on the Shanghai label, with dates at Romford Dolphin Centre (this Saturday), Sudbury Northcroft Club (Sunday), Hastings Football Club (November 13), Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat (14), Wokingham Angie's (18), Newton Aycliff Working Mens Club (20), Bracknell Bridge House (26), Harold Hill Red House Club (28), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (December 2), Braintree Consolidated Club (10), Telford Corps Club (11), Chipping Norton Heythrop College (17), Skegness Sands Showbar (18), Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat (19) and Harold Hill Red House (24).

BOBBY McFERRIN, the American singer who made a considerable impact at this year's Capital Jazz Festival, plays a one-week engagement at London Covent Garden The Canteen from November 29 to December 4. He'll be backed by his US band, and one of the shows will be filmed for future screening by Channel 4. His self-named debut album was released by Elektra earlier this year.

TALK TALK have switched the date of their major London concert, due to take place next Monday (8), because of the national train and bus strike threatened for that day. It will still be at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, but the new date is Friday, November 19. All existing tickets will remain valid.

PHIL COLLINS — who, as previously announced, is to play four solo concerts on successive nights at London Hammersmith Odeon — has added a matinee performance to the first of these dates. It's at 5pm on Sunday, November 28, and tickets are on sale now.

JOSE FELICIANO flies into London to play a one-off concert at the Dominion Threatre, Tottenham-Court Road on November 20 — support act is The Flying Pickets, and tickets priced £6, £5 and £4 are available now from the box-office and usual agencies. Feliciano, whose current album is the Spanish-language 'Love Scenes / Escenas D'Amor' on Motown's Latino label, plays one other UK date at Sale Tatton Theatre in Cheshire on November 22 — support is Fresh Air, and tickets are £3.95, £2.95 and £1.95.

BOYS OWN, the new group who've been building a considerable reputation on the gig circuit over the past few months, have landed their most important booking to date — the support spot on the Yazoo tour, which opens tomorrow (Friday).

DARTS are to star in a new musical called *Yakety Yak*, inspired by the renowned partnership of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, who will both be flying over from the States for the first night. The show, which has a full story line and strong acting cast, opens at London Mile End Half Moon Theatre on November 15 for a season.

ANY TROUBLE, who recently signed a deal with EMI America and leave in early December for two months of recording sessions in Los Angeles, will be playing a series of selected UK dates before their departure. The first two confirmed are London Victoria The Venue (November 12) and Manchester The Gallery (20).

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
A CERTAIN RATIO
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
BIG COUNTRY
52nd STREET
LYCEUM
STRAND. WC2
SUNDAY 7th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
KEITH PROWSE TEL: 637 3131; OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL: 485 5088
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS; OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
george and the DESTROYERS
THOROGOOD
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
SUNDAY 7th NOVEMBER at 8·00
plus special guests
THE TRUTH
TICKETS £4·00 (INC. VAT)
ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
KEITH PROWSE TEL: 637 3131; OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL: 485 5088
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS; OR £4·00 ON NIGHT

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Derek Block presents
THE GO-GO's
THE MEMBERS stolen pets
LYCEUM London WC2
Sunday 14th November 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £4.00 AVAILABLE FROM LYCEUM 01 836 3715 KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS.

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 5th 7.30pm
VOTED BEST FRIARS BAND OF ALL TIME IN THE 1982 FRIARS MEMBERS POLL
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
+ RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS
TICKETS 4.00 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Strings'n'Things Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Record City Luton, D J Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury, Music Market Oxford or 4.00 at door on night if available.
LIFE MEMBERSHIP 25p. NOW THEN
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 13th 7.30pm
ONE OF ONLY TWO BRITISH DATES THIS YEAR
FROM USA
THE GO-GO'S
+ THE STOLEN PETS + THE MONEYSAVERS
TICKETS 3.50 from outlets above or 3.50 at door on night. Reservations: Phone Aylesbury 84568 or 88948

TALK TALK
TICKETS FOR 8th NOV. VALID FOR 19th.
Plus Special Guests
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
DOMINION THEATRE LONDON
FRIDAY 19TH NOVEMBER 8.00 P.M.
Tickets £3·50 Available from B/O 01 580 9562 and all usual agents

A CONCERT FOR TV
AT THE ACE BRIXTON
(ON BRIXTON HILL, NEXT TO THE TOWN HALL)
KILLING JOKE
+
COCTEAU TWINS
THIS THURSDAY 4th NOV.
DOORS 8·00
TICKETS £3·00
ORANGE JUICE
+
ORCHESTRE JAZIRA
THURS 11th NOV
DOORS 8·00
TICKETS £2·50
TICKETS ON SALE AT:
L.T.B. SHAFTSBURY AVENUE — PREMIER BOX OFFICE
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, KENSINGTON PARK ROAD W11 (OFF PORTOBELLO ROAD)
— OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT —

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK
MAISON ROYALE
GLEN FERN ROAD • BOURNEMOUTH
SAT 6 NOV • 8·00PM TILL LATE • TICKETS £3·00
(from Maison Royale box office)

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287
Sunday 7th November
SYLVESTER
Doors open 7.00pm. On stage 8.30pm
Monday 8th November
FAT LARRY'S BAND
Wednesday 10th November
THE SOUND
Sunday 14th November
BLUE RONDO A LA TURK
Doors open 7.00pm. On stage 8.30pm.
Late Bar 9-2 am

Jazzcentre
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST W1
Friday November 5th 8.30 pm-1.00 am.
STOLLYWOOD HARLETS
featuring Don Weller
Plus
GEOFF CASTLES STRANGE FRUIT
Adm £2.00 JCS/100 £3.00 others
Tickets available in advance, ring Jazz Centre, 01-580 8532 for details, or on night

MCP presents
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
BLUE ZOO plus Guests KAN KAN IDLE FLOWERS
LYCEUM BALLROOM
MONDAY 15TH NOVEMBER 7.30 P.M.
Tickets : £3.00 Adv, £3.50 Door
Available from Lyceum Box Office Albemarle Keith Prowse, Premier and LTB.

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
NEW MODEL ARMY
THU 4 Nov. "Have the energy & intelligence of the Buzzcocks, cascading pop of the Skids urgency of the Clash & the Stranglers cool." NME.
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
FRI. 5 NOV. "are rooted in R&B, but edge towards funk in one direction, Cajun / Country in the other... expert, eclectic good-time." wrote Time Out.
HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
SAT. 6. Kink's back catalogue & 60's soul plus latter day pop & trilling synth, all gleefully done." "no frills, no-nonsense, good-time music." SOUNDS.
SUNDAY 7. MON 8. TUE 9. WED 10. THU 11. We're closing for a tart-up, re-open Friday 12th, Downstairs that is, Restaurant open as normal right thru.
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1521 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

GEORGE ROBEY'S LITTLE RAINBOW
FINSBURY PARK TUBE
Friday 5th November
BRUTAL ATTACK
+ Support
Sunday 7th November
GUILT EDGE
+ Support
Tuesday 9th November
PASSING STRANGERS
+ The Fenzyx
Opp. The Big Rainbow

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6
Thursday 4th November £1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO
Friday 5th November £1.50
RITUAL
+ Faction
Saturday 6th November £1.50
SWIMMING TO FRANCE
+ Beasts In Suits
Sunday 7th November £1.00
LARRY MILLER BAND
+ The Mercenaries
Monday 8th November £1.00
THE MAD HATTER
+ Triple X
Tuesday 9th November 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real Ale served 7.30pm - 11.00pm

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road
Putney, SW15: 01-788 2387
Thursday 4th November
Benefit for Epilepsy Research
MANY ARTISTS appearing
Friday 5th November
TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND
(Ex Groundhogs)
Saturday 6th November
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Sunday 7th November
LITTLE SISTER
Monday 8th November
LIAMOG O'FLYNN & ANDY IRVINE from PLANXTY
Tuesday 9th November
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 10th November
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 11th November
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Saturday 20th November
GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
Tuesday 30th November
QUEEN IDA

TRENT POLY S.U.
presents
TALK TALK
+ MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
Wednesday 10th November
at ROCK CITY, TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM.
Tel: (0602) 412544
Tickets £2.50 Adv. £3.00 on door available from usual outlets.

CAPITAL RADIO 194 & MARSHALL ARTS LTD
present
Marshall Crenshaw
PLUS SUPPORT
AT THE Venue
VICTORIA STREET, SW1
Box Office phone 01-828 9441
THURSDAY 4 NOVEMBER at 8.00pm
TICKETS: £3.50 in advance

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON N1
THE BEATROOTS
Saturday 6th November
9.00pm Admission £1.50

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sunday 7.30-10.30
Wednesday 3rd November £1.50
PEST FURY
+ Solicitor
Thursday 4th November £1.50
CHRIS CULLEN BAND
+ Seychelles
Friday 5th November £1.50
24 HOURS
+ Room 13
Saturday 6th November £1.50
THE 45'S
+ The Methodists
Sunday 7th November £1.50
FURNITURE
+ Le Bond
Monday 8th November £1.50
KILLER KOALA
+ Spectrum
Tuesday 9th November £1.50
FOX IN THE SOCKS
+ Pet Of Friction
Wednesday 10th November £1.50
BLOOD & ROSES
THE MAWSERING ROSES
12 CUBIC FEET
COLD WAR

HEAVEN
VILLIERS STREET, LONDON WC2
•••• Derek Block presents ••••
HEY! ELASTICA DANSE SOCIETY
MONDAY
••••• 15th NOVEMBER 9-30pm •••••
ALL TICKETS £3
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, KEITH PROWSE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, and ON NIGHT

A CERTAIN RATIO
The Motivators & Disco
Friday 19th November
at HARROGATE ROOMS
(Next To The Yorkshire Grey)
ELTHAM, SE9. 01-850 2244.
B.R. Southern Region Eltham Well Hall.
Licensed Bar 8.00 pm-2.00 am
Tickets £3.25 Adv. £3.75 On-Door S.U. Cardholders.
Others £3.50 Adv. £4.00 On Door. Available from Venue during Licensing hours or by post enclosing S.A.E. to the above address. Postal Orders Only.
MARK ENVELOPE 'A CERTAIN RATIO'

M.A.M present
Millie Jackson
in concert
Fri 5th Nov at 8.00pm & Sat 6th Nov at 8.45pm
EXTRA SHOW Sat 6th Nov at 6.15pm
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
01-748 4081
Tickets: £6.50, £5.50, £4.50
Also from usual agents
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
(051) 709 1555 Thur 4th Nov at 7.30
Tickets: £5.50, £4.50, £3.50
NEW LP & TAPE ON SPRING RECORDS "HARD TIMES" L.P. 2391 555 M/C 3177 555. AVAILABLE SOON.

ROCK CITY
Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm - 2pm
Tuesday 9th November £2.50 Adv
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Wednesday 10th November £2.50
TRENT POLY PRESENTS
TALK TALK
+ Music For Pleasure
Wednesday 1st December £3.00 Adv
GARY MOORE
Tuesday 21st December £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
Must be over 18 years of age
Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selecta Disc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

NEW MERLIN'S CAVE
MARGERY STREET, LONDON WC1
Five minutes from Kings Cross Stn
Thursday 4th November £1.00
SALISBURY
Friday 5th November
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Saturday 6th November
Private Rock Function
Tuesday 9th November £1.00
FINAL EPISODE
Thursday 11th November £1.00
TRIPLE ECHO
Friday 12th November £2.00
CROWN OF THORNS

The LYCEUM The Strand, London WC2
Derek Block presents
the belle stars
+ Brilliant
+ the set
THURSDAY 11th NOVEMBER
7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

Sunday 7th November 7.30pm–12pm
Live
TERMINAL JIVE
and
THIRTEEN AT MIDNIGHT
WITH Alternative Disco by Gill & Francis at
Fleet Country Club
Old Cove Road, Fleet (Nr Aldershot), Hants.
(02514) 5500. Tickets £1.50

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 4th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gillan/Spider**
Basildon Raquels: **The Warriors**
Batley Frontier Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift (until Saturday)**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Animal Nightlife**
Birmingham The Pelican: **No Faith**
Birmingham University: **The Thin Men**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Click**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Dolly Mixture**
Chatham Central Hall: **Shakatak**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Julio Iglesias**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mo-dettes/Close To Tears**
Coventry Warwick University: **Orchestre Jazira/Dead Or Alive**
Dartford Flicks: **Blue Rondo**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Diamond Head**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Aztec Camera**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Elton John**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Ghost**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Harry & The Headaches**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Fat Larry's Band**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Wooden Forge**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Fashion**
Hanley Chico's: **The Bible For Dogs**
Hanley The Vine: **The Alarm**
Hemel Hempstead The Cellar Rock Club: **The Flying Helmets**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Darryl Way**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Sex Gang Children/The Decorators**
Lancaster Sugar House: **Alexei Sayle**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Talk Talk**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Marillion**
Llandudno Astra Theatre Centre: **Sad Cafe**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Cobras/Juvial**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Direct Hits**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Amazulu/Sway**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis/Little Sister**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & The Savage Mooses**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **New Model Army**
London Earls Court National Poetry Centre: **Attila The Stockbroker**
London Eltham Yorkshire Grey: **The Goose Band**
London E.14 White Swan: **The Helicopters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Transporter**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Small World/Grubstreet**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Vice Squad/Ritual/Brutal Attack**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Empress of Russia: **Roaring Jelly**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor; **Mamas Boys**
London Kensington De Villers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Barney Kessel (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **John Cooper Clarke**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Combat 84/Vicious Rumours**
London Putney Half Moon: **Geriant Watkins/Tony McPhee/Isaac Guillory**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Spare Tyre/Gladys McGee/Captain J.J. Waller/Felix & The Cats**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London South Bank Purcell Room: **Alistair Anderson**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Roman Holliday**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Sketch**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Pigeons Club: **Driving South**
London Victoria The Venue: **Marshall Crenshaw**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Wimbledon Southlands College: **The Glitter Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Julie Felix**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Alpha Waves**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Salisbury**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dr Hook**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jo Ann Kelly**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Earwigs**
Northampton White Elephant: **Solstice**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Serious Drinking**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Porthcawl Knights Arms: **Xena Zerox**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Floating Adults**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Cry Wolf**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **ABC**
Sheffield City Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Belle Stars**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Adam Ant**
Southport Theatre: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Stamford Danish Invader: **Dawn Trader**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Level 42**

THE ACTION doesn't let up for one moment at this time of the year, and several more big tours get under way this week. Arguably the two most interesting are by ABC and YAZOO, and it's difficult to decide which deserves pride of place, (but Yazoo got the picture anyway), so we're dealing with them strictly in alphabetical order!

ABC are particularly hot right now, with their 'Lexncicon Of Love' among the Top Five albums of 1982 — and there are unlikely to be any spare seats when they open at Scarborough (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Manchester (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday).

And for Yazoo, who must rank as one of the year's biggest success stories in terms of chart impact, it's the moment of truth as they begin their debut tour — at Hanley (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

BAD MANNERS hit the road for another of their regular country-wide treks, this time coinciding with the release of their new 'Forging Ahead' album, and their initial dates are at Manchester (Friday), Hitchin (Monday) and Chippenham (Wednesday). And for those of a more MOTR inclination, extensive tours by CHAS & DAVE, THE NOLANS and THE THREE DEGREES start this week and run through until shortly before Christmas.

A feature of this week's highlights is the large number of big one-off events, with Londoners again getting the pick of the bunch. Over the next few days, the capital offers shows by the fast-rising and highly talented MARSHALL CRENSHAW (Thursday), MILLIE JACKSON (Friday and Saturday), TAJ MAHAL (Saturday), GEORGE THOROGOOD and A CERTAIN RATIO (both on Sunday), THE ROCHES (also Sunday but preceded by a concert at Aldeburgh on Friday) and top US jazz-funk guitarist EARL KLUGH (Monday and Tuesday).

And to sum up the pandemonium on the circuit right now, it's worth re-capping on some of the acts already on tour, whose dates you can find under the daily listings. Get a load of this lot — Gillian, Hawkwind, The Four Tops, Elton John, Fat Larry's Band, Budgie, Fashion, Stiff Little Fingers, Alexei Sayle, Talk Talk, Sad Cafe, Duran Duran, Tangerine Dream, The Belle Stars, Level 42, Japan, Dr. Hook, Diamond Head, Shakatak, Barbara Dickson, Squeeze, Adam Ant . . . well, we could go on, but we think we're proved our point about the live scene enjoying one of its biggest-ever bonanzas.

If you've got a gig coming up in your local pub or village hall, which you'd like publicised, write and let us know and we'll take care of it. You may even find yourself sandwiched between Elton John and Japan!

Many people are disappointed because they submit details far too late — so remember that the closing date for entries is first post Thursday morning, one week before publication date. And the address to write to is Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

friday 5th

Aberdeen Station Hotel: **The 30 Footers**
Aldeburgh Snape Maltings: **The Roches**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Sam Mitchell Band/Pete Durgerian & Guests**
Alfreton George Hotel: **Dawn Trader**
Aylesbury Friars: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bath Moles Club: **Shriekback**
Belfast McGlade's Bar: **Vedettes/Tearjerkers**
Birmingham Aston University: **Level 42**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Music Revelation/Solid Vibes**
Birmingham Odeon: **Tangerine Dream**
Bordon Royal Oak: **The Equalisers**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Out**
Burleigh College: **The Boys Brigade/The 3 Ricks**
Canterbury College of Art: **Battle Of The Bands — Final Heat**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Blue Rondo**
Cardiff Dowlais Inn: **Xena Zerox**
Corby Festival Theatre: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chevy/Sabotage**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Fashion**
Dorking (Beare Green) White Hart: **Red I/L'Art Blanc**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Elton John**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Truth**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Farce**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Crisis/The Danglers**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **ABC**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Brunning Band/Band Of Angels**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Yazoo**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Havant Arts Centre: **Look Back In Anger**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Belle Stars**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Warriors**
Huddersfield The Friendly & Trades: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/The Instigators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Adam Ant**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **The Famous Four/Little Brother**
Kirkcaldy Bentley's: **Side Effects**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Farmers Boys**
London Alperton Youth Centre: **Nyanisis**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Corporation**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Spare Tyre/Angelika Joyce/Captain J.J. Waller/Felix & The Cats**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Steve Gibbons Band/Double Feature**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Danny Adler's De Luxe Blues Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Apostles & Guests**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Electric Bluebirds/New Politicians**
London East Ham Town Hall: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The London Apaches**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Double Agent**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Golders Green Prince Albert: **Hibi Yaki**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Escorts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Ritual/Faction**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Babylon Rebels**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Roman Holliday**
London Marquee Club: **Dolly Mixture/Short Commercial Break**
London New Cross Rd. Goldsmith's Tavern: **Clerical Error**
London North-East Polytechnic: **The Decorators**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **George Hamilton IV/Miki & Griff/Pete Sayers/Raymond Froggatt/Little Ginny etc**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Steve Pheasant**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Quartet (until Sunday)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London University Union: **Culture/High Five Group**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Glitter Band**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **The Home Service**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Room/The Thin Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A'Gogo: **Hotbox**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Remus Down Boulevard**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tribal**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Ludus**
Manchester The Gallery: **Alternative Route**
Manchester University: **Bad Manners**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **21 Strangers**
Newton Abbot Teale Hayne College: **Jay Lazer & The Phantom Orchestra**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Norwich Gala Ballroom; **the Adicts**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Diamond Head**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Exit**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Twelfth Night**
Reading Top Rank: **Squeeze/OK Jive**

CONTINUES OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Retford Porterhouse: **Hanoi Rocks**
Salford University: **The Alarm**
Sheffield City Hall: **Dr. Hook**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Talk Talk**
Sheffield University: **George Thorogood & The Destroyers**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Southampton Guildhall: **Chas & Dave**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Shakatak**
Southend Zero Six: **Fat Larry's Band**
Southport Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
South Shields Legion Club: **Passion Trade**
Stirling University: **Aztec Camera**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **Sad Cafe**
Stokenchurch Hall: **Howard Jones**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Winsford Civic Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Saracen**

saturday 6th

Aberdeen University: **Alexei Sayle**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Yorkshire Actors/Guy Jackson/Alev/Burst Out Laughing**
Barnstaple Queens Hall: **The Cult Maniax/Hostile Element**
Bath Moles Club: **Shriekback**
Bath University: **Culture**
Birmingham Carlton Cinema: **Musical Youth**
Birmingham Fightin Cocks: **Prediction/Naybers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Adam Ant**
Birmingham Revue Bar: **Kabuki**
Birmingham University: **Ricky Cool Band**
Blackburn Trades Union Club: **Rough Mix**
Bolton (Royton) The Railway: **The Out**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Shakatak**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Momeraths**
Bradford University: **Talk Talk**
Bridlington Royal Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Brighton Basement Club: **Amazulu**
Bristol Granary: **Saracen**
Broseley Victoria Hall: **Roaring Jelly**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Serious Drinking/Self Destruct**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Escape**
Cardiff University: **And Also The Trees**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Cheriton The White Lion: **The Feel**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & he Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Dancing Did/Beaumonde**

TAJ MAHAL (London(

Crawley Leisure Centre: **Squeeze/OK Jive**
Crewe Oakley Centre: **Tower Struck Down**
Dewsbury The Entertainer: **Room 101**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Elton John**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **ABC**
Farnborough Recreation Centre: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Hydro**
Galashiels 3J's: **Side Effects**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Gillan/Spider**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Nicky Lewin Band**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Level 42**
Guildford Ego Club: **Tiger Tiger**
Guildford Surrey University: **Marillion**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travellin' Shoes**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Perfect Vision**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The Yetties**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Motivators**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **The Junkies**
Leeds University: **Yazoo**
Letchworth Leisure Centre: **Commuter/Vortex**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Nightingales**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Membranes**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Hothouse**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Europeans**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Transporter/Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dr. K's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The Vetoes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Blurred Vision**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/Annie Anxiety**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Marble Staircase**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Swimming To France/Beasts In Suits**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Splodgenessabounds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Taj Mahal**
London Lee Community Centre: **Climbing Frames/New Catalonian Skiffle Band/Jung (The Foreman) Nauseous**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charle Peguy: **Tunukwa**
London Marquee Club: **K-Tel *Opportunity Knocks* Final with Swinging Hoovers/The Six/Mirage/Carbon 14/Dear Me**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Modern Romance**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Spare Tyre/Don Carroll/Captain J.J. Waller/Felix & The Cats**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Albion Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Alive & Pickin'**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Spirit Level**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
London Victoria The Venue: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Kevin Coyne/Owen O'Neill/Spartacus**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
Luton Technical College: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Bobby Shew/Ron Parry Trio**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Keith Jarrett**
Manchester The Gallery: **Fuze**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **The Adicts**
Newton Powys Hafarn Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Northampton (Kingsthorpe) Five Bells: **Tobruk**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Diamond Head**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tytan**
Preston Guildhall: **Dr. Hook**
Preston Warehouse: **Nico/The Invisible Girls**
Retford Porterhouse: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Romford Dolphin Centre: **The Nashville Teens**
Scarborough Futurist Centre: **The Nolans**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Fashion**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield Univserity: **Orchestre Jazira**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Midnight Shift/The Brooklyn Dukes**
Slough College: **Howard Jones**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Crossfire**
Southampton University: **The Belle Stars**
St. Helens Theatre Royal: **Sad Cafe**
Stoke Victoria Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Fiat Lux**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Queen's Hotel: **Another Dream**

sunday 7th

Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Barnsley Civic Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Batley Frontier Club: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Birmingham Odeon: **Chas & Dave**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Diamond Head**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Dr. Hook**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Taildragger**
Corby Civic Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Coventry Whitley Abbey Inn: **Furious Apples**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **By Wednesday/Johnny Crescendo**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Aztec Camera**
Dudley The Crown: **Lady Killer**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Gillan/Spider**
Exeter University: **Twelfth Night**
Farnham Coach & Horses: **Precious Few**
Fleet Country Club: **Terminal Jive/Thirteen At Midnight**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel (lunchtime): **Whirligig**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Elton John**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Alexei Sayle**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar: **Room 101**
Ilford Kenneth More Theatre: **Julie Felix**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Sound**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime/Jack Hudson (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Communication Club: **Eyeless In Gaza/Futile Hurling/Lowest Note On The Organ**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures (lunchtime)/The Zodiacs (evening)**

GEORGE THOROGOOD (Hammersmith)

London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Steve Lacy Sextet/Keith Tippett**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Richard Green & The Next Step Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Deke Leonard**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Larry Miller Band/The Mercenaries**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Level 42**
London Hammersmith Palais: **George Thorogood & The Destroyers/The Truth**
London Isleworth Borough Rd. College: **Grubstreet**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Islington Streets club: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Marquee Club: **Rage/Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Loose Tights**
London Palmers Green Cock Hotel: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **West End Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **A Certain Ratio/Big Country/52nd Street**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Dr. K's Blues Band**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Tottenham Court-Road Dominion Theatre: **The Roches**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Oriel/Spare Tyre/Captain J.J. Waller/Felix & The Cats**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Dick Charlesworth & His City Gents**
Manchester Ashton Metro Music Centre: **Fat Larry's Band**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **Yazoo**
Manchester The Gallery: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Saracen**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Nolans**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Shakatak**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Airglow**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Strawhead**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **English Rogues**
Scunthorpe Wortley Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Sheffield Crucible Studio: **They Must Be Russians/Chakk/In The Nursery**
Sudbury Northcroft Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Sway**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Isengard**
Winsford Civic Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Worcester Swan Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

monday 8th

ABC (Manchester)

Belfast Ulster Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bilston Rising Star: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Station 360**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Adicts**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Diamond Head**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Decorators**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Belle Stars**
Dartford Orchard Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Exeter University: **Fashion**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Gateshead The Mitre: **Passion Trade**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Elton John**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Marillion**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Clues**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Ritual**
Hitchin The Regal: **Bad Manners**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley The Funhouse: **The Lurkers/The Varukers**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Duran Duran**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Turbo/The Innocents**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Tooting Frooties**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Allison Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tiger Tiger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Object D'Art/Judi & The Shades**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Mad Hatter/Triple X**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Earl Klugh**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Squeeze/OK Jive**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Digby Fairweather & The Georgians**
London Marquee Club: **Thomas Dolby**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Liam Og O Flynn & Andy Irvine (ex-Planxty)**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Peter King**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakers**
London W.1 (Deanb St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **ABC**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Out**
Manchester Russell Club: **Culture**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Comedy Train**
Norwich Penny's: **Modern Romance**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **White Lightning**
Port Talbot Grand Hotel: **Galopede**
Preston Polytechnic: **Roaring Jelly**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Nolans**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Dead Or Alive**
Sheffield University: **Amazula**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Southend Zero 6: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Shakatak**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**

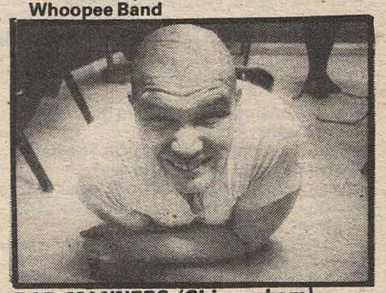
tuesday 9th

SQUEEZE (London Lyceum)

Birmingham Odeon: **Diamond Head**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Bobby Shew/Paul Davis Big Band**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Tony Lee Trio/Lennie Best**
Bridgend Leisure Centre: **The Three Degrees**
Brighton Dome: **Fashion**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Shakatak**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Level 42**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Yazoo**
Dublin TV Club: **Stiff Little Fingers**
East Kilbride Olympia Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Chas & Dave**
Hamilton Park Lane Disco Centre: **Alexei Sayle**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Nolans**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Membranes**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Helicopters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fuzzy Samuels & Friends**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Qube**
London East Ham Granada: **The Bootleg Beatles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Odd/The Hamsters**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Time Dance**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Earl Klugh**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London North Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/The Alarm**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The O.K. Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Outcasts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Milestones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Squeeze/OK Jive**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Visa/Prime Cut**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **Behaviour Red**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A'Gogo: **7 States Funk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shalamar**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Iskra**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Swans Way**
Manchester Phoenix Club: **Saracen**
Manchester The Gallery: **Helen Watson & Well Knit Frames**
New Mills Youth Club: **Life On Earth**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Blancmange**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Dr. Hook**
Portsmouth Milton Arms: **Their Story**
Reading University: **Blue Rondo**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Culture**
Sheffield City Hall: **ABC**
Sheffield Polytechnic (Collegiate Crescent Site): **Hula**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Swinton The Towpath: **My Pierrot Dolls**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Warwick Arts Theatre: **Talk Talk**

wednesday 10th

Birmingham Odeon: **Dr. Hook**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Brighton Dome: **Yazoo**
Brighton Top Rank: **Level 42**
Bristol Granary: **The Adicts**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Bobby Shew**
Cardiff Nero's: **Blue-Rondo**
Cardiff University: **Culture**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Bad Manners**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Saracen**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Cobras**
Dublin Francis Xavier Hall: **Ultravox**
Dudley Prole Club: **Virus**
Edinburgh Bermuda Triangle: **Little Red Duffelcoats**
Edinburgh Echo Muse: **Little Red Dufflecoats**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **The Three Degrees**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Deja Vu**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Soldier**
Keele University: **Aztec Camera/The Go-Betweens**
Kilmarnock Palace Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Sound**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Duran Duran**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Keith Christmas**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Grubstreet**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Warriors**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Geraint Watkins — Steve Waller Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **John Hollingsworth/Kevin Hewick**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Phoenix Dance Company/Black Tulip**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **White Spirit/Mamas Boys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Fashion**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Barry Dransfield**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.4 The Stapelton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Fan Club**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**



BAD MANNERS (Chippenham)

London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Brian Masters Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Quartet (until Sunday)**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Crannog**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Shalamar**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London W.1 (Burlington St) Legends: **Xena Zerox**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **The Creamies**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Zena Xerox**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Tramp/Gammer & His Familiars**
Margate Winter Gardens: **George Hamilton IV**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Dagaband**
Newmarket Cabaret Club: **Modern Romance**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Breakaways**
Nottingham El Vino's: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Nottingham Rock City: **Talk Talk**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Diamond Head**
Portsmouth The Black Prince: **The Equalisers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Elton John**
Sheffield Vickers: **Fat Larry's Band**
Southampton Top Rank: **Shakatak**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stirling Avant Garde: **Alexei Sayle**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Chas & Dave**

LIVE ADS

Harvey Goldsmith Presents
ATF
Christmas Show
AFTER THE FIRE
plus special guest
Dominion Theatre
Tottenham Ct. Rd. FRIDAY 3RD DECEMBER 8.00 PM
£3·50 Available from box office or usual agents

CULTURE
With Joseph Hill
+ The High Five Group
Tickets £3.00 adv.
£3.50 door.
Friday 5th Nov. 7.30pm

THE GIST
+ MARINE GIRLS
+ ZERRA 1
Tickets £2.00 adv.
£2.50 door.
Friday 12th Nov. 7.30pm

U.L.U., Malet Street, London W.C.1.
Tube Goodge St., Euston Square & Russell Square

Peter Brightman presents
EARL KLUGH
featuring GENE DUNLAP
at the
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

on the
8th & 9th NOVEMBER
1982 at 8.00pm
Tickets £4, £5 and £6
available from box office
telephone number
01-748 4081

MCP presents
MSG
THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
plus Guests
VANDENBERG
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 26th/27th NOVEMBER 8.00 p.m. Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle

Wimbledon Theatre
THE BROADWAY·WIMBLEDON·SW19
November 5th ONLY
8.00pm
HOME SERVICE
BRITAIN'S NO 1 ELECTRONIC FOLK BAND DIRECT FROM THE NATIONAL THEATRE.
"On a par with FAIRPORT CONVENTION"
Tickets £2.50 or £3.00.
01-946 5211/2

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St: 736 1413
Thursday 4th November £1.50
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Friday 5th November £1.80
THE 45's
Saturday 6th November £1.50
S.A.L.T.
Featuring Little Stevie Smith
Sunday 7th November £1.00
BOHEMIAN LODGERS
Monday 8th November £1.00
LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS
Tuesday 9th November £1.00
TRIANGLE NILE
Wednesday 10th November £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

Live Ads.
in NME
are read by
more people
than those
in any other
music weekly
SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

Beatle clones' ticket to ride

THE BOOTLEG BEATLES — the doppelganger group who ape The Fab Four both in material and appearance — are going out on a UK tour. They first came together two years ago to portray the original group in the musical *Beatlemania*, and have since enjoyed considerable success — notably in Russia, where they've just completed a six-week sell-out tour. Their schedule includes a special London show at East Ham Granada on November 9 — exactly 19 years to the day since The Beatles themselves played there.

Other dates are Bristol Granada (this Saturday), London Southbank Polytechnic (November 12), Cambridge College (26), Retford Porterhouse (27), Lampeter St David's University (December 1), Sheffield Polytechnic (3), Skegness Sands Showbar (4), Swindon Bubbles (8), Plymouth University (11), Chippenham Goldiggers (14-18), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (19), Portsmouth Civic Hall (22) and London Tokyo Joe's (31).

NEWS

PRINCE LINCOLN & The Royal Rasses are to play another night at London Victoria The Venue on Saturday, November 13 (tickets £4). They'll be performing material from their current album 'Ride With The Rasses', and this will be their last UK date before they leave for Europe.

ONE THE JUGGLER, a new four-piece who combine modern rock with ethnic influences, have London gigs at Kennington The Cricketers (November 11 and 18), Woolwich Tramshed (25), and Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (December 2). They've just signed to Regard Records, home of Haysi Fantayzee, and will have their debut single released in January.

THE STYLISTICS return to the UK in the early spring for a concert and cabaret tour, their first confirmed booking being a week at Watford Bailey's from April 11. Earlier in the year, tours are currently being finalised for GENE PITNEY (opening in February) and PEACHES & HERB (March).

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS, the highly rated Belgian band, make their live UK debut next weekend when they fly in for a brief visit. They play North London Polytechnic (November 11) and Manchester Hacienda Club (12), both with Hermine as special guest — and the next day they record a session for John Peel's radio show. Their next release on Crammed Discs will be 'Subtitled Remix', featuring three remixed tracks from their current album.

SIMPLE MINDS have made three changes to their UK tour schedule, announced last week. They now play Derby Assembly Rooms on December 13 instead of 16, while Sheffield Lyceum moves back from December 15 to 16, and a new date comes in at Bristol Locarno on December 14.

ROCK GODDESS are undertaking a short tour to coincide with this weekend's release of their new A & M single 'Heavy Metal Rock'n'Roll' / "Satisfied Then Crucified', which also comes in 12-inch form with the addition of 'One Hot Night'. They play London Marquee (November 10), Scarborough Taboo (25), Middlesbrough Cavern (26), Glasgow Mayfair (28), Retford Porterhouse (December 4), Swindon Brunel Rooms (7) and Bristol Granary (9).

GANG ONE-OFF

THE GANG OF FOUR, newly returned from a 12-week coast-to-coast American tour, are to play a one-off Christmas concert at London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre on Monday, December 6 — tickets priced £4 and £3.50 are available now from the box-office and usual agents. For this show, the group will be augmented by guest musicians and backing vocalists, and the support band will be The Higsons. No further UK dates are planned for the remainder of this year, though tour plans are being formulated for the New Year.

VENDENBERG, the hard rock Dutch four-piece, have been named as support act on the extensive UK tour by the Michael Schenker Group starting later this month. They'll be featuring material from their self-named debut album, issued by Atco last month.

DOLLY MIXTURE headline a special CND benefit show at London Camden Dingwalls this Sunday (7) from 7 to 11.30pm. Hi-Fidelity are also appearing, and admission is £4.

DIAMOND HEAD have added an extra last-minute date to their current UK tour — at Norwich East Anglia University this Saturday (6).

VICE SQUAD have finally confirmed a London date for their current UK tour — it's at Klub Foot in Hammersmith's Clarendon Hotel tonight (Thursday). Support acts are Brutal Attack and Flowers Of The Past, and admission is £2.

ALEXIS KORNER, Chris Farlowe, Eddie Hardin and Pete York team up in an R&B show at Croydon Fairfield Hall this Sunday (7), as part of the celebrations to mark the venue's 20th anniversary.

TWISTED SISTER have pulled out of the current Diamond Head tour, in which they were to have been special guests. This is due to essential promotional work in the States, but they say they will be coming over next month to headline their own gigs. Tank have taken over their spot with Diamond Head.

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE, who are special guests on the Talk Talk tour which opened this week, are playing a couple of shows in their own right at Batley Club 70 on Saturday, November 27 (2 and 7pm) — they are specially for all young unemployed people in the area, who will be admitted free. They also headline at Sheffield University this Saturday (6).

Record News

● The Virgin compilation 'Methods Of Dance (Volume Two)', released on November 12, features a variety of remixed, re-recorded and previously unavailable tracks — by **China Crisis, I-Level, Rip Rig & Panic, D.A.F., The Men, Simple Minds, Culture Club** and **B.E.F.** The album comes at budget price.

● New Liverpool outfit **The Pale Fountains** have signed to Virgin and have their debut single out this weekend. It couples 'Thank You' and 'Meadow Of Love', with a bonus track '(There's Always) Something On My Mind' on the 12-inch version. All three songs were written by singer guitarist Michael Head.

● **Repetition,** formerly with Belgian label Disque du Crepescule, have been signed by Red Flame Records and will be releasing a three-track 12-incher in mid-November — it features 'A Will To Win', 'Love What You Miss' and 'Chance'. Same label has signed Liverpool duo **Shiny Two Shiny,** who were previously members of A Formal Sigh, and they'll have a mini-LP out in the New Year.

BARRY FORD, the reggae star who was formerly leading light of the now-defunct Merger, has dispensed with the services of a full-time band and plays all the instruments himself on his new single — titled 'Radio Active', it's released by Albion Records next week. It comes as an edited 7" or an extended 12" mix, both of which carry dub versions on the B-side.

MARI WILSON & The Wilsations try for a second chart success with their new single '(Beware) Boyfriend', released by Compact this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats. Both versions contain laminated picture postcards of Mari, the 12-incher boasting a full-colour 12" × 8" photo.

ELTON JOHN'S new single, issued by Rocket on November 12 to coincide with his current UK tour, is a track from the 'Jump Up' album — titled 'All Quiet On The Western Front'. The B-side is a remixed version of 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone?'

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS, who recently left EMI and signed to Anagram, release their first single via their new outlet this weekend — 'Woman In Disguise'/'Lust For Glory', with the bonus track '42nd Street' on the 12-inch version. They'll be playing some UK dates before Christmas, with an album to follow in the New Year.

ELKIE BROOKS releases the follow-up to her triple platinum album 'Pearls' this weekend — titled 'Pearls II', it's on the A&M label. A single culled from the LP follows on November 19, coupling 'Will You Write Me A Song' and 'Giving You Hope'.

DAVE STEWART, who topped the charts exactly a year ago with 'It's My Party', now comes up with a new single called 'Johnny Rocco'. He not only arranged and produced it, but he also plays all the instruments — and, as on the 1981 No. 1 hit, Barbara Gaskin is again featured on vocals.

● **The 4-Skins,** who now feature Paul Swain on guitar as replacement for Johnny Jacobs, have their new single 'Low Life' issued by Secret Records this weekend.

● As the follow-up to their five-track seven-inch EP, **D.O.A.** have a new 12-inch EP issued by Alternative Tentacles. It's called 'War On 45', and one side is devoted to four tracks on the anti-war theme. There's also a version of Edwin Starr's 'War' and a Ranking Trevor song titled 'War In The East'.

● Stoke four-piece **The Killjoys** have signed to Midlands label Clay Records, and will have their debut single 'This Is Not Love'/'In Your Light' issued later this month.

● Four-piece East London band **Living In Texas** have their debut single out on Rhythmic Records (through Rough Trade). The double A-sider features a song in support of CND titled 'An Dem Bahnhof (At The Station)', and the five-minute instrumental 'And David Cried'.

● Here's a worthy cause: **Freedom Fighter** are a six-piece Bournemouth rock band, five of whom suffer from muscular dystrophy and are confined to wheelchairs. The band have just recorded a six-track cassette of their own songs, and it's available at £2.50 (including p&p) from Freedom Fighter, c/o Claudette Evans, 95 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

● Latest single on Illuminated Records is the 12-incher 'The Informer' by **Kan Kan,** out this week. It follows their critically acclaimed debut 'Changing Trains'.

● And the latest batch of albums on the Illuminated label, all out this week or due tomorrow (Friday), includes 'The Big Dentist' by **The Lemon Kittens,** 'Thee Psychick Sacrifice' by **Throbbing Gristle,** 'More Wealth Than Money' by **The Normil Hawaiians** and 'Hawk Meets Penguin' by **Amon Duul II.**

● **Tracey Thorn,** whose album 'A Distant Shore' was issued by Cherry Red a few weeks ago, has a new single titled 'Plain Sailing' released this week. The B-side 'Goodbye Joe' was written by Bid of The Monochrome Set.

● **The Go-Go's** have a new A&M single titled 'Girl Of 100 Lists' issued by A&M on November 19, to tie in with their brief UK visit in the middle of this month. From the same label the previous week comes 'If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too', the debut single from leading Australian band **Mental As Anything.**

LENE LOVICH, whose new single 'It's You, Only You' was announced last week, has now scheduled her first album for over two years. The nine-track set is called 'No Man's Land' and it's been processed in Berlin using a new process called Direct Metal Mastering — which involves cutting the LP onto a copper laquer, giving greater volume and increased quality. It comes in clear vinyl and is issued by Stiff on November 12.

THIS BALI

A Bali demon guardian of pages 40/41

. . . Or a kick up the Gamelans. Young man RICHARD GRABEL goes West to Bali and sends back the longest postcard in the world revealing the native roots of electro pop in Eastern rhythms.

Photos JOE STEVENS

AFTER LIVING IN a Bali village for a few days one's sense of time begins to change.

The Balinese call it 'elastic time' *(jam keret),* the feeling that things will happen when they're supposed to, that events should not be rushed or forced. It takes a speedy Westerner a few days to fall in to rhythm, but when it happens you feel that a great weight has been lifted off your shoulders.

The flow of elastic time is written into Balinese music, as it is into all forms of Balinese social interaction.

Balinese music suspends time. Its circular melodic patterns, repeated in endless variations seem to lift you out of a linear time frame, into a state where the musical events are perceived and enjoyed as they come, without anticipation. This method of listening is the way to take Bali as a whole.

People will tell you that Bali has been 'ruined' by tourism, that its culture is in danger of disappearing. The books written about Bali in the '30s said the same thing. It hasn't happened yet, and I don't think it ever will. To the vast majority of Balinese, their culture *is* their life, the thing that gives life meaning. They are not about to give it up.

Bali does get a lot of tourists, but 95% never venture further than the beach resorts, Kuta and Sanur. Everything said about Bali must be prefaced by the explanation that there are now two Balis — one of the resorts and Denpasar; the modernised capital; the other is the villages, where most of the people live and where what changes that have occurred are slight.

Sanur is the rich-tourist resort dotted with first class hotels. Kuta is cheaper and more popular, with a spectacular beach that attracts thousands of Australian surfers each year. The main street is lined with restaurants advertising hamburgers, jaffles (an Australian sandwich), Chinese and Italian food. There are brightly lit tape shops with sound systems booming out the latest pop hits. Every chart album in Britain, Australia and America is dubbed onto bootleg cassettes in Jakarta, the Indonesian capital, and they sell like the proverbial hotcakes to the tourists.

In Kuta one finds young Balinese guys who listen to nothing but rock and roll. It's there you find discos like the Bali Sand Bar, overflowing every night with young white faces. And there are greedy shopkepepers who will overcharge you on everything from a shirt to a packet of soap.

Outside of Kuta and Sanur there is none of these things. The Balinese kids who reject Balinese traditions would be a total anomaly. In some of the mountain villages — like Ubud where I spent ten days — there are a few tourist shops along the main road that survive on business from the day-trip coaches, but a few feet back you're in village Bali, in the midst of life as it has always been lived.

Only laziness, and fear of discomfort, stand in the way of discovering this 'real' Bali. The Balinese are hospitable people; they will open their homes to you: the places to stay in the villages are "homestays" where you are given a room and effectively a place in the family compound. Their temples, their religious ceremonies, their festivals and entertainment are open to everyone.

Balinese music is like a metaphor for the strucuture of Balinese society. Bali is the co-operative / communal society *par excellence,* a place where the group is all-important and individuals derive their identity from group affiliations — family, village and *banjar,* the association of neighbouring families. The Balinese never boast of their personal accomplishments, it is always a collective achievement. Similarly in their music, there is little room for individual improvisation; a precisely-timed co-operation within a group structure is essential.

The Balinese are completely dedicated to living out their religion as a way of life, to ordering their lives around it. The religion is based on Hinduism, imported from India, but mixed with large doses of the animism, spirit worship, shamanistic and magical beliefs that pre-dated the coming of Hinduism.

The Balinese are expert rice growers, but they are not industrious, working only long enough to provide food for everyone. The rest of their energy is spent serving the gods, and the best way to do that is in the creation of beautiful music, dance and drama. These things are entertainment, but they are also a social bond.

Even the spiritual imagination is vividly displayed. The Balinese take the world of the supernatural for granted, and every crossroads is marked by a statue of a guardian protector to ward off evil spirits, with a fierce face for each of the four directions. Each bridge is marked at its four posts by a statue of Hanuman, the Monkey God. There are ornate temples everywhere, and a shrine in every home. The island is suffused with a sense of theatricality, and its music and dance are bold and dramatic.

I never saw any display of violence or anger between Balinese people. They have a mechanism for dealing with competitiveness, aggression and mis-placed sexuality by channelling it all into a single place — the cockfight; and it's in this bloody arena that emotions are truly uninhibited.

Most Westerners would probably find this society restrictive, without room for individual expression. But the main theme of modern sociology has been that many of the ills of our societies — crime, alcoholism, suicide — can be traced to feelings of alienation. In Bali these things do not exist.

THERE IS the same emphasis on repetition as in the more "avant" forms of rock. If the Velvet's 'Sister Ray' drives you crazy in a good way, so will gamelan. There is the same prominance of engaging melody that graces the best pop music, the same energetic dynamism.

The music has had some impact on Western musicians and writers.

In *The Theatre And Its Double* Antonin Artaud credits Balinese drama (in which music plays a crucial role) as the source of his concept of a Theatre Of Cuelty, a theatre composed not of word-based narrative but of "gesture and sound". Artaud saw Balinese drama as "a mystical passion play" with "gestures made to last . . . they take shape at the very heart of life".

New music composers Philip Glass and Steve Reich have both studied gamelan; check the latter's 'Music For 18 Musicians'. Even stranger fusions may be in the works.

Pigbag were all in Bali this summer; David Byrne has been there, and in idle moments has been heard to contemplate recording there. And Pigbag's manager Dick O'Dell is planning to bring out a new version of 'Bali Hai' (a song from *South Pacific)* under the guise of Disconnection. So perhaps a small Bali trend is already under way.

On my fourth night in Kuta I ran into Pigbag's Simon Underwood and his girlfriend, singer Angela Jaeger. They had just come down from Ubud, where I was planning to go next morning. He was raving about Bali. He said he had found a music teacher, and that as soon as Pigbag's obligations were out of the way, he'd be coming back for a long stay. He confirmed that Ubud was a good place to go — telling me stories of all night jam sessions with Balinese families, of music everywhere. I was ready.

UBUD IS a village in the foothills of the mountains that rise over central Bali. You get there by bemo, the basic Bali form of public transport. Bemos are a sort of

HIGH!

Wija, the puppet master. The nearest thing Bali has to a pop star.

pick-up truck or van with benches along the sides for passengers. They are noisy, uncomfortable, cheap and convenient.

The town has a main street with a few shops and restaurants, a couple of side streets and footpaths. There is a meeting hall, some temples and, as everywhere in Bali, pavilions that are the meeting-halls of the *banjars;* two of these put on tourist shows every week.

Traditionally, music and dance performances go on in conjunction with temple festivals, which are free, and attended by everyone in the village, from the youngest children to the oldest grandparents.

Tourist shows in Bali aren't bad. They charge money, but the orchestras and dancers are always good, and they start on time. What you miss is the social context, the feeling of a party for everyone. Both tourist shows and temple festivals use the gamelan, the full orchestra of 30 musicians playing a variety of metal-percussion instruments, plus hand-held drums that resemble the Indian tabla, and one or two bamboo flutes. Gamelan is actually an Indonesian word; the Balinese refer to their orchestras as *gong,* and each one is named after the village or *banjar* it comes from.

The most numerous instrument in the gamelan are the different varieties of *gangsa,* lines of metal plates suspended over resonating bamboo tubes, and struck with a mallet. They are something like a xylophone or metallophone. There are also *reyong,* rows of metal pots, large suspended gongs for bass notes, and various kinds of cymbal. Musicians are supposed to train to play all the instruments of the gamelan, and know the music of the other types of orchestras as well.

Gamelan orchestras play polyphonic compositions, complex interweaving melodies, and one of the amazing things about them is the way everyone knows when to come in, without benefit of a written score. Another is the harmonic effect of all those differently-tuned metal keys combining — either clashing violently or merging delicately, something (a little bit) like Glenn Branca without the amplification.

The ranking tourist show of Bali has to be the Legong Dance put on every Saturday night in the village of Peliatan, just down the road from Ubud. Gong Peliatan have long been one of the main international representatives of Bali music. They went to Paris to play for the the 1931 Exposition. They toured America and Europe for six months in 1952, went to Australia in 1971, and to America and Mexico in May 1981. They are currently planning another tour of America and Europe for October of next year.

On Saturday night, coach loads of tourists from the Sanur and Kuta hotels are driven up to Peliatan for the show, which takes place inside a massive tent. Legong is a dance for pubescent girls, and depicts a sort of heavenly nymph, a divine archetype of beauty. The Peliatan dancers are exquisite, their movements both dramatic and delicate.

The music is delivered with a well-drilled technique; it rises and falls, ebbs and flows, with a seamless precision. But for all its technical accomplishment, it is almost *too* perfect, impressive but cold.

The village of Penestanan lies about three kilometres outside of Ubud. You get to it by a footpath that leads across fields of terraced rice paddies, up some steep hills, and finally into the village square. It's a dirt-poor farming village with no electricity and the nearest road a couple of kilometres away.

We got there late one afternoon, and had a meal at a foodstand in the square, opposite the *banjar* pavilion, which was being used as a playground by the local children. But as the sun set, the children cleared out and men began arriving carrying their instruments. Gong Penestanan was having a rehearsal.

The *banjar* building was lit by a single kerosine lamp suspended from the center of the ceiling, and the musicians spread out to either side of the light. They have been together two years, but the instruments have belonged to the *banjar* for 75.

Gong Penestanan amazed me. Their melodies were fluid and inventive, their playing was the most exuberant and spirited I had heard. The notes came in rippling tides from both sides of the pavilion. The men would look at each other, nod, change directions, go spiralling off onto melodic tangents, then return to the main theme. They played with a conviction and feverish intensity that I had missed in the tourist shows.

Out here in the middle of nowhere was this village of rice farmers, poor men who took such pride in their village orchestra that they made it sing.

ONE NIGHT there is a temple festival at Taman, another village adjacent to Ubud. Temple festivities celebrate the anniversary of the building of the temple, or of the time the gods first "came down" to occupy the shrines. This one begins with a procession led by an all-percussion marching orchestra, cymbals and gongs and drums of all sizes beating out a simple rhythm cycle, with the whole village following behind.

That night a mask dance *(topeng)* is performed in the public space just outside the temple. The area is filled with people dressed in their holiday best. Children are running and playing everywhere. An orchestra is playing in the *banjar* pavilion opposite the temple, and another one in the courtyard inside the temple walls.

Sometime around ten the mask dance begins. The characters are taken from the Ramayana, a Hindu epic. Each character is introduced with appropriate music from the orchestra, the drumming in particular being tied to their dance steps. Periodically the progress of the story is broken by the appearance of two clowns, who engage in a dialogue that the crowd finds hilarious. Everyone has a good time, but what gets me are the children, who watch the dancers and musicians with wide-eyed delight; you can imagine them thinking, That's what I want to do.

AFTER NINE days in Ubud I had seen many of the Bali arts — the Legong dance, the mask dance, the Ramayana dance, various sorts of orchestras. I hadn't seen the Monkey Dance *(kecak)* or the sexually suggestive dance of young girls called *jogged.* But what I most wanted to see was the shadow puppet play, the *wayang kulit.* Finally I heard that a *wayang* would be given in a small village called Binoh, not far from Kuta. Best of all, it was to be given by Wayan Wija, the most famous puppet master *(dalang)* in Bali.

The *wayang kulit* is not as well known outside the country as the gamelan and the dances that go with it. But to me the *wayang* is the most intriguing and powerful of the Balinese arts, the most hypnotically compelling, the most charged with magic.

In the *wayang* a canvas screen is stretched across the front of a stage. A bright flame burns behind the screen. The *dalang* sits behind the screen and manoeuvres puppets, intricately cut and painted pieces of leather, which cast shadows on the screen. Behind the *dalang* sits an orchestra of four instruments, the *gender wayang.* The puppets act out stories, taken from the Hindu epics the Mahabharata or the Ramayana. But each *dalang* changes the story and adds something of his own, especially by speaking through special clown characters who comment on the action.

It is an ancient art, with roots in pre-Hindu shamanist rituals used for communicating with the dead, in which the shadows of the puppets represented and magically transmitted the presence of dead souls. It may even be the best-loved of the Balinese arts. A *wayang* in even the most out-of-the-way village will attract a crowd of hundreds. It is a combination of television, cinema, magic ritual, religious education, political forum and moral teaching.

I had heard of Wija even before coming to Bali — he was on a list of people I was told to be sure to see. In Ubud I asked about him and was told he was indeed the most famous and popular of the *dalangs.* That made him the nearest thing Bali has to a pop star — a true culture hero.

Binoh turned out to be a small village in the hills outside of Denpasar. To get there we hired motorbikes with drivers. Our drivers clearly had their doubts as to whether a couple of tourists could possibly know what they were talking about when we said we were going to a *wayang.* Bali information being what it is, it wasn't until we pulled up to the *banjar* building in Binoh and saw the screen across the stage and a large crowd sitting waiting that we knew we had really found a *wayang.*

Sometime around 11 the flame was lit, and we heard the *dalang* begin the chants and blessings that signal the beginning of the show. The first puppet was an abstract shape. Held close to the screen it looked like a tree. Pulled back it began to flit around in the air like a butterfly.

Slowly, more puppets were added, some as vague shapes, some as distinct outlines. The play of light and shadows created a primeval landscape of the imagination, a movement of ghosts that could register in the mind as almost anything. I found myself pulled in by the flame and the movement of the puppets, the chanting of the *dalang,* the rich tones and suspended tempos of the music. I was literally spellbound.

From the side I could see that behind the screen a group of men and boys were sitting

CONTINUES PAGE 51

Sales start to increase

RECORD SALES are up this year compared with 1981, according to latest figures issued by the Department of Trade — not a lot, but any increase is welcome in these recessionary times. Figures for the first nine months of 1982 show that the average level of retail sales was 1½ per cent above the 1981 average — and in terms of actual prices, that represents an 8 per cent increase. And to show that the trend is continuing to improve, retail sales for the third quarter of this year were 2½ per cent up on the second quarter.

● Look no further for Mum's Christmas present than the 20-track album 'Greatest Love Songs' by **Nat King Cole**, released by Capitol next Monday (8). It's the follow-up to Cole's 'Twenty Golden Greats', which climbed high in the 1978 charts. A single from the LP 'Stardust' is out at the same time.

● **Robert Sacchi**, the Humphrey Bogart look-alike who's been seen in various TV commercials, now comes up with his first recording venture — a single titled 'Jungle Queen', issued on the Splash label this week.

● **The Piranhas**, whose current single 'Zambesi' has given them their first chart success since 'Tom Hark' in 1980, are now busy recording an album for release in January.

● 'In The Heat Of The Night' is the first official British release from Irish hard rock band **Mamas Boys**, who recently supported Joan Jett in Belfast and Dublin. It's on Ultra Noise Records, and they're gigging in the UK this month to promote it.

● Survival Records have signed **Play**, featuring the songwriting and vocals of Wayne Kennedy, and release their 12-inch EP 'Chasing The Sun' this week, with David Rome of Drinking Electricity guesting on guitar and keyboards. Distribution is by Pinnacle.

● Following the success of 'Happy Talk' comes another revival from the musical *South Pacific*, though this has a more authentic flavour — containing actual excerpts of Gamelan music and a street music scene, all recorded in Bali. It is 'Bali Ha'i' by a group called **Disconnection**, whose line-up is shrouded in secrecy for contractual reasons. It's issued this weekend by Y Records (through Rough Trade).

record NEWS

OAKEY RULES, OKAY?

THE HUMAN LEAGUE are back with their first new recordings for a year, a new single released by Virgin on November 12 in both 7" and 12", coupling "Mirror Man' and 'You Remind Me Of Gold'. Both titles were written by Phil Oakey, with Jo Callis co-operating on the A-side. Following their lengthy world tour, the band have been in the studio with producer Martin Rushent since September, and it's expected that their new album — the follow-up to the smash hit 'Dare' — will be issued early in the New Year.

EVELYN KING follows her Top Ten hit 'Love Come Down' with a new single issued by RCA this wekend — titled 'Back To Love', it's again culled from her album 'Get Loose'. The B-side is 'Shame', which provided her with a substantial hit four years ago. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

GREGORY ISAACS has a double album set called 'Lover's Rock' issued by Pre Records this weekend, as a prelude to his UK tour (reported last week). It comprises his two sets 'The Lonely Lover' and 'More Gregory', originally released in 1980 and 1981 respectively. All the songs were written, arranged and produced by Isaacs.

LIONEL RICHIE — best known as lead singer with The Commodores, and for his smash hit 'Endless Love' duet with Diana Ross — has his long-awaited debut solo album issued by Motown on November 15, with his name as its title. It's preceded this weekend by a single from the LP, 'Truly'/'Just Put Some Love In Your Heart'.

ROY HARPER — who bought himself out of his EMI contract for £17,000 because he "wasn't prepared to compromise and have his creativity destroyed" — unveils the result of his new-found freedon in the shape of the album 'Work Of Heart'. Harper co-produced it with David Lord, who was responsible for the recent Peter Gabriel LP, and saxist Dick Morrissey is among many featured musicians. A single from the album 'No-One Ever Gets Out Alive' is already on release. A full UK tour is being lined up for Harper, details to follow shortly.

TONY BANKS, keyboards player with Genesis, has been signed by Michael Winner to compose the score for his multi-million-dollar film *The Wicked Lady* — starring Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates. He'll be using a full 80-piece orchestra for the score, and a soundtrack album will be issued by Atlantic to coincide with the release of the movie next spring.

THE MOBILES are offering a special deal on their new single, already announced as 'You're Not Alone'/'Struth' for release this weekend by Rialto. It now becomes a three-pack single in a perspex envelope, also containing their two previous singles 'Drowning In Berlin' and 'Amour Amour', both in their original sleeves. So you buy one and get two free!

CHICAGO follow their Top Ten hit 'Hard To Say I'm Sorry' — their most successful single in the UK — with 'Love Me Tomorrow'. It's taken from their current album 'Chicago 16', and appears on the Full Moon label (through WEA) on November 12.

THE ASSOCIATES, currently said to be "resting from one another", have a new single issued by Fiction Records this weekend — 'A Matter Of Gender' coupled with 'Would I Bounce Back', both radically remixed versions of songs from their first album 'The Affectionate Punch', and the LP itself is to the re-released in remixed form later in the year. Billy Mackenzie, who's just released his first solo single 'Ice Cream Factory', is now working on a solo album — while Alan Rankine is writing material for a new Associates single, planned for the New Year.

● **Willie Hutch** — one of Motown's leading writers and producers of the '70s, who was responsible for many of the early Jackson 5 hits and Smokey Robinson's solo recordings — has returned to the label after a four-year gap and has his own single out this weekend. It is 'In And Out'/'Brothers Gonna Work It Out', available only as a 12-inch.

● The current **Robert Wyatt** single 'Shipbuilding', written by Elvis Costello and Clive Langer, is being made available as a 12-inch by Rough Trade from this weekend. And besides the regular B-side 'Memories Of You', there's a bonus track titled 'Round Midnight' which originally appeared on the *NME* Mighty Reel cassette.

● Guitarist **Lester Square** — who, as reported last week, has left The Monochrome Set — is currently working on a solo project which will be unveiled early in the New Year, as well as recording with The Native Hipsters. He's also been involved in the new Tony Potts film *The Green Man*, in which he plays the role of a consultant surgeon!

● Oxford-based band **Play Dead** release their third single this week on Jungle Records, titled 'Propaganda', with a dance mix of the same number on the B-side. And Leicester outfit **Rabid** have a four-track EP issued by Fall-Out Records featuring 'Crisis 82', 'Police Victim', 'Glory Of War' and 'Jubilee'. Distribution of both these releases is through Jungle.

● Lightbeat Records release the debut single by Blackpool five-piece **Zoo Boutique**, a double A-sider coupling 'Forgive And Forget' and 'Happy Families'. The first 5000 copies are pressed in clear vinyl, and a 12-inch version will be out shortly.

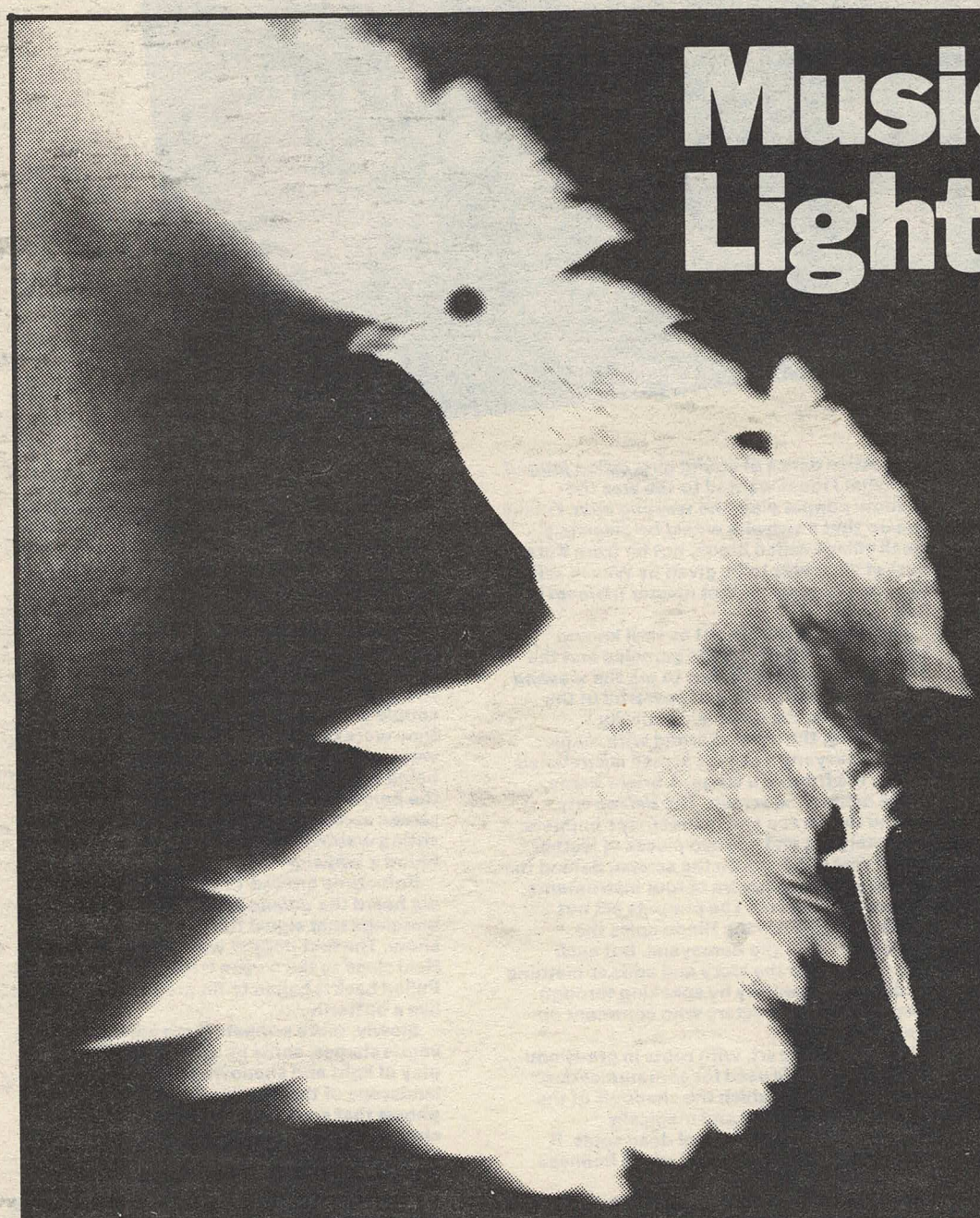
● 'Double Garage' is a single by San Francisco duo **Voice Farm** which resembles a Hitchcock movie set to music! It's tells of an adolescent dare which turns into a nightmare, and it's on the Alternative Tentacles label (through Stage One and Rough Trade).

● **Antisocial** have their second release on the Beat The System label, a subsidiary of Blackpool company Lightbeat Records — the single couples 'Too Many People' and 'Let's Have Some Fun'. An album follows in January.

● 'It's Not Unusual', the song which shot Tom Jones to fame in 1965, has been revived and re-vamped on a new Charisma single out this week. Appropriately, the artist is **Little Tom**, for whom it's his vinyl debut.

● **Weekend** have their new album 'La Variete' issued by Rough Trade on November 15, and you may have seen them previewing a couple of tracks on *Old Grey Whistle Test* last week. A 12-inch version of their current single 'Drumbeat For Baby' is available from this week, with a different B-side titled 'Weekend Off'.

TOYAH's double live album 'Warrior Rock' is released this week by Safari — it's a compilation of 15 of her best known and most successful songs, recorded during the course of her last British tour earlier this year. And her current single 'Be Proud, Be Loud' is being made available from this week in picture disc form.



Music For Pleasure. Light.

NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE ON
7" POSP 533 LIGHT/MALEFICE
12" POSPX 533 LIGHT (Extended)/NOSTALGIA
Both versions in Limited Edition Bag

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
on tour with TALK TALK

November 4 LIVERPOOL Royal Court
November 5 SHEFFIELD Lyceum
November 6 SHEFFIELD University (without Talk Talk)
November 9 WARWICK Arts Theatre
November 10 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
November 12 NORWICH University of East Anglia
November 13 LOUGHBOROUGH University
November 14 POOLE Arts Centre
November 15 CARDIFF University
November 16 READING University
November 17 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
November 18 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
November 19 LONDON Dominion
November 20 AYLESBURY Friars
November 22 BANGOR University
November 23 MANCHESTER Apollo
November 27 BATLEY Club 70 (without Talk Talk)

polydor
Music for Pleasure's first Album INTO THE RAIN is now available AT A SPECIAL LOW PRICE on Record and Cassette
"MUSIC FOR PLEASURE STRIKE AT THE HEART OF INSPIRATION" — Sounds (9.10.82)

WOOLWORTH
And Woolco

"From the makers of..." Status Quo

WOOLWORTH RECORD BLITZ – the best choice of records and tapes at super low prices.

BLITZ PRICE £8.99 3 LP's or 2 TAPES

BLITZ PRICE £10.99 SPECIAL METAL BOX SET

	BLITZ PRICE LP OR TAPE
ABC/The Lexicon of Love	£4.29
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS/ Too-Rye-Ay	£4.29
PETER GABRIEL/Peter Gabriel 4	£4.49
LEVEL 42/ The Pursuit of Accident's	£4.79
THE STEVE MILLER BAND/ Abracadabra	£4.49
RUSH/Signals	£4.49
ROXY MUSIC/Avalon	£4.79
THE WHO/It's Hard	£4.49

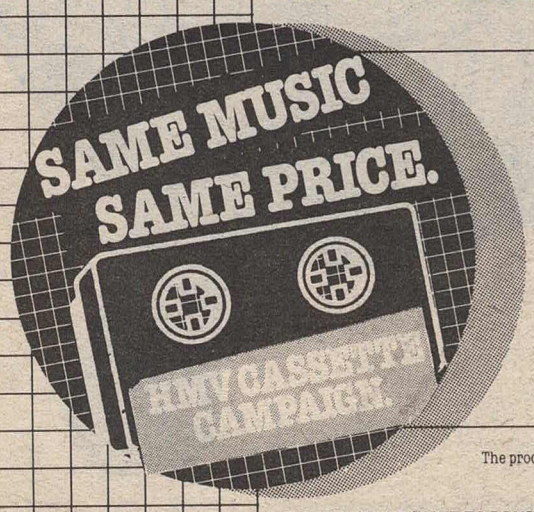
Items subject to availability. Price and availability of advertised products may be different in Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. All Blitz Prices shown are below supplier's suggested prices.

THESE PRICES SOUND GOOD ON RECORD

		PREVIOUS HMV PRICE	HMV OFFER PRICE
Altered Images	Pinky Blue	£5.29	**£3.49**
Asia	Asia	£5.29	**£3.79**
Boston	Boston	£2.99	**£2.29**
Byrds	Original Singles	£2.99	**£2.29**
The Clash	The Clash	£5.29	**£3.49**
The Clash	London Calling (dbl)	£5.29	**£3.49**
The Clash	Sandinista (tpl)	£5.99	**£4.49**
Leonard Cohen	Songs From a Room	£2.99	**£2.29**
Leonard Cohen	Greatest Hits	£5.29	**£3.49**
Bob Dylan	Blonde on Blonde (dbl)	£4.99	**£3.49**
Bob Dylan	The Times They Are A Changin'	£2.99	**£2.29**
Bob Dylan	Greatest Hits	£5.29	**£3.49**
Fleetwood Mac	Greatest Hits	£5.29	**£3.49**
Janis Ian	Between the Lines	£5.29	**£3.49**
Michael Jackson	Off the Wall	£5.29	**£3.49**
Billy Joel	Streetlife Serenade	£2.99	**£2.29**
Billy Joel	The Stranger	£5.29	**£3.49**
Billy Joel	52nd Street	£5.29	**£3.49**
Journey	Escape	£5.29	**£3.49**
Meat Loaf	Bat Out of Hell	£5.29	**£3.79**
Meat Loaf	Dead Ringer	£5.29	**£3.79**
REO Speedwagon	Hi Infidelity		

& EVEN BETTER ON TAPE.

Bruce Springsteen	Born to Run	£5.29	**£3.49**
Meat Loaf	Dead Ringer	£5.29	**£3.79**
REO Speedwagon	Hi Infidelity	£5.29	**£3.49**
Santana	Abraxas	£2.99	**£2.29**
Santana	Moonflower (dbl)	£7.49	**£4.99**
Simon & Garfunkel	Sounds of Silence	£2.99	**£2.29**
Bruce Springsteen	Born to Run	£5.29	**£3.49**
Bruce Springsteen	Darkness on the Edge...	£5.29	**£3.49**
Bruce Springsteen	The River (dbl)	£7.49	**£4.99**
War of the Worlds	(dbl)	£7.49	**£5.49**



We've taken hundreds of top CBS albums and cut their prices. Not just on the record versions, but on cassettes too.

In fact, you'll find the tapes are exactly the same low price as the records.

Because we don't see why the same music shouldn't always be the same price, whatever it's on. CBS specials on record and tape. From only £2.29 at The HMV Shop.

the HMV shop

The product on offer may not have been sold for 28 days in the last six months at the previous HMV selling price shown.
All offers subject to availability.

363 OXFORD ST. (NEXT TO BOND ST. TUBE) TEL: 629 1240. BEDFORD: SILVER ST. TEL: 211354. **BIRMINGHAM:** NEW ST. TEL: 643 7029. **BOLTON:** EXCHANGE ST. TEL: 394934. **BRADFORD:** CHEAPSIDE TEL: 72882. **BRIGHTON:** CHURCHILL SQUARE TEL: 29060. **BRISTOL:** BROADMEAD TEL: 297467. **COVENTRY:** HERTFORD ST. TEL: 21001. **DERBY:** ST. PETERS ST. TEL: 364700. **EDINBURGH:** ST. JAMES CENTRE TEL: 556 1236. **ENFIELD:** CHURCH ST. TEL: 363 0184. **EXETER:** GUILDHALL SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 35804. **GLASGOW:** UNION ST. TEL: 221 1850. **GLOUCESTER:** KINGS WALK TEL: 32231. **HULL:** WHITEFRIARGATE TEL: 226160. **LEEDS:** TRINITY ST. TEL: 435598. **LEICESTER:** HAYMARKET CENTRE TEL: 537232. **LEWISHAM:** RIVERDALE TEL: 852 3449. **LIVERPOOL:** LORD ST. TEL: 708 8855. **LUTON:** ARNDALE CENTRE TEL: 35290. **MANCHESTER:** MARKET ST. TEL: 834 9920. **NEWCASTLE:** NORTHUMBERLAND ST. TEL: 327470. **NORWICH:** (IN TOP SHOP) HAYMARKET TEL: 25490. **NOTTINGHAM:** BROADMARSH CENTRE TEL: 52841. **NOTTING HILL GATE:** NOTTING HILL GATE TEL: 229 1476. **OLDHAM:** TOWN SQUARE SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 6337332. **PLYMOUTH:** NEW GEORGE ST. TEL: 20067. **PORTSMOUTH:** COMMERCIAL RD. TEL: 29678. **SHEFFIELD:** PINSTONE ST. TEL: 751445. **SOUTHAMPTON:** BARGATE TEL: 32654. **STRATFORD:** BROADWAY TEL: 555 0312. **STOCKTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 66174. **SUNDERLAND:** HIGH STREET WEST TEL: 41267. **SUTTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 6420084. **SWANSEA:** THE QUADRANT CENTRE TEL: 462094. **WOLVERHAMPTON:** THE GALLERY, MANDER SQUARE TEL: 29978.

LIVE!

A COCKROACH ON A DUNGHEAP

ADAM ANT

Glasgow Apollo

"WELL HELLO Adam, where you been? / I said stand aside cos I'm feeling mean."

Since 'Dog Eat Dog' the dazzlingly simple brilliance of a bold slash of white paint, the Ant phenomenon has been garishly documented, chapter by chapter on video tape.

But what's lurking in the dark recesses of the wardrobe now that Robin has given his merry men their marching orders: friend or foe? The shabby Apollo Theatre creaks and quivers in anticipation to the glittering sounds of '70s glam, tortured flash on the tall stage: Ant fans formed in the aisles, boasting the occasional allegiance to assorted flavours, black velvet and gold braid, shiny buttons, a swash here, a buckle there.

Of course, the vast majority clearly belong to that right soft-boned market — eagerly trading pocket money for product. And younger still: perched on the shoulders of indulgent big brothers, weans on piggy back.

All saints in Glasgow. The Hallowe'en witches are in hiding and dandy Adam is in town.

Flicking through a borrowed glossy programme I'm glad to see the kids are getting their two quids' worth — the star signs of the backing band (ex-Q Tips and Fingerprintz) and photos of Adam, Adam with Bryan (Ferry), Adam with Prince Charles (Charming!).

Alice (Cooper) snarls *"We've got no principles / And we've got no innocence"*, and over this comes shrill chant of "We want Adam!" But he's probably still in a Holiday Inn jacuzzi, musing on mild nobility and what can he plunder from the props department.

The daring flock to the front as the band strikes up and the spotlight shines on the Ant, who's sporting his well-worn mid-riff and leather number. The anonymous new crew (looking plain stupid in vertical stripes) are uniformly flabby. Besides providing a competent reliable canvas for Adam's self portrait, the brass section contributes tacky Showaddywaddy dance numbers. Good all rounders.

Strapping on a guitar, Adam leaps around the stage with all the elegance of an agitated cockroach on heat. Maybe he's jealous of all the masks, but removing them has highlighted fundamental blemishes in his own make-up; not least an overwhelming self-obsession and lack of humour.

More than just a shade too white, and ultimately redundant. A hardy perennial perhaps, but growing on a dungheap nevertheless.

Do us all a favour, Adam: Bow out.

Kirsty McNeill

THE PRIDE AND THE PROTEST

Still angry after all these years. Graham Lock reports.

Don Cherry . . . tenderly eloquent. Pic David Corio

ARCHIE SHEPP QUARTET

100 Club, Central London

LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA

Venue, Victoria

JAZZ HAS always been a music of black protest and black pride, though even in this context — of 'Strange Fruit' and 'The Freedom Suite', Duke Ellington and Charles Mingus — the New Jazz musicians of the '60s were unusually outspoken in their espousal of radical politics — none more so than Archie Shepp, who outraged the white jazz establishment by likening the function of his saxophone to that of a Viet Cong machine-gun.

At his recent London gigs Shepp proved he has lost none of his political passion. Jinking around the tiny 100 Club stage, he followed a long, ferocious soprano sax wail with the anguished cry *"Malcolm is dead / And every flower is still"*. He went on to deliver his 'Poems For Malcolm', an incantatory rap on black power, in spellbinding style.

This was vintage Shepp, mixing fierce, squally tenor runs with the sweet, brusque drawl of romantic ballads. His quartet — Sante Debriano (bass), Kenny Werner (piano) and the flashily impressive Marvin Smith (drums) — kicked up all the appropriate storms behind their leader, and Shepp closed with electrifying tributes to Charlie Parker and John Coltrane.

Like Shepp's recent recordings — three LPs of Charlie Parker tunes, two of blues and gospel music — these tributes celebrate the black heritage as a repository of social and musical values: their reclamation is his latest political act.

A similar kind of reclamation sparks Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, who use folk tunes and political songs "from oppressed people all over the world" to make their sombre affirmations of dignity and human rights.

Their London appearance, coming less than a week after Shepp's, further evoked the ghosts of '60s protest.

The first LMO came together in 1969 and made a single LP which, wrote leader and bassist Haden, was

Continues over

TAKING LIBERTIES

WYNTON MARSALIS QUINTET

Ronnie Scotts, Soho

MARSALIS returns!

If the early summer visit of Wynton Marsalis, the prodigious new jazz trumpet talent, was marked by an air of detached critical observation, his present reappearance on these shores, culminating in a week's stint at Ronnie Scotts, conjures up an air of subdued hero worship.

While his previous audience were breath bated, almost not daring to hope that the news could be that good, today's rowdy punters, relieved that all their expectations had been soundly confirmed, were bent on relaxed revelry.

It doesn't matter that Wynton and his exemplary companions were probably a good deal better on their maiden visit — my Friday night sample featuring possibly more fluffed flurries than usual — even average Marsalis is a joy, a sound for sore ears.

Instead of the nervous curtness that had so marked (marred?) the earlier trip the leader was now chatty and jokey, more prepared to play crowd pleasers and take liberties. Some initial expeditions into tightly concocted melodic cascades gave way to Marsalis rewarding our attention by treating us to the gorgeous purity of 'Sister Cheryl'.

Drummer Jeff Watts once again proved effortlessly impressive, alternating between almost cursory, throw away ride and snare details, and an emphatic flailing climactic power.

Whether his pure (traditional) jazz has the ability to attract vital young support — Marsalis eschews funk and fusion with scarcely disguised derision — remains questionable.

His harsh words to A Colleague concerning populist musics and oft admired musicians betray an unwillingness to compromise that might keep the doors to a broader crossover tightly shut. Pity, 'cos Wynton Marsalis plays a pretty good trumpet — that's all that counts.

Graham K Smith

RAGE ON DEMAND

KING TRIGGER

The Venue, Victoria

THERE'S NOTHING that's actually *disgusting* about King Trigger, nothing too annoying to be cured by a couple of custard pies.

What they basically are is nothing more or less than a rattling, clattering, modern day sweat-band and percussion combo.

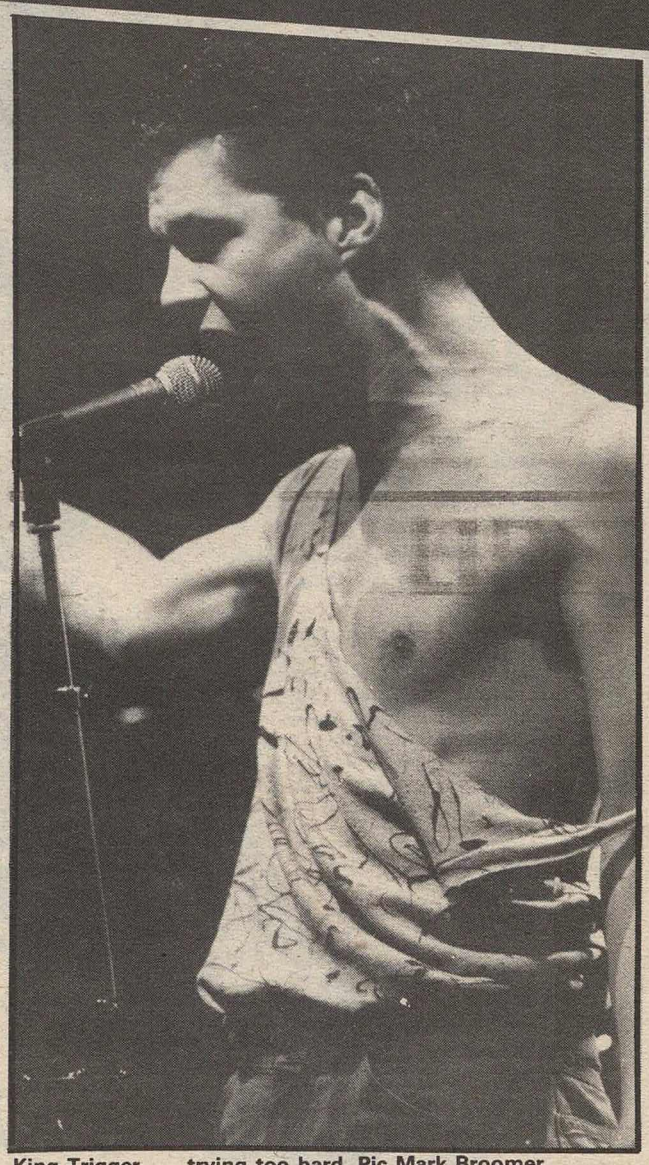
The aim is to induce a rare old hyperactive state by playing with rabid intensity and jabbering the outlines of suitably matching scenarios.

I'm ready to be persuaded that somewhere, hidden in all the steam, lies something more substantial. But that's just speculation, and what we're dealing with is one-off live impressions.

For King Trigger to hit the mark, they've got to catch you unawares. No-one can work themselves into a primal lather on demand. And because King Trigger's target is telegraphed in advance, nothing is actually stirred. They try a bit too hard.

Everything is taken counter-productively fast. Their double drum kit set-up batters forth an avalanche of noise. The poor, swamped bass battles to keep abreast, the scratched guitar adds yet one more staccato layer, and the whole ultimately subsides into consecutive grapeshots of sheer frenetic racket.

Dave Hill



King Trigger . . . trying too hard. Pic Mark Broomer

LIVE! BOB'S 'BILLY BOPS BEST

From previous page

"dedicated to creating a better world; a world without war and killing, without racism, without poverty and exploitation".

Introducing the new line-up at the Venue, Haden cited El Salvador, the nuclear threat and "what's happening in the US, and in the rest of the world because of the vested interests of the US government" as reasons for the band's revival.

This latest 12-piece LMO retains a core of six founder members, including Haden and pianist / arranger Carla Bley, and draws heavily on its original musical format.

To begin with, on the newer material, it came across as too formal; but the second set righted this with bright, bold reworkings of the LP themes and a stunning series of solos, notably from Don Cherry's tenderly eloquent cornet and the brash, rampant trombone of Gary Valente.

Though the music's earnestness grew a little wearing, its potent blend of poignancy and anger could have left few people unmoved.

In 1965, Archie Shepp wrote of offering his hand to the victims of "war, disease, poverty", wherever they might be. These two gigs renewed that commitment, and gave hope that jazz will continue to live up to Shepp's description of it as "a symbol of the triumph of the human spirit." In that sense, his saxophone does share the function of a Viet Cong machine-gun or a SWAPO rifle.

Graham Lock

ROBERT GORDON

New York

ATTEMPTING TO sample as many New York niteries as time and finance would allow, I went to the Lone Star Cafe.

Supposedly a home from home for all expatriate southerners I was expecting wall to wall cowboys and a tearjerking country soundtrack. What I got was a homely bar ambience, but the punters were standard NY fare. Robert Gordon was promenading his particular brand of 'billy on the boards. The Lone Star, reminiscent in the sweaty atmosphere of the long lost Nashville Rooms, must be the ideal venue for Gordon. The club has a cramped, low stage which demands audience participation and suits his relaxed banter.

Gordon, backed by the sure-fingered casual guitar of Chris Spedding and a couple of slick yankee diehards, has nothing to prove. His material boasts a tried and tested strength, and his voice proved a revelation — surer and sharper than any of his contemporaries, including Shaky!

It was good time music insofar as it entertained without the slightest hint of pretension. It may be nostalgic but Gordon effortlessly avoids the tedium so many po-faced revivalists invariably succumb to.

Spedding, although appearing distinctly pop-eyed and deranged ran through his vast backlog of chunking chords and riffs with an ease that cocked a snook at the wealthy guitarists who have listened and copied.

A clutch of good tunes, including 'Red Hot', 'Way I Walk', and 'Fire' — played with graceful taste — were all gloriously old fashioned.

Graham K Smith

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

Leeds Warehouse

THE return to high profile of Music For Pleasure should have been a celebratory affair. From their earliest days MFP have always perversely insisted on injecting a bit of grit into the syrup of the electronic sound. Now returning with major clout they promised great things.

But nothing happened!

The band tried to bring some abrasion to the occasion — kicking away like crazy but their force was stopped by a thick wall of fuzz. Yes, it's that age old stain on the rich tapestry of rock and roll — the duff PA.

At their full soar Music For Pleasure can strip down The Doors junky beat to the source in an act of delightful destruction. The vocalist flirts with the Jim Morrison, Brian Jones decadent dance but with a healthy sneer of disrespect, while a slickly handled bass slams through the keyboard flow.

There was the odd dedicated hand-down hedonist, determined to enjoy himself at the expense of the drinks. But heated reaction was never on the cards and the band left the stage amidst a storm of apathy.

Another night in another place, Music For Pleasure will probably burn. In this instance, though, the pleasures remained unknown.

Don Watson

Mari

Pic. David Corio

THE EARTH MOVED

MARI WILSON AND THE WILSATIONS

THE SWINGING LAURELS

Hammersmith Palais, London

IN AN evening dedicated to fun the party spirit wasn't universally infectious, but for some of us the earth moved.

The Swinging Laurels looked a promising support, but by the end of the set toes were tapping more out of duty than inclination. Cheeky chappy grins and wise-cracking banter seems inadequate compensation for their musical shortcomings.

Curiously, their shades, black leather and berets put me in mind of Suicide. Likewise their dense, overpowering synthetic bop resembled Martin Rev's sinister machinations. Laid over this, one or two saxes blasted away, and a man with a very strange beard had a respectable shot at impersonating Spandau Ballet's Tony Hadley.

Maybe their records reveal strengths and subtleties, but live they contrive to sound both stodgy and harsh — and exceedingly hollow.

All was made up for by Mari Wilson and a stage bursting with Wilsations, Marines, Marionettes, and Prawn Cocktails. They put on a show comparable to Kid Creole and the Coconuts. And as with that troupe they not only parody the thing they love, but are also its brilliant exponents.

Hank B Hive is a terrifying vulgar MC, one part panto rabble-rouser, other part Las Vegas supperclub sadist. Everyone is tricked out in glamour and sophistication.

And the regal figure of Mari Wilson herself models a succession of fabulous creations, a new one with each of her several Grand Entrances. And when she opens her mouth she lifts the whole proceedings. On one level it's a cheerfully witty exercise in style and strangecraft, but on another it captures the very essence of classic Motown.

Teddy Johns aka Tot Taylor may pose as Tin Pan Alley workaholic, churning out formularised trivialities, but his songs for Mari transcend pastiche to achieve a moving grandeur.

For instance 'Beat The Beat' (complete with West Side Story spoof choreography) is an authentic celebration of yearning, innocence and excitement.

But best of all was an exquisite version of Bacharach and David's 'Are You There (With Another Girl)'. That and her celebrated rendition of Julie London's 'Cry Me A River' display what a powerful and subtle singer she is.

Add her evident poise, humour and homely good nature, and Mari achieves a rare combination of stellar talent and sheer likeability.

Whether the current show format and stylistic preoccupations will bear much repetition I doubt (and something must be done about the ham-fisted drumming), but I suspect Mari is capable of even greater things.

Mat Snow

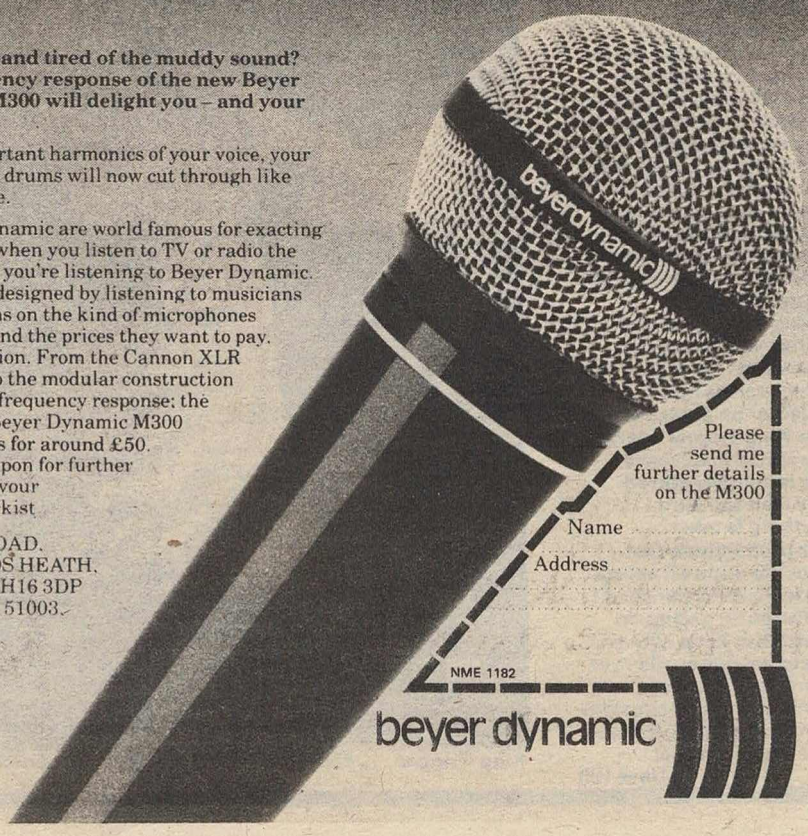
The Sound of a Beyer Dynamic for the Price of a *Shhh . . !* you know who...

Is your band tired of the muddy sound? The frequency response of the new Beyer Dynamic M300 will delight you – and your audience.

The important harmonics of your voice, your guitar, your drums will now cut through like never before.

Beyer Dynamic are world famous for exacting standards, when you listen to TV or radio the chances are you're listening to Beyer Dynamic. The M300, designed by listening to musicians own opinions on the kind of microphones they want and the prices they want to pay, is no exception. From the Cannon XLR connector to the modular construction and superb frequency response; the sound of a Beyer Dynamic M300 can be yours for around £50. Clip the coupon for further details and your nearest stockist.

1 CLAIR ROAD,
HAYWARDS HEATH,
SUSSEX, RH16 3DP
Tel: (04444) 51003.



Please send me further details on the M300

Name .....

Address .....

.....

NME 1182

beyer dynamic

Contemporary Music Network

Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

National tour

STEVE LACY SEXTET

Steve Lacy **soprano saxophone,** Steve Potts **alto saxophone,** Irene Aebi **voice, violin, cello,** Jean-Jacques Avenel **bass,** Bobby Few **piano,** Oliver Johnson **drums**

KEITH TIPPETT **solo piano**

November
Sun 7 LONDON, Round House 7.30pm
Thu 11 LEICESTER, Phoenix Arts 8pm
Fri 12 LLANTWIT MAJOR, St Donat's Arts Centre 8pm
Sat 13 BRISTOL, Arnolfini 8pm
Sun 14 SHEFFIELD, Crucible Theatre 7.30pm
Tue 16 NEWCASTLE, Corner House Hotel, Heaton 8pm
Wed 17 DARLINGTON Arts Centre 8pm
Thu 18 MANCHESTER, Band on the Wall 9pm
Fri 19 LEEDS Playhouse 11.15pm
Sat 20 KENDAL, Brewery Arts Centre 8.30pm
Sun 21 BIRMINGHAM, Strathallan Hotel 8pm
Mon 22 COVENTRY, Warwick U. Arts Centre 7.30pm

LET BATTLE COMMENCE.

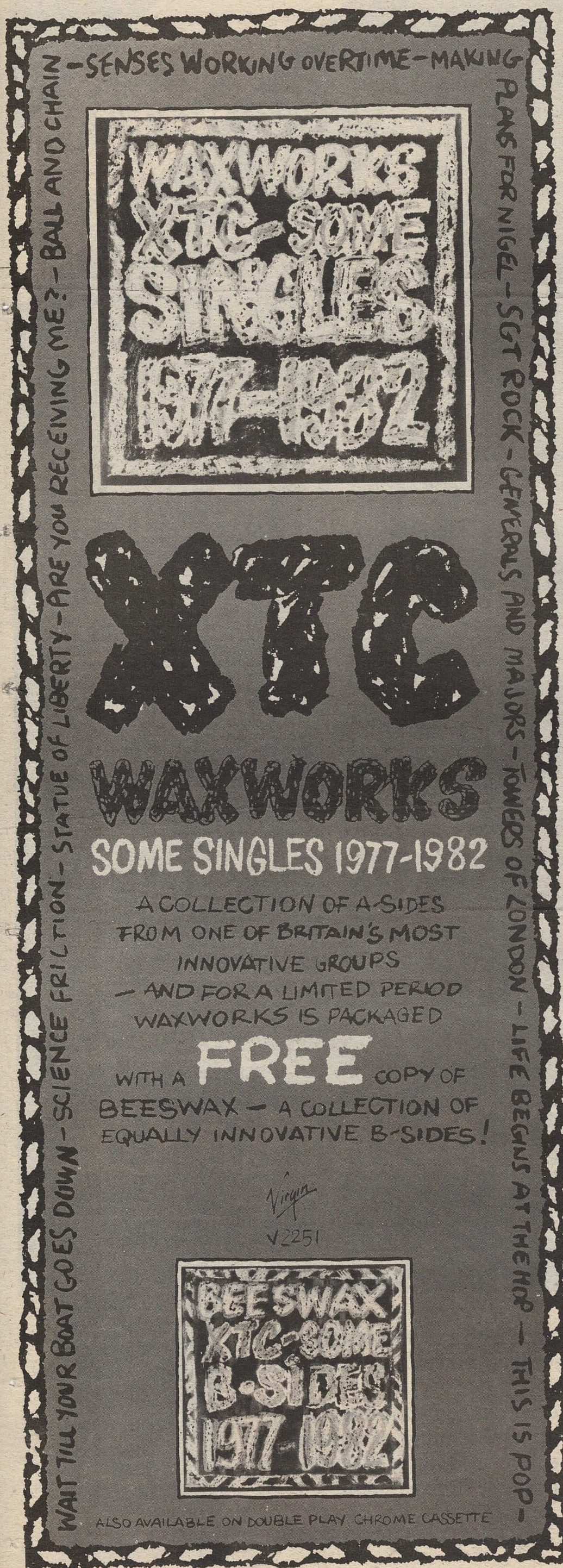
The TDK Battle of the Bands is about to commence with a record number of bands trying to play their way through to the finals which will be televised to an audience of millions next Spring.

As sponsors of this year's competition we are overwhelmed by the huge entry and excited to be able to offer a stage for so many new groups and so much new music.

Everyone who comes to the concerts will receive, free, a TDK AD cassette, and at every heat you'll have the chance to win a super AKAI portable stereo system.

See you there.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.


-SENSES WORKING OVERTIME-MAKING
WAXWORKS XTC SOME SINGLES 1977-1982
YOU RECEIVING ME?-BALL AND CHAIN
PLANS FOR NIGEL-SGT ROCK-GENERALS AND MAJORS-TOWERS OF LONDON-LIFE BEGINS AT THE HOP — THIS IS POP-
CE FRICTION-STATUE OF LIBERTY-ARE YOU
XTC
WAXWORKS
SOME SINGLES 1977-1982
A COLLECTION OF A-SIDES
FROM ONE OF BRITAIN'S MOST
INNOVATIVE GROUPS
— AND FOR A LIMITED PERIOD
WAXWORKS IS PACKAGED
WITH A FREE COPY OF
BEESWAX — A COLLECTION OF
EQUALLY INNOVATIVE B-SIDES!
Virgin
V2251
BEESWAX XTC-SOME B-SIDES 1977-1982
WAIT TILL YOUR BOAT GOES DOWN-SCIENCE
ALSO AVAILABLE ON DOUBLE PLAY CHROME CASSETTE

THE SOULFUL & THE SUBLIME

VAN MORRISON

Dublin

1982 HAS been quite a year for Van Morrison. He released 'Beautiful Vision' his best LP for several years, recorded its follow-up 'Soul Music' and assembled a group as colourful and expansive as his Caledonian Soul Orchestra of the early '70s.

Morrison wasted time trying to slot into the rock hierarchy in the late '70s. On the touring treadmill he became tetchy, exhausted and delivered well below par shows. But he's now found his bearings away from the image and media tomfoolery of peers like Neil Young and Bob Dylan and works where he can concentrate on pure, straightforward singing and music.

His present line-up — fine and rich, hot and tight, sassy and jazzy, anyway you like 'em — is a potent re-evaluation of the soul tradition and his own history.

One of the most refreshing aspects of the show was the sax/trumpet duo of Pee Wee Ellis and Mark Ishram. Ellis' short imaginative sax pieces made him a centre of attention and together they bring Morrison's irreprochable talent as a horn arranger to exciting and challenging heights.

With two drummers, two pianos and three girl singers the group is akin to an older, wiser version of James Brown's Famous Flames. His slow burning raps, bluesy wailing and the bejewelled intensity of the show as a whole meant the passion play of the old soul tradition was never far from the surface.

This particular show wasn't the most outstanding of the seven I've seen him perform this year, the pacing was slightly awry coming in fits and starts rather than launching into a rhythmic stride. But Morrison's present set is so good even his substandard shows eat up most other people's for dinner.

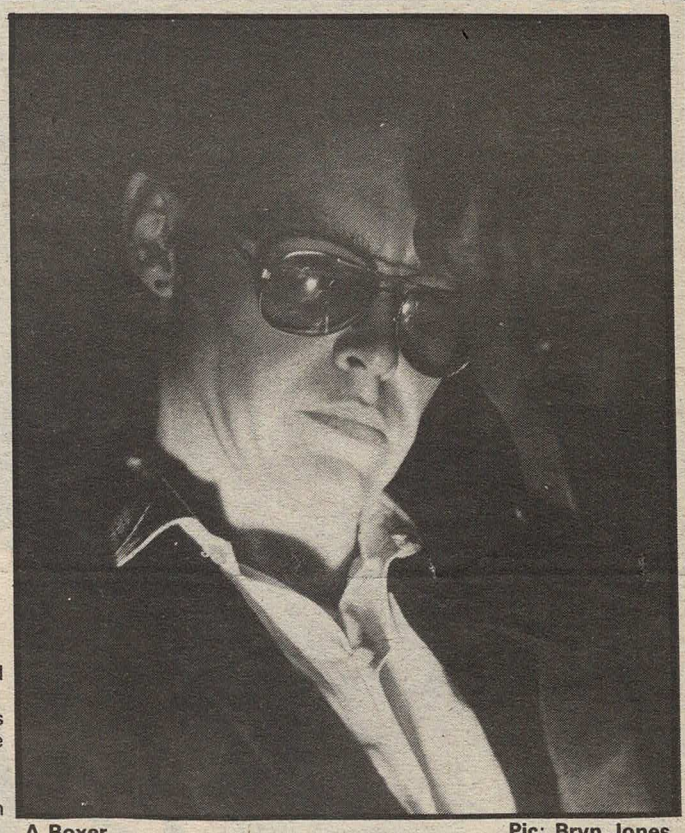
Beginning with the impeccable 'Into The Mystic' then on to the scintillating rhythms of 'Dweller On The Threshold' and the chilling emotional exposition of 'It's All In The Game' — a classic Morrison performance which makes you melt with its delicious aching shudders and leaving you drained and exhulted after its climatic crescendo.

There was only one blind spot the flaccid 'Beautiful Vision' title track with Chris Mitchie exhuming the ghost of Bobby Tench. But Morrison was back with some great harp on 'Help Me', a marvellous duet with Ellis' sax on 'Summertime In England'. He stormed through the great songs from 'Beautiful Vision' singing about the falsity of religion on 'Aryan Mist' but simultaneously celebrating spiritual release with a music and a voice that was bathed in sanctity and joy.

Towards the end as he went through about four or five encores it was getting like a party — all the old truculence was gone and Morrison was enjoying it as much as his audience. 'Tupelo Honey' was gorgeous his voice bristling, crucifying the listener.

And when he left the stage for the last time with the shattering, tumultuous 'Cypress Avenue' there could be no question . . . Morrison is a great soul singer. Even after 20-odd years as a performer he has the power to shake you and break you. He's never let the spirit die.

Gavin Martin



A Boxer **Pic: Bryn Jones**

CHAOS & FREEDOM ON THE BOX

THE BOX

The Fridge, Brixton

IT'S BEEN a good week. First there was Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, offering one of the most powerful expressions of confusion and sadness that I have ever heard, and then there was The Box, playing to a fraction of an audience at Brixton's aptly named Fridge.

After a period of silence, and the search for a suitable singer, it's a relief to see The Box are still stretching, pushing and fighting. If anything, since their date at Heaven back in April, their teeth have become sharper. The songs, which were perhaps slightly diluted by Heaven now appear as even more violent two minute punches and kicks.

The Box's power lies somewhere between repetition and chaos — between Roger Quail and Terry Todd's athletic drums and bass and Paul Widger's spiral scratching guitar. It lies in Charlie Collins' twisted saxophone and in Peter Hope's screaming and shouting.

The word which seemed to recur throughout The Box's set was 'pressure'. A pressure that pushes constantly against the walls of their particular prison.

The Box hurt. And after some of the soma that we've had to swallow in recent months it feels good to be hurt, good to feel again the surge of adrenalin through the body.

The Box produce that wild, spinning freedom that was found in 'She's Beyond Good Or Evil', the rush you felt in 'Anarchy In The UK', even something of the frenzy of 'Free Jazz'.

Do they really live up to such comparisons? I think they do.

In late 1982, The Box represent a choice that has been neglected recently.

Marcus Boon

DIONNE WARWICK

Apollo, Victoria

HER HAIR is silvery-grey now, and her voice has deepened a little with the years, but Dionne Warwick remains a performer of impeccable artistry.

This was a night of quiet surprises. Dispensing with the usual soul star razzamatazz, she strode on as the curtain went up, and began to sing: no introductory band workouts, no sycophantic MC, hardly even a stage act. Mostly, she just stood, or sat, midstage and held the audience spellbound with the sheer quality of her voice.

Though she comes from a Church background, she has none of Aretha's gospelling fervour: Dionne's is a lighter touch, breathy, flawless, restrained, perfectly-suited to those soul-tinged pop ballads of Bacharach and David's that she took into the charts again and again throughout the '60s.

Tonight the hits come in a marathon medley — 23 songs in 30 minutes: a horrendous idea, yet she makes it work, leading the band through the changes herself, delicately avoiding the high notes but for a few full-stretch climaxes, a dazzling display of musical skill and stylishness.

Even the songs from her new LP, dreadfully overproduced by Barry Gibb, acquire a quiet intimacy they lack on record. The keynote is casual assurance, through to the dry wit of her duet with a taped Johnny Mathis and her frequent but gentle joshing of the audience.

Dionne Warwick was pure class, and gracious with it. A great singer, a true star.

Graham Lock

GO FUNDAMENTAL

101 Club, Clapham

DEEP in the dark, teeming heart of London's unfashionable South something stirs.

Go Fundamental are a trio of phoney colonialists in khaki costumes. Steve Van Deller, Glenn Skinner and Neil Brockbank dress up the stage like Kitchener's canvas quarters, then subtly, stealthily take the piss.

Their sound is a delightful amalgam of equatorial pulse beat and swing, built from pre-recorded effects, guitar, bass, basic drums and artificial rhythm.

The songs include steamy chants about Zero Options and atomic terror. But there isn't a pulpit in sight, thank God.

Light, bright comedians with a lurking, darker edge, Go Fundamental are here to help us handle the terrible threat. There's a wealth of parody and an unlaboured silliness about them which, coupled with imagination and real tunes, make them a small but distinctive pleasure.

Dave Hill

WHICH STUDIO?

Get
THE LONDON RECORDING STUDIO GUIDE
@ £2.40

"For every musician"
Charlie Gillett, Oval Records

THE FREAK BROTHERS

The Latest FREAK BROTHERS COMIC No 7	£1.20
FREAK BROTHERS No's 1 & 2 each	£1.00
FREAK BROTHERS No's 3, 4, 5, & 6 each	£1.10
FAT FREDDYS CAT No's 2, 3, 4, 5 each	75p
THOROUGHLY RIPPED Full Colour	£5.50

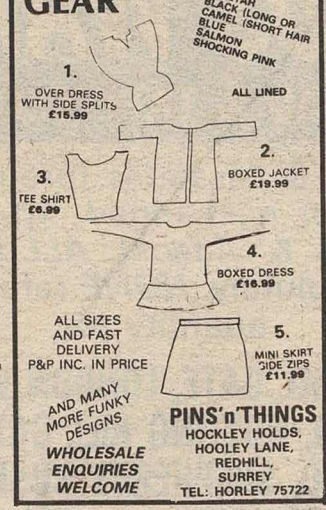
THE BEST OF NEW TITLES

THE ESSENTIAL BIFF Very funny	£3.50
THE HEADS: Koffie shop guide two Amsterdam	90p
ZIPPY 1983 CALENDAR with mask	£4.00
MIRACULOUS CIRCUMSTANCES No 2	80p
ROLLING STONES (photo program '82)	£2.40
KNOCKABOUT No's 1, 2, & 3 each	90p
LAZARUS LAMB: Adventures of	£2.00

All prices inc P & P
If you just want a catatlogue please send SAE, We'll fill it with Obscene Disgusting Garbage
ADULTS ONLY
Dept N,
KNOCKABOUT COMICS,
249 KENSAL ROAD,
LONDON W10

FUNKY GEAR

COLOURS OF FUNKY FUR:
TIGER
CHEETAH
BLACK (LONG OR SHORT HAIR)
CAMEL
BLUE
SALMON
SHOCKING PINK



ALL SIZES AND FAST DELIVERY P&P INC. IN PRICE

AND MANY MORE FUNKY DESIGNS

WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

PINS'n'THINGS
HOCKLEY HOLDS,
HOOLEY LANE,
REDHILL,
SURREY
TEL: HORLEY 75722

CHEESECLOTH KURTA only £3.00 + 40p p&p.
A White natural cheesecloth Kurta with same colour embroidery. Chest sizes 26" to 40". Hers 28" to 42" bust. Please state your chest/bust measurement.
COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA £3.10 + 40p p&p.
A White natural cheesecloth with two coloured embroidery. His 28" to 44" chest. Hers 28" to 44". Please state your chest/bust.
COLOURED CHEESECLOTH KURTA £3 + 40p p&p.
Self coloured embroidery. Colours: Black, Peach, Wine, Pink, Green, Lilac, Sky Blue, Brown, Red, Navy, Lemon. His 30" to 40" chest. Hers 30" to 40" bust. State your size and an alternative colour.
COTTON STRIPE GRANDAD SHIRT £3.45+40p p&p
Collarless cotton shirt 32" to 42" chest/bust. Stripes in Blue, Wine, Navy, Black, Red. Please state your size and an alternative colour.
PLAIN COLOUR GRANDAD SHIRT £3.80 + 40p p&p.
Colours: Peach, Pink, White, Blue, Khaki, Turquoise, Red. Sizes: His 34" to 42". Hers 36" to 42" bust. Please state an alternative colour and your chest/bust size.

SHAPES,
DEPT N,
51 CAMERON DRIVE,
WALTHAM CROSS,
HERTFORDSHIRE, EN8 8BP
(Sorry no personal callers)

■ Goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 7 days. Send a PO/Cheque to:

SAVE £55

on the equivalent U.S.A. bomber jacket on sale in London

Famous Vanson range of jackets and waistcoats from the United States now here! American styling — highest quality leather. Jackets with full quilted lining, large pockets with button-down tabs plus additional slit pockets. Vanson waistcoats are fully lined, 3-button style with two pockets with binding on both buttonholes and pockets. Buy some real class for only:

JACKET £74 + £2.50 P&P

WAISTCOAT (men or women) £39 + £1.65 P&P

DELIVERY WITHIN 28 DAYS OF RECEIVING YOUR ORDER
Please send me

.....leather bomber jacket(s) at £..... Chest size.....
.....mens leather waistcoat(s) at £..... Chest size.....
.....ladies leather waistcoat(s) at £..... Bust size .....

I enclose cheque/ PO for £..... made payable to Lesley Taylor Organisation, 35 Silvey Avenue, Southwell, Notts NG25 0BU.

Name .....
Address .....
.....**Post Code**.....NME/1

If not satisfied return undamaged within 7 days and money will be refunded. Lesley Taylor Organisation, 35 Silvey Avenue, Southwell, Notts NG25 0BU.

Jetlags AlternaTee's

LARGE PRINT MULTI-COLOURED DESIGNS ON TOP QUALITY USA TEE SHIRTS

All printed on white U.S.A. T-Shirts

Illustrated brochure sent with each order or on request with stamped addressed envelope.

PRICE — £4.50 plus post and packing. Post and packing — 50p per garment UK. For overseas — Europe £1.10 International £2.00. Foreign payments — International money orders in pounds *only*. TO ORDER (1) State Design(s) wanted (2) Size required Small (34"-36") Med (38"-40") Large (42"-44") (3) Send Cheque, Postal Order or Cash to: JET LAG'S ALTERNATEES, 1 Stornoway, Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP3 8TB.

BUY DIRECT FROM CARNABY STREET

Pointed Zip Chelsea Boot
Sizes: 5-11 inc. ½'s
Available in Black, Red, Blue, White Leathers Black, Red, Blue, Grey Suedes
£19.99 MS1176

£32.99 LS2115

Pointed Low Heel Lace-up Boot
Sizes 3-7 No ½ sizes
Available in Black Patent, Blue, White, Grey, Black, Red Leather Black/White, Black/Grey & Black Suede

Send for Colour Catalogue for full range of Baggies, Suits, Shirts, Ladies & Mens Winkle Picker Boots & Shoes and much much more.

£14.99 SH3308

£19.99 MS1100

Pointed Toe Buckle Creeper
Sizes 5-11 inc. ½'s Available in Black, Red, Blue, Grey or Purple Suede

Double Breasted Zip Shirt
Sizes S/M/L
Black, White, Grey
£19.99 MS1886

Motorcycle Boot
Sizes 6-11 inc. ½'s Available in Black, Blue, Red, Grey Leather Black Patent Black Suede
£29.99 MS1907

Pointed Side Buckle Shoe
Sizes 5-11 inc. ½'s Available in Black, White, Red, Blue, Grey Leather Black Suede

Ladies Pointed Flat Shoe
Sizes 3-7 No ½'s Available in White, Black, Red, Blue, Grey, Gold Leather Black Patent Black, Red, Blue Suede
£14.99 LS2100

Printed Canvas Straight Leg Jeans
Sizes 26-34
Available in Black/White, Blue/Black, Red/Black, Green /Black, Gold/Black Yellow/Black Block Stripe Design, Zebra/Tiger Design
New Red, White, Blue Union Jack Stripe
£12.99 TR5230

"WE SUPPLY THE JAM"

£11.99 BUTTON DOWNS
BD310
BD315
BD344

Polka Dot/Striped/ Paisley B/D Shirts
Sizes S/M/L Black, Red, Blue, Green, Grey (Also Red/White/Blue Stripe. Union Jack Colours)

£14.99 MS1113

£14.99 MS1112

Bowling Shoe
Sizes 4-11 No ½'s Black Suede, Black Leather, Blue/Black, Burgundy/Black, Red/Black, Black/Red, Black/Blue, Black/White, Red/White/Blue Leather
Jam Shoe
Sizes 5-11 inc. ½'s Black/White, Navy/White, Red/White/Blue, Grey/Grey, Black/Black, Royal/White

Jean Jacket in White only Sizes S/M/L
£19.99 J4137

SEND TO: MELANDDI, 43 CARNABY ST., LONDON W1

Delivery 7-21 days For large orders use plain paper.
Tick box ☐ for brochure only

Name _____
Address _____

Style No	Col	Size	No Req

FREE COLOUR CATALOGUE WITH FIRST ORDER OR SEND £1 REFUNDABLE ON FIRST PURCHASE

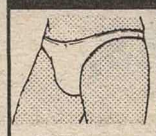
I enclose Cheque/P.O. for £ _____ **do not send cash!**

Add £1.50 P&P (Per Item) UK orders-20% of order value overseas
We will refund in full money spent for all items if returned in new condition within 14 days of receipt of goods
Tenriver Ltd. 43 Carnaby St. London W1. Reg. No. 1390477

Melanddi

VISIT OUR SHOPS AT Nos. 10 & 43 Carnaby Street. 10 am - 7 pm Mon - Sat.

Exotic Briefs For men



PARIS
Continental cut in nylon with very narrow high fitting sides. Highly recommended. Black, Blue, Red, White, See through Flesh.
Sizes S, M, L
£3.50 each, £6.50 two pairs

JAMES
A backless pouch in tri-satin. Freedom with comfort and support. Black, White.
Sizes S, M, L
£4.25 each, £7.00 two pairs.

Full refund if not completely satisfied. State waist size. FREE Paris briefs worth £3.50 with orders over £10. FREE Brochure with orders or send 50p for brochure only. Add 25p p + p to orders. *VERY FAST SERVICE*

kiniki
Dept. NME
20 Stubbs Gate
Newcastle
Staffs
ST5 1LU

MAIL ORDER ADS IN NME ARE READ BY MORE PEOPLE THAN THOSE IN ANY OTHER MUSIC WEEKLY

Source NRS Jan/June 1982

She-an-me of London

Exciting and Unusual
Erotic garments of all kinds —
Extra shiny Plastic Fantastic —
Soft stretchy super sheen Leather Look —
Sexy Thigh High Boots and Shoes.
Send £1 for our new full colour brochure

Callers welcome Mon-Fri 12.30pm-5.30pm
She-an-me
70 Old Brompton Road (2nd floor)
South Kensington SW7
Telephone: 01-589 8043
Most Credit cards accepted

TYNEWAY TRADING

SEND S.A.E. FOR FULL CATALOGUE

TOP QUALITY CHROME PLATED
THESE LOW, LOW PRICES END NOVEMBER
NEW CHROME PLATED BULLET BELTS £14.95
BUY NOW FOR CHRISTMAS SAVE ½'s ½'s ½'s
CHAIN BELTS ALSO IN PYRAMID STUDS
BOOT STRAPS
NEW
IN 4 COLOURS
BLACK, TARTAN RED OR BLUE

STUDDED LEATHER

	PYRAMID STUDS	CONICAL STUDS
CHAIN BELTS	12.50	12.50
BOOTSTRAPS	3.75	3.75
3 ROW BELT	8.95	5.75
2 ROW BELT	7.50	4.75
1 ROW BELT	4.50	3.75
4 ROW WRIST BAND	2.80	2.30
3 ROW WRIST BAND	2.40	1.95
2 ROW WRIST BAND	1.85	—
1 ROW WRIST BAND	1.25	.99

LOOSE STUDS PER PACK OF 50
PYRAMID £2.50
LARGE CONICAL £2.30
MEDIUM CONICAL £1.10

CLASH PANTS £16.95

FLUORESCENT T-SHIRTS, BARBED WIRE, AS ABOVE TIGER OR LEOPARD IN ORANGE, GREEN OR YELLOW ONLY £4.50

CHQ's, P.O's TO TYNEWAY TRADING 11 ROKEBY TERRACE, HEATON, NEWCASTLE-U-TYNE NE6 5ST
BELTS & T-SHIRTS IN S. M. L.
CLASH PANTS 26"—34" WAIST
ADD POSTAGE & PACKING U.K. ADD 60p EUROPE + 10%
OVERSEAS ORDERS WELCOME
RETAILERS / DISTRIBUTORS
TEL 0632 765396

SPENCERS

QUALITY FASHION TROUSERS

STANDARD SIZES: 28-36 WAIST. 32 LEG.

BLACK, GREY, WINE BROWN, AIR FORCE, NAVY, RED, WHITE, AND MOST COLOURS OR DENIM

DELIVERY BY RETURN!

MADE TO MEASURE £2 EXTRA

POST NOW! (NO STAMP NEEDED)
Please fill in the coupon and send your cheque/postal order (no stamp needed) to:
R. & E. Spencer Ltd., FREEPOST,
Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire HX6 2BR
Tel: 0422 33020

NAME: ADDRESS: STYLE: COLOUR: WAIST: INSIDE LEG: NG

RECORDS TAPES VIDEOS

Adrians VIDEO

36 HIGH ST, WICKFORD, ESSEX
PLEASE STATE CLEARLY VHS OR BETAMAX

VIDEO MAGIC CHRISTIAN (V2) The film starring Ringo Starr and P Sellers, music by Paul McCartney 49.95
VIDEO WAY OF THE DRAGON, FIST OF FURY, BIG BOSS (V2) Bruce Lee films ..... each 44.95
VIDEO SECRET POLICEMAN'S OTHER BALL (V2) 42.95
VIDEO EMILY. The film with Koo Stark 42.95
VIDEO FRITZ THE CAT. The adult film 39.95
VIDEO BEATLES The Complete. Nearly 2 hours of documentary & previously unreleased film 39.95
VIDEO GENESIS 3 sides live (90 mins) 29.95
VIDEO JOHN MARTYN Live in Concert (V2) 39.95
VIDEO DEEP PURPLE California Jam '74 (Now on V2000) 32.95
VIDEO TOYAH Live At Rainbow (Now on V2000) 32.95
VIDEO ADAM & ANTS Prince Charming Review 29.95
VIDEO MONTY PYTHON Live At Hollywood Bowl (78 mins) 49.95
VIDEO QUEEN Greatest Flix 29.95
VIDEO BILLY SQUIER Live In Concert 29.95
VIDEO SEXTETTE Film With Mae West, Ringo Starr etc 49.95
VIDEO McVICAR The Film starring Roger Daltrey (V2) 35.95
VIDEO KIDS ARE ALRIGHT The Film (V2) 37.95
VIDEO P. GARRETT & BILLY THE KID The Film starring and with music by BOB DYLAN 39.95
VIDEO ELTON JOHN The Fox 29.95
VIDEO NAZARETH Hits (14 tracks + interviews)(V2) 24.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Touring Principle '79 ..... 19.95
VIDEO JAM Trans Global 21/3/1982 ..... 19.95
VIDEO O.M.D. Live at Drury Lane (52 mins) 19.95
VIDEO MADNESS Complete (13 Hit tracks) 19.50
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Micromusic (nearly 2 hours) 24.95
VIDEO KID CREOLE Live Ritz N York (50 mins) 24.95
VIDEO QUADROPHENIA The film WHO music (V2) 37.95
VIDEO SIOUXSIE/BANSHEES Once Upon A Time 19.95
VIDEO ABBA Music Show Vol 1 & 2 ..... each 39.95

VIDEO RUDE BOY. The film (unreleased music by CLASH) 39.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Strange Case Of 39.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Welcome to my Nightmare 39.95
VIDEO BLACK SABBATH Never Say Die (V2) 22.95
VIDEO BLONDIE Best of; Eat to the Beat ..... each 28.95
VIDEO Butterfly Ball. Film with COVERDALE & GILLAN. (V2) 34.95
VIDEO E.L.O. Live In Concert (V2) 24.95
VIDEO GARY GLITTER Live At Rainbow (V2) 22.95
VIDEO Jubilee. Film with ADAM ANT, TOYAH, SIOUXSIE (V2) 34.95
VIDEO JOHN MILES Live At Albert Hall (V2) 22.95
VIDEO MOTORHEAD In Concert 24.95
VIDEO PINK FLOYD Live at Pompeii 24.95
VIDEO McCARTNEY & WINGS Rockshow 29.95
VIDEO ROGER DALTREY. Ride a Rock Horse (V2) 19.95
VIDEO THIN LIZZY Live & Dangerous (V2) 21.95
VIDEO BOOMTOWN RATS Tonic for Troops (V2) 22.95

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
*We do not advertise Videos before they are released.
*All videos are sent in strong, top quality cardboard packaging specially designed for sending videos by post.
*We do not issue credit notes unless you ask. If we cannot supply what you require — *We refund your money.*
*All Videos advertised are new & factory fresh.
*Personal callers always welcome.

(All VHS films are on the PAL system). V2 = Also on V2000. (Please add £2 to price of each for V2000 format).
LOTS MORE CONCERTS AND FILMS IN OUR CATALOGUE
POSTAGE & PACKAGING: INLAND (includes Ireland & BFPO) 1.45 any quantity (recorded delivery). **OVERSEAS** Europe (Air) 2.50 each. Outside Europe (Surface) 2.50 each. Outside Europe (Air) 7.50 each. **EIRE**. Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of videos & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES. (Postal Orders can mean quicker delivery).

Adrians

Ref N, 36 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX
Have you paid us a visit yet? Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station. Open Mon-Sat 9-6, Sunday 10am-12.30 pm

THIS WEEK'S NEW FASHIONS

12" MARI WILSON Beware Boyfriend (+ Postcard) (P) 1.99
12" UB40 Tyler (5.48) Adella/Little (P) 1.99
12" DURAN Rio (Parts 1 & 2)/My Own Way (P) £2.25
12" JAM Bitterest Pill/Pity Poor Alfie/Fever/Great Depression/War (I)(P) 4.99
12" BLUE RONDO A LA TURK Canoca (6.00)(P) 2.25
12" HALL & OATES Menaster (P) 2.50
12" JOHN MILES Music (Ext. remix)/Slowdown (Ext. remix)(P) 1.99
12" TOTO COELO Dracula's Tango (6.01)(P) 2.25
12" BEATLES Love Me Do (Current version)/Love Me Do (Original 20 year old version)P.S. I Love You (P) 2.25
L.P. B. SPRINGSTEEN Nebraska (Gatefold sive + lyrics)(I) 5.99
7" FRIDA Something going on (Jap I + lyrs)(Diff pic) 2.75
12" WAITRESSES Xmas Wrapping (E)(P) 2.25
7" WAITRESSES Xmas Wrapping (White vinyl)(P) 1.50
12" FLAG OF CONVENIENCE (ex Buzzcocks) Life on Tel. + 3 (I)(P) 3.99
12" BLUEBELLES Aim in life (prod. by Costello)/Forevermore + 1 (P) 1.50
12" DISORDER Perdition e.p. (8 tracks) (P) 2.25
L.P. QUEEN Sheer Heart (Gate sleeve + lyrics) (I) 5.99
12" P. GODWIN Images of Heaven (4.59)/Torch song (5.38)/Emotional diguise (vocl)/Em. (Inst.) (I)(P) 5.49
12" P. GODWIN Cruel heart/C.Heart (Inst)/Luxury (E)(P) 1.99
12" P. GODWIN Luxury (same as above but 'A' side switched) (P) 1.99
12" TALK TALK Talk Talk (E)/7 (Diff P. to Orig.) 2.25
7" R. PLANT Burning down (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff pic) 2.75
12" ROYAL FUNK ORCH. Football rap (America Football shaped vinyl) & Football coloured) (I) 4.99
12" HORROR ROCK (4 Horror Oldies by Orig artists) (Pumpkin shaped vinyl & Pumpkin coloured) (I) 5.99
12" P. GODWIN Images of Heaven (4.59)/Torch song (5.38)/Emotional diguise (vocl)/Em. (Inst.) (I)(P) 5.49
12" P. GODWIN Cruel heart/C.Heart (Inst)/Luxury (E)(P) 1.99
12" P. GODWIN Luxury (same as above but 'A' side switched) (P) 1.99
12" TALK TALK Talk Talk (E)/7 (Diff P. to Orig.) 2.25
7" R. PLANT Burning down (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff pic) 2.75
12" ROYAL FUNK ORCH. Football rap (America Football shaped vinyl) & Football coloured) (I) 4.99
12" HORROR ROCK (4 Horror Oldies by Orig artists) (Pumpkin shaped vinyl & Pumpkin coloured) (I) 5.99
L.P. R. STONES Some Girls (Gatefold sleeve) (I) 5.99
L.P. METAL ATTACK 16 tracks by Ted Nugent, Motorhead, U.F.O., Sabbath, Priest, Budgie, Gillan, U.Heep, B.O.C., etc. (Grey vinyl) (I) 6.99
12" HOT CHOCOLATE Sarted with a kiss (I)(P) 3.49
7" ROD STEWART Guess I'll always/Rock my plimsoul (live) (I)(P) 1.65
12" J. JETT Do you wanna touch/Victim (I)(P) 3.49
12" SURVIVOR Eye of the tiger (I)(P) 3.49
12" IGGY POP The passenger/Lust for life (I)(P) 3.49
12" BANANARAMA Really saying/Shy Boy/Aie (All long vers.) (I)(P) 4.49
12" D. SUMMER State Independence (E) + 2 (P) 1.99
L.P. DAMNED Black album (with orig. sleeve) (I) 6.99
7" BEATLES Searchin/Money/Till there was you (P) 1.50
7" DEPECHE MODE See you (Red vinyl) (I)(P) 2.25
7" BILLY IDOL White wedding (White vinyl) (P) 1.50
12" LENE LOVICH it's you only you (E)/You (version) (I) 4.49
12" YELLO Sey yes to another excess (I) 4.49
L.P. D. MODE 'Speak' (+ Dressing, less Sometimes Wish) (I) 6.99
7" ADAM ANT Crackpot history/Goody 2 shoes (I) 1.65
7" P. FURS Don't want to be your shadow/Love my way (I) 1.65
12" T. DOLBY She Blinded Me With Science (E) (P) 1.50
10" SURVIVOR American Heartbeat (Heart Shaped Red vinyl) 2.99
12" FLOCK SEAGULLS Wishing (E) + 2 (P) 2.25
12" JAMES BROWN Papa's/Get up off/Sex Machine + 1 (P) 1.99
12" GOLDEN EARRING — Twilight Zone (7.55) (P) 1.99
12" ABBA Day Before (5.50)/Cassandra (4.50) (Diff pic) (I) 3.99
12" ADAM ANT Friend or Foe/Juanita (I) (P) 3.49
12" JAM Town Called (Slightly Diff Pic) (German I) 3.49
12" KILLING JOKE Birds of Feather + 2 (P) 2.25
12" STATUS QUO Caroline/Down Down + 1 (All live) (P) 1.99
7" TEARS FOR FEARS Mad World/Suffer children (dble 7") (P) 1.75
7" BLANCMANGE Living on ceiling (+ 23" × 15" Poster pic) 1.50
L.P. BOLAN Scare me (4 Diff tracks, Diff sive.) (I) 6.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Run to Hills/Total eclipse (E) (I) (P) 3.49
12" RUSH Subversions (P) 1.99
12" V. UNDERGROND Heroin/Venus in furs/Waiting for man + 1 (P) 1.99
12" HEAVEN 17 Let me go (6.23)/Inst. (5.99) (P) 2.25
L.P. T. DOLBY Age of Wireless (+ Urges & Leipzig) (Diff sive) (I) 5.99
12" PRETENDERS Back on chain gang/My city (E) (P) 1.99
12" M. RUTHERFORD Acting Very Strange(E) (P) 1.99
L.P. BEATLES Interviews (5 diff interviews) (on Everest) ..... only 2.50
7" CRASS How does it feel (Fold out pic) 75p
12" BANANARAMA Aie a Mwana (5.46)/Dub (I) (P) 3.49
12" KIM WILDE Chequered love/Sheena (I) (P) 3.49
L.P. SANDII Immigrants (with D. SYLVIAN on back-up vocals) 4.99
12" BLANCMANGE Living On The Ceiling (P) 1.50
7" A. FALTZKOG (ABBA) Never again (Pic back diff to Brit) (I) 1.99
12" MACKENZIE (ASSOCIATES) Scream factory/Cream (P) 1.99
7" BAD MANNERS Samson & Delilah (Clear Vinyl) (P) 1.50
12" BAD MANNERS S&D/Good honest/Your (P) 1.99
12" DANIEL ASH There's only one/Now we lustre (P) 2.25
7" T. REX Telegram Sam/Metal Guru (I) (Diff P to Brit) 1.99
12" C. NOUVEAUX End or beginning (E)/(Short)/Inst. (P) 2.25
10" DAMNED Lively Arts/Teen. dream/So bored (P) 1.99
7" BERNIE TORME Shoorah Shoorah + 3 (dble 7") (Gate P) 1.50
7" GILLAN Long Gone (Gate sleeve with hand!) (P) 1.50
7" P. BENATAR Shadows of the night/Victim (I) (P) 1.65
12" S. MINDS Glittering Prize/Theme/Promised Miracle (I) (P) 3.49
7" U2 Out of control, A. day, I will follow, 11 o'clock (4 7" in wallet, all Col. vinyl + pic sives) (P&P as for one 12") (I) 5.99

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
★ WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE THEY ARE AVAILABLE
★ We do not advertise new releases as "limited editions" unless they really are limited editions
★ All records are British unless marked import (I) so you know exactly what you are buying
★ All records etc are sent in strong, top quality protective packaging
★ We do not issue credit notes (except overseas) or alternatives unless you ask. If we cannot supply exactly what you require — *We refund your money*
★ All records advertised are now

JUST WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED

12" DAMNED Friday 13th 4 tracks a.p. (I) (P) 3.49
12" ROBERT PLANT Burning down + 2 (P) 1.75
12" DEXYS J. Wilson/T.S.O.P./Precious (P) 1.99
7" DEXYS J. Wilson (+ free Celtic Soul 7") (P) 1.50
7" LENNON Jealous Guy/Stand by me (I) (P) 2.25
LP UK SUBS 20 track hits (Blue vinyl) 4.25
OFFICIAL 1983 CALENDERS(Post and Good Packing as for 12") MADNESS, BOWIE, BUCKS FIZZ, PRESLEY, ADAM ANT, DEBBIE HARRY, SH. STEVENS, KIM WILDE, HAIRCUT 100, TOYAH, MANILOW, STATUS QUO, CLIFF RICHARD ..... each 2.99
LP BEATLES Silver Beetles (from Decca tapes) 4.99
12" DIRE STRAITS P. Investigations (Live) (P) 1.99
LP ALICE COOPER Live In Toronto 1969 (I) 5.99
12" T. REX Deep Summer + 2 (blue vinyl) (P) 1.99
LP E. COSTELLO Almost New Toy/Accidents/Alison/Can't Stand/Green Shirt/Pump It Up/What's so funny (I) (Ltd Collectors LP) 7.50
12" MADNESS My girl + 2 (orig deleted 12") (P) 1.99
12" CURE Boys don't cry (P) (on Fiction) 1.50

STRANGLERS STRANGLERS STRANGLERS

LP STRANGLERS 77-82 (totally diff. Sive to Brit) (I) 6.99
7" CELIA & MUTATIONS You better believe (orig UA) 3.99
7" STRANGLERS JAP IMPORTS (all deleted) (each one is a superior pressing with a picture insert with lyrics) 2.50 each. Set of 7 = 16.50. 1 Duchess, 2 Nice 'n' Sleazy, 3 No More Heroes, 4 Something Better Change, 5 Go Buddy Go, 6 Walk On By, 7 t mins/out Tokyo/Death & Night & Blood (note different B side)
12" STRANGLERS Who Wants World/Bear Cage/Men in Black/Bear Cage (long)/Shah Shah (E) (Jap import + lyrics) (P) 5.99

TOYAH TOYAH TOYAH TOYAH TOYAH TOYAH

12" TOYAH Be proud be loud (PICTURE DISC) 2.50
12" TOYAH Ieya (old mix) (white vinyl) (E) (P) 2.50
7" TOYAH Ieya (old mix) (white vinyl) (P) 1.40
7" TOYAH Ieya (new mix) (white vinyl) (new pic) 1.40
12" TOYAH Ieya (old mix) (pic disc) 1.99
7" TOYAH Ieya/Helium (old mix) (new pic disc) 1.95

THE RECORD SPECIALIST

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45

12" GRACE JONES Apple stretching (8.40) 2.25
7" D. MODE Meaning of love (Red vinyl) (I) (P) 2.25
7" D. MODE Leave in Silence (Red vinyl) (I) (P) 2.25
12" MONSOON Tomorrow never knows (P) 1.99
12" BAUHAUS Ziggy Stardust + 3 (P) 4.99
7" JAPAN Life in Tokyo (Orig Red Vinyl issue) (P) 2.75
7" DURAN Hungry/Careless (Jap I + lyrs) (Diff pic) 2.35
7" DURAN 'Carnival' Hungry (5.14)/Girls on Film (E)/Hold back rain (6.50)/My Own Way (4.27) (I) (P) 4.49
12" MARI WILSON Always Wanted (E)/Baby it's true + 1 (P) 1.99
10" O.M.D. Messages/Waiting for man/Talking sides (P) 2.50
12" SIOUXSIE Slowdive/Obsession 2/Cannibal Roses (P) 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX Reap the wild wind (E)/Hosanna (E) (p) 1.99
12" CULTURE CLUB White boy (6.44)/Love Twist (P) 2.25
12" CULTURE CLUB Really want to hurt/Dub + 1 (P) 2.25
12" TEARS FOR FEARS Madworld + 2 (P) 1.99
7" MARI WILSON Always wanted (+ Clear v. Dance card flexi) (P) 1.99
12" S. BALLET Lifeline (E) (P) 2.35
7" CURE Hanging Garden + 3 (dble 7") (gatefold pic) 1.75
12" CURE A Forest (5.50)/Another Journey (I) (P) 3.49
12" SOFT CELL T. Love/Where did our love / T. Dub (P) 2.50
12" JAPAN 8 track hits (large Pic Label + Lyrics + Photo) (Jap I) 8.50
12" JAPAN 2nd EM/E. Son/Life Tokyo/State/A. Sex (I) (P) 3.99
12" JAPAN Deviation/Ob. Alt. (E)/In Vogue (E)/Sometimes (I) (P) 3.95
12" JAPAN 2nd that emotion (E remix)/Hall. (P) 2.35
7" JAPAN Ghosts (Picture Disc) 1.99
12" JAPAN Life In Tokyo (ext. remix) (diff. pic to orig.) 2.35
7" SYLVIAN/Sakamoto Bamboo (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
12" J. DIVISION Transmission (P) (+ free flexi) 2.25
12" J. DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (+ free flexi) 2.25
12" J. DIVISION Love Will Tear (diff P to 7") (+ free flexi) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (orig. mix + orig. pic) (+ flexi) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (new mix + new pic) (+ flexi) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Temptation (+ free flexi) (P) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Everythings gone green/Mesh/Cries and Whispers (I) (P) (+ free flexi) 2.50

ADRIANS GIGANTIC CATALOGUE No. 32
An absolute MUST for all collectors .... over 12,000 'collectables' and rarities listed .... lots of them only available from us. If you would like one send 50p + Large SAE. Europe 8 IRC. Elsewhere 12 IRC. Or you can ask for a FREE copy when ordering.

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

LP QUEEN 17 track hits (+ U. Pressure with BOWIE) (I) 5.99
LP BOWIE At Tower (tracks as Rock Concert, Diff sleeve) (I) 4.99
12" BOWIE Don't be fooled EP (same pic as Brit 10") (I) 4.99
If you like Bowie, then you'll like our catalogue. We are known throughout the world as the Bowie specialist.

ROCK YOUR CASBAH! ROCK YOUR CASBAH!

7" CLASH Should I say/Straight to hell (Pic Disc) 2.99
12" Should I/Straight To Hell (P) 2.35
7" CLASH Rock Casbah (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.65
12" CLASH This Is Radio Clash + 3 (British) 2.50
7" CLASH Rock The Casbah (Picture Disc) 2.99
10" CLASH Black Market Clash (9 tracks) (I) (P) 3.49

OFFICIAL BOOTLEG CASSETTES

WE ARE THE ONLY OFFICIAL MAIL ORDER OUTLET FOR THESE CASSETTES
Each one is a numbered limited edition with pic insert

ADICTS Live Moon Club 28/2/82 (2000 made) (Live 010) (P) 3.99
UK SUBS Live Gossip 28/9/81 (4000 made) (Live 009) (P) 3.99
HIGSONS Live Norwich, Jacquard Club (4000 made) (Live 008) (P) 3.99
G.B.H. Live 100 Club 24/11/81 (3000 made) (Live 007) (P) 3.99
FALL Live Ackton Hall, London (4000 made) (Live 006) (P) 3.50
CHELSEA Live Marquee, Norwich (3000 made) (Live 005) (P) 3.99
Each one has 10-16 tracks and is only available on cassette. More Official Bootleg Tapes in our catalogue

PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS

7" TIGHTFIT Undecided 1.50; 7" TIK & TOK Summer in city 1.99; GBH & LURKERS Note: In line with our Fair Trading Policy we will not advertise these records before they are released . . .:
7" CHAPS Rawhide; 7" PHIL COLLINS Thru these walls; 7" AZTEC CAMERA Pillar to Post; 7" MIGHTY Passion in dark rooms ..... each 1.50
7" CAPT. SENSIBLE Croydon; 7" STATUS QUO Caroline; 7" RUSH Subdivisions; 7" C. NOUVEAUX End or the beginning; 7" GILLAN Living for city; 7" KID CREOLE Annie; 7" P. GABRIEL Shock Monkey, 7" BILLY IDOL Hot in the city ..... each 1.99
12" TOYAH Be loud, be proud 2.50
7" BEATLES Love me do; 7" JEFF BECK Hi Ho +; 7" ANIMALS H.O.T.R.S.; 7" J. PRIEST Another thing coming ..... each 2.25
12" WHO Athena/Won't get fooled again 2.50
7" WHO Athena; 7" WHO Athena; 7" BILLY SQUIER Emotions in motion; 7" ADRAIN LEE Do as the English ..... each 1.50
7" CLASH Should I say/Straight to hell 2.99
12" FREE Alright Now/Brother Jake/Wishing Well 2.50
7" ADAM ANT Friend of Foe; 7" SH. STEVENS Give me your heart; 12" L. SKYNYRD Freebird (E); 7" CLASH Rock The Casbah; 7" ASIA Only time will tell ..... each 2.99
12" TOM TOM Boardwalk; 12" KID CREOLE Annie ..... each 2.50
7" at 1.99 each. M. SCHENKER Dancer; KORGIS Don't Look Back; NATASHA Boom Boom Room; O N JOHN Magic; BLONDIE War Child; VISAGE Night Train; BANANARAMA Shy Boy; BAUHAUS Spirit; ADAM ANT Goody 2 Shoes; JAPAN Ghosts; DAMNED Jet Boy; NATASHA Iko Iko; BLONDIE Island Lost Souls; SCORPIONS No One Like You; HAIRCUT 100 Fan Day Live; IRON MAIDEN Run To The Hills; MOTORHEAD Motorhead/City Kids; TOYAH Brave New World; TOYAH Ieya (first pic) ..... 1.99 each
7" at 1.50 each. BUDGIE Bored with Russia; SYLVIA & SAPPHIRES Shopping Around; JOHN FOXX Endlessly; CARS Just What (blue pic); BLANCMANGE Feel Me; SCRITTI POLITTI Asylums; MADNESS Driving In My Car; BELLE STARS Iko Iko; BELLE STARS Clapping Song; DAMNED Lovely Money; MADNESS House Of Fun; M OLDFIELD Family Man; KISS World Without Heroes; BLUE RONDO Heaven ..... 1.50 each
7" A. IMAGES I Could Be Happy; 7" ABBA One Of Us ..... each 99p
7" at 1.25 each. RUN BOY 3 Summertime; KID CREOLE W Thing; KID CREOLE Stool Pigeon; CARS Shake It Up (orange pic); BLACK SABBATH Paranoid ..... 1.75 each
Lots more Pic Discs in our catalogue

WE HAVE TWO RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD
Adrians 'OLD SHOP' is packed with secondhand bargains. Rare promos, cheapies, '50 & '60 R & Roll originals, plus many one-off goodies. OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK (9.30 to 4.30. Closed Wed) Double your pleasure — visit both shops in one day.

BRITISH RARITIES FROM ADRIANS OLD SHOP

7" IVOR BIRD Over the wall we go (by BOWIE) 6.99
7" BAD MANNERS Special Brew (Picture Disc) 12.00
12" FUN BOY 3 Lunatics (Rare British 12") (P) 9.50
12" JUDAS PRIEST Evening Star + 2 (Clear Vinyl) (drilled) (P) 4.99
7" MOTORHEAD Motorhead/City kids (Orange vinyl) (P) 4.99
12" MOTORHEAD Overkill (P) (Rare British 12 BRO 67) 14.50
7" N.Y. BLONDES (D. Harry) Little G.T.O. (HLZ 10574) 4.99
12" BILL NELSON'S RED NOISE Revolt into style + 2 (P) 5.99
7" RAINBOW L.A. Connection (Red vinyl) (P) 4.99
12" RAMONES Don't Come Close (Red vinyl) 4.99
7" SIMPLE MINDS I travel (+ Blue vinyl flexi) (P) 4.99
12" SINE Just let me do my thing (6.52) (P) 4.99
L.P. WIND IN THE WILLOWS (with D. Harry) (Caps 1030) 10.00
12" X RAY SPEX Oh Bondage (Rare British Original) 15.00
Even More Promos & Other Rarities 'New In' at ADRIANS OLD SHOP

POSTAGE & BEST PACKING 12" or 10" . . . 1=90p, 2=1.25, 3=1.50, 4=£2, 5 or more=2.50 . . . 7" up to 4=80p, 5 or more=90p. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7". OVERSEAS P&P 12" or 10" . . . 1=2.20, 2 or 3=£3, 4 to 8=£1 each, 9 to 20=8.50. 7" . . . 1 or 2=1.10, 3=1.40, 4=£2, 5 or more=40p each, 13 or more=£5. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7". SOUTHERN IRELAND Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of records & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES (Postal orders mean quicker delivery)
ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I) P=Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

OVERSEAS
★ We've been sending records Overseas for years
★ You can send off to us with confidence
★ Orders despatched within 24 hrs of payment
★ We look forward to hearing from you

TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION RING 01-261 6172

LIQUORICE PIZZA MAIL ORDER,

Dept NME
62A High Street, Rochester, Kent ME1 1JY
Rock imports from around the world.
Tel. Medway 0634 826921

ACCEPT — Breaker 6.99
ALLMAN BROS — Story of Allman Bros — dble 8.99
ARTHUR BROWN — Crazy World of 6.99
JEFF BECK GROUP — Same 6.99
JEFF BECK GROUP — Beck-ola 6.99
BE BOP DELUXE — Live in the Airage 6.99
RITCHIE BLACKMORE — Green Bullfrog 6.99
BLACKFOOT — Flying High 6.99
BLACK SABBATH — Never Say Die 6.99
ROGER CHAPMAN — Hyenas only laugh for Fun 6.99
CREAM — Story of Cream — dble 8.99
CREAM — Once Upon A Time — dble 8.99
ALICE COOPER — Welcome to my Nightmare 6.99
ALICE COOPER — Easy Action 6.99
CURVED AIR — Phantasmorgona 6.99
DAMNED — Music for Pleasure 6.99
DAMNED — Damned Damned Damned 6.99
ELOY — Planets 6.99
FREE — Popchronic — dble 9.99
GENESIS — Rock Theatre 6.99
GOLDEN EARRING — Once Upon A Time — dble 8.99
MURRAY HEAD — Say it ain't So 6.99
JIMI HENDRIX — Hackensack Blues Live 6.99
JIMI HENDRIX — Ballad of Jimi 6.99
JIMI HENDRIX — Story of — dble 8.99
IRON BUTTERFLY — Star Collection 5.99
BRIAN JOHNSTON (AC/DC) — Geordie Album 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — Bark 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — Crown of Creation 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — 30 Seconds over Winterland 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — Volunteers 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — Baron von Tollbooth 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — Blows against the Empire 6.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE — Rock Galaxy — dble 8.99
KISS — Best of Solo Albums 6.99
MOUNTAIN — Twin Peaks — dble 9.99
MOUNTAIN — Best of 6.99
JOHN McLAUGHLIN — Extrapolatian 6.99
ROLLING STONES — Flowers 6.99
ROLLING STONES — Around & Around 6.99
ROLLING STONES — Collectors Only 6.99
ROLLING STONES — Rolling Stones Story — dble 8.99
ROLLING STONES — Stones Story — 2 — dble 8.99
ROLLING STONES — Stones Story — 3 — dble 8.99
RUNAWAYS — Queen of Noise 6.99
SCORPIONS — Virgin Killer — Naughtly Sleeve 6.99
SMALL FACES — Profile 5.99
SLADE — Slade in Flame 6.99
SLADE — Story of Slade 8.99
SLADE — Cos I Luv You 5.99
GRACE SLICK — Manhole 6.99
SPARKS — Kimono My House 6.99
38 SPECIAL — First 6.99
38 SPECIAL — Special Delivery 6.99
SPOOKY TOOTH — Spooky Two 6.99
STRAWBS — Classic Strawbs — Dble 9.99
STRAWBS — Bursting at the Seams 7.99
STRAWBS — Early Strawbs 7.99
STRAWBS — Best of — dble 9.99
STRAWBS — Hero & Heroine 7.99
STEPPENWOLF — The Second 6.99
STYX — Rock Galaxy — dble 8.99
STYX — Man of Miracles 6.99
STYX — The Serpent is Rising 6.99
STYX — Styx 6.99
SWEET — Desolation Boulevard 6.99
SWEET — Cut above the Rest 6.99
TRUST — March ou Creve 6.99
THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN — Hollywood Dream 6.99
THE WHO — The Who Sell Out 6.99
THE WHO — My Generation 5.99
WHITESNAKE — Live in Heart of the City — Gatefold Sleeve 8.99
UFO — UFO — 1st Album 6.99
YARDBIRDS — Heartful of Soul 6.99
YARDBIRDS — Shape of Things — dble 8.99
YARDBIRDS — Legend of — Vol. 1 ..... 5.99
YARDBIRDS — Legend of — Vol. 3 ..... 5.99
CRAZY HORSE featuring NEIL YOUNG — Crazy Moon 6.99
ZZ TOP — Fandango 6.99
ZZ TOP — Rio Grande Mud 6.99

JAPANESE — SUPERB QUALITY PRESSINGS

ALL AC/DC — U.K. Released Albums ..... 11.99 each
DAVID BOWIE — Live at the Tower Phil. — dble 16.99
DEEP PURPLE — Last concert in Japan 11.99
DEEP PURPLE — Live Passages — dble 16.99
GENESIS — Story of Genesis — Dble 16.99
IAN GILLAN — Live at Budokan — Vol. 1 ..... 11.99
IAN GILLAN — Live at Budokan — Vol.II 11.99
JAM — All Mod Cons 11.99
JAM — In the City 11.99
JAM — This is the Modern World 11.99
JAM — Sound Effects 11.99
JAM — Setting Sons 11.99
LED ZEPPELIN — IV 11.99
PINK FLOYD — A Collection of Great Dance Songs 11.99
POLICE — Zenyatta Mondatta 11.99
POLICE — Ghost in the Machine 11.99
PRINCE — Kings of Oblivion 11.99
RUSH — Hemispheres 11.99
VELVET UNDERGROUND with NICO — Peel-off Banana 11.99
WISHBONE ASH — Live in Tokyo 11.99
WISHBONE ASH — Hot Ash 11.99
WHITESNAKE — Best of 11.99
FRANK ZAPPA — Tinsel Town Rebellion — dble 16.99
FRANK ZAPPA — Zoot Allures 11.99
FRANK ZAPPA — One Size Fits All 11.99
FRANK ZAPPA — Apostrophe 11.99
FRANK ZAPPA — Philmore East June 1971 ..... 11.99
FRANK ZAPPA — Sheik Yer Bouti — dble 16.99
FRANK ZAPPA — You are what it you is 16.99

BRITISH DELETIONS — HURRY BEFORE PRICE RISES

AL STEWART — Past Present & Future — Gatefold 4.99
THE BAND — Anthology — dble 7.99
ROY HARPER — Bull in a Ming Vase 4.99
STEVE MILLER — Best of Steve Miller 68-73 ..... 4.99
NAZARETH — Greatest Hits 4.99
TED NUGENT — Intensities in 10 Cities 4.99
SCORPIONS — Taken by Force 4.99
Send cheque or P.O. to
Liquorice Pizza Mail Order, Dept. NME, 62A The High Street, Rochester, Kent, ME1 1JY (Prices include P&P)
You can order by Access, Barclaycard, Trust or Co-op Credit Cards. Just phone 0634 826921 and give us your card number.
Have a Nice Day.

RECORDS WANTED!!

by RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE

ALL LP's, singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged. 1p–£2.50 each paid (more for rarities & videos). ***ALL*** accepted in ***ANY*** condition — absolutely ***NONE*** refused!! Bring ***ANY*** quantity to:

38 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11 (727 3539)
28 PEMBRIDGE RD, NOTTING HILL GATE W11 (727 3538)
90 GOLDHAWK RD, SHEPHERDS BUSH W12 (749 2930)
229 CAMDEN HIGH ST, NW1 (267 1898)

Or ***SEND*** any quantity by post with SAE for cash to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (none returned once sent — we decide fair price; list+SAE for estimate if required).

All shops open 10 - 8 EVERY day of the year for many 1000s of cheap used/unused record, tape & video bargains (wholesale discounts for dealers). RARITIES are bought, sold, exchanged UPSTAIRS at 38 Notting Hill Gate, W11.

RARE SINGLES SALE

BIG IN JAPAN — From Y to Z £14.00
*ELVIS COSTELLO — Neat Neat Neat £3.00
*ELVIS COSTELLO — Can't Stand Up (2 tone) £12.00
CREATURES (Siouxsie) — Wild Things (DBL) £3.00
THE CURE — Jumpin' Someone Else's Train £5.00
THE CURE — Boys Don't Cry £3.00
*THE DAMNED — Don't Cry Wolf (Pink) £4.00
DEVO — Mechanical Man £4.00
JOY DIVISION + OTHERS — A Factory Sample (DBL) £30.00
THE FALL — Bingo Masters £4.00
THE FALL — It's The New Thing. £4.00
THE JAM — In The City £6.00
THE JAM — The Modern World. £6.00
THE JAM — News Of The World £6.00
THE JAM — All Around The World £5.00
THE JAM — Down In The Tube Station £4.00
THE JAM — Going Underground (DBL) ..

TO KIM — S.W.A.L.K.

LIVE!

KIM WILDE

Brighton Dome

DEAR KIM,

Down by the sea last week, taking the air in a bracing walk past Brighton's quaint Dome theatre, what should I see but posters proclaiming an evening's entertainment featuring your own sweet self.

Being your number one fan, this was, naturally, an opportunity I couldn't miss — and I was amply rewarded. It was brilliant!

The hall may not have been full but I just know everyone there was with you 100 per cent. Didn't we cheer, lungs fit to burst, when you made that dramatic entrance! Jiggling excitedly in our seats to the rumbustious music we just knew it was going to be terrific.

Some rather rude fellows questioned your decision to wear such restrictive trousers, and crowed quite alarmingly when you removed your jacket, but we shouted them down as your group struck up the introduction to the first of many wonderful hits.

I must admit it was a little tedious having to sit through all those songs from your LPs but we clapped politely knowing it wouldn't be long before you treated us to the rest of those chart toppers.

But I do think you could have done better for yourself in the musician department — they all seemed to have turned their instruments up awfully loud, as if they were trying to ape one of those unpleasant 'heavy metal' groups.

And as for looks . . . well, they were hardly a handsome bunch. but just as we were having a good snigger at the one with the leather jacket and no hair, you introduced him as your brother!

Anyway, that doesn't matter because it was still really Fab! Even if you didn't look all that comfortable, and failed to project beyond the footlights, that was not important because us fans knew the massive talent we were witnessing.

But you really must try to relax, Kim. You only seemed to enjoy yourself when you did that old Four Pennies song 'When The Boy's Happy'. Mind you, I suppose it's to keep your pop star mystique. Quite right too.

An utterly fabulous evening. Who'd have guessed one person could bring quite so much joy to so many otherwise empty lives — thanks Kim.

YOURS, YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN,

Graham K Smith

OLDIES UNLIMITED
DEPT N TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE TF2 9NQ

Send S.A.E. for list of over 2000 Singles and 1000 LP's at incredible prices.
Also many sensational record singles package offers (P & P included) such as

100 POP SINGLES	£9.50	50 HIT SOUL SINGLES	£14.00	5 HEAVY ROCK SINGLES	£1.95
100 SOUL	£12.50	50 REGGAE SINGLES	£7.00	5 ROCK 'N' ROLL	£1.70
100 PICTURE COVER	£12.50	50 C & W	£7.00	5 NEW WAVE	£1.70
100 HIT SINGLES	£25.00	50 TAMLA MOTOWN	£9.50	5 DISCO SINGLES	£1.70
10 RECENT HITS	£5.70	4 DAVID BOWIE	£2.45	3 BARRY MANILOW	£1.70
5 FOOTBALL	£1.70	4 ELVIS COSTELLO	£1.70	4 MIKE OLDFIELD	£1.70
5 THEME	£1.70	4 NEIL DIAMOND	£1.45	3 POLICE	£1.70
5 XMAS	£1.95	4 FLYING LIZARDS	£1.70	4 RUTS	£1.70
5 NOVELTY	£1.95	4 GIRL	£1.70	4 SKIDS	£1.70
5 NO 1 HITS	£2.45	3 NICK LOWE	£1.70	4 SLADE	£1.95
3 BOOMTOWN RATS	£1.45	3 M	£1.70	4 TOURISTS	£1.95

COB RECORDS
— THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE RECORD & TAPE SERVICE

1. All Brand New Records & Tapes sold at discount. Regular Special Offer Lists, items from £1.95. Inland and Export Service.
2. Your unwanted good condition LPs, Tapes and Singles bought for cash or part exchanged for **ANY** brand new ones of **YOUR** own choice. Send list to us for official offer.
3. Thousands of Quality Guaranteed Secondhand LPs and Singles — All listed.

Write or phone for Free 25 page catalogue —
COB RECORDS (NX), PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES (0766) 2170/3185

★ ★ **SHOPS AT PORTHMADOG, BANGOR, WREXHAM** ★ ★

GEMA RECORDS BETTER THAN ANY RECORD SHOP

Here's why:
- Our free 18-page catalogue contains over 15,000 LPs and cassettes all at sensible prices.
- Always over 10,000 Special Offers in stock priced between 50p - £2.95 each + VAT.
- **THE** most comprehensive range of back catalogue and hard to find albums from the 60s, 70s and 80s.
- Hundreds of Blues LPs in stock plus many exciting import titles.
- Also, two full pages of Singles, current and oldies.
- All items we sell are fully guaranteed.

SEND A SAE FOR YOUR COPY OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE RECORD CATALOGUE YOU ARE EVER LIKELY TO RECEIVE

EXPORT: We offer an unbeatable worldwide service with ten years' experience of exporting. Send today for our 18-page catalogue, full of exciting Records and Cassettes. Many are unavailable outside of Britain, and all are free from UK taxes.

GEMA RECORDS
(P.O. Box 54), Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berkshire, England.

BALI HIGH!

FROM PAGE 41

up on the back of the stage. I went to join them. A different and if anything even more captivating show was on display from the "backstage" view.

Since his reputation was so great, I expected Wija to be an old, or at least middle-aged man. I was shocked to see sitting beneath the flame a young man. He wore a sarong and no shirt and a colourful head scarf around his forehead.

He sat crossed legged. To his side was a large wooden chest containing hundreds of puppets. In his hands he held poles attached to the puppets he was moving. In his feet he held wood blocks which he used to tap out a beat.

Wija seemed to be doing a million things at once. He rocked back and forth, beating time and chanting in a voice that came from deep within, as if he was in a trance. Then he would go into character as one of the puppets, and not only his voice but his face completely changed. His body seemed to be enlarged — it glowed, and not just from the lamplight. This was the most dynamic thing I'd seen on Bali. This man was a rocker.

The story of the *wayang*, taken from the Mahabharata, culminated in a great battle between the forces of good and evil. Although it was now about three in the morning, the children sitting up front woke up for the battle scenes. There were some broad slapstick bits in which the clowns used their removable phalluses to club each other on the head. This had the children roaring. Finally, good triumphed over evil, the audience rose to leave, and the *dalang* began his closing prayers.

My travelling companion Josh had learned a good deal of Indonesian, and he wrote out a note to Wija explaining that I was a journalist and would like to interview him. In halting English and simple Indonesian Wija explained that he was staying the night in Sanur, wrote out the address and told us to come see him the next day.

WIJA, IT turns out, is married to an American woman, Kristina Melcher, who works in Bali as the United States Consular Agent. She maintains a house-office in Sanur, while the couple's "real" home is in Sukawati, the home of Wija's family.

Wija is very introverted, a man of few words. But his replies, though sometimes short, were without hesitation. He is a man in control of himself and his art, who knows clearly what he is about. Kristina and a Balinese friend translated.

Wija started studying to be a *dalang* when he was very young, his father also being a famous *dalang*. He gave his first public performance when he was 12. Now he is 30 but looks younger, especially when he performs, when his face and body are physically transformed. He performs an average of 20 times a month, in villages all over Bali.

I ask if it's unusual to be such a successful *dalang* when so young.

"It's not really usual, because I have to think more like an old man at my age. I have to study more philosophy. I have to deepen my knowledge. A *dalang* is supposed to be an old man, so even though I am young I have to think like an old man.

"In former days a *dalang* was supposed to have also black magic, the understanding and the power, because many people would try to attack him. He would know the black magic and the white magic, and the wisdom, and everything. But nowadays things are changing."

The books I've read say that a *dalang's* success depends on his *sakti*, his magic power.

"It's what we would call *taksu*. Sort of charisma. But with a mystical connotation."

Why would a *dalang* need to know black magic?

"Being a *dalang* is not easy. A man who knows black magic may try to cast a spell to keep you from performing the *wayang*. Sometimes the *dalang* may encounter problems, not because of personal things to him, but because of other people. If some man insulted a man who knows black magic, and then a *dalang* was hired by that man, the man who knows black magic might try to harm the *dalang*.

"It's important for the *dalang* to know both black and white magic. Not all black magic is bad. He needs to know *pomingar* to attract the audience's attention. That is similar to *taksu*, to make your voice sound sweet and to make your performance interesting so no one will leave before it ends.

"And the white magic I need also to ward off evil spirits and people trying to harm me. Because people can get jealous of a successful *dalang*."

Do you feel you become the characters?

"Yes. I have to become my character because there is no written dialogue. So I have to become the puppet. Even the way I move is different for different characters. Krishna does not move the way Arjuna does."

What does the audience learn from the *wayang*?

"Ways to live. Philosophy. If there is no meat to it, it is pointless. If there is nothing for the audience to use in their lives."

In your *wayangs* do you comment on current events, or on the way modern times are changing Bali?

"The *wayang* is political. It's about war. The whole story of the Mahabharata is about a great war. I make my own stories too, which are about politics, but it's not obvious. The audience has to bite through it.

"If we pick our metaphor well the people will know what we allude to. We can't be too obvious. In Indonesia we can be put in jail for insulting the President. There may be a battle or a story or a character in the *wayang* that refers to a current event, or a politician. People understand."

As far as I know the *wayang* has never been performed outside of Indonesia. Would you like to come to America or Europe?

"No, I would be bored there. I find Kristina's family boring. I'd just go to the movies."

ON MY LAST night in Bali I am back in Kuta, walking down to the night market for dinner when I hear the sound of a gamelan playing nearby. I follow the sound to a courtyard in front of a Chinese temple, the only one in Bali. A temple festival is in full swing. Many of the people in the audience are Bali Chinese, but the orchestra and dance troupe are regular Balinese, hired from a nearby village.

The orchestra, *Gong Buduk*, plays a series of compositions to introduce a mask dance, and they are beautiful. These pieces have a particular fluidity, with an inventive use of flute and drums that really pulsate.

The play begins and the orchestra switches to the standard music for the *topeng*. The play is the same as the one I saw at the temple festival at Taman. Once again the timeless drama unwinds.

And I think, just over there is that main street of Kuta, where rock music is blaring and tourists are eating jaffles and hamburgers. Yet even here, just a few steps into the backstreets and Bali culture is living, and the Balinese are enjoying it.

A few hours later the play is over and I'm walking home. The Bali Sand Bar is closed for the night, but a crowd of Australians is still in there. They are drunkenly warbling 'Waltzing Matilda'.

The world can be as big and varied or as small and narrow as you please.

REFERENCES

A good deal of Balinese music has been recorded "in the field" and released by American and English record companies. The Nonesuch Explorer series has several records of Balinese music out, though these may no longer be in print. These records generally fail to capture the real tonal colour of the music, and the best recordings I've heard of Balinese music are on cassettes issued by Aneka, an Indonesian company. Perhaps some importers have them? Look especially for 'The Best Of Legong' and 'Spesial Kreasi Baru-Gong Pindha'.

Anyone contemplating a trip to Bali should pick up *Indonesian Handbook* by Bill Dalton (Moon Publications). Get it before you go as it's been banned in Indonesia because of Bill's unflattering remarks about corruption in their government.

Interpretations Of Culture by Clifford Geertz has two excellent chapters of the sociology and religion of Bali. *Island Of Bali* by Miguel Covarrubias, and *A House In Bali* by Colin McPhee (Oxford in Asia paperbacks) are both fascinating studies of Bali as it was in the 1930s. Nothing has really changed much since then.

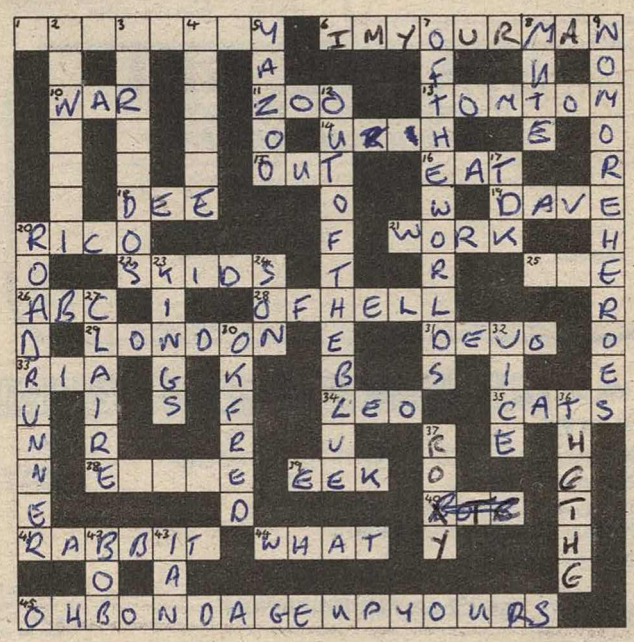
NME X-Press Word

CLUES ACROSS

1 Culture Club's first single. 5, 3.
6 Blue Zoo keep on saying this. 2, 4, 3.
10 & 7 Down Jeff Wayne's big album hit. 3, 2, 3, 6.
11 BBC1's colourful outfit. 3.
13 This club has got a beat to it! 3, 3.
14 This goofy rich family comes from here. 4
15 & 28 Across Where did this creepy bat come from? 3, 2, 4.
16 Blondie does this to The Beat. 3.
18 Surname of woman who sang with Elton John. 3
19 Christian name of Radio One DJ. 4.
20 Famous Jamaican trombonist. 4
21 Diana Ross keeps doing this to her body. 4.
22 They sang Into The Valley. 5
25 How Long was sung by them. 3.
26 This group own a fry. 1.1.1.
28 See 15 Across
29 This group can hear this town calling them. 6.
31 They sang '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction'. 4.
33 Record label. 1.1.1.
34 The sign of the zodiac is connected to Mr Sayer. 3
35 Squeeze were very cool for these. 4
38 ----- and Sheena sung by the Electric Chairs. 5
39 'Skidip' sung by "--- A Mouse". 3.
40 They sing about the 'Statue of Liberty' 1.1.1.
41 Chas & Dave have got plenty of this. 6
44 This song was sung by the Buzzcocks & Soft Cell. 4
45 "*Young sud pooh bear* X Ray Spex 1977 hit." 2, 7, 2, 5 (anag)

CLUES DOWN

2 & 4 Early David Cassidy hit. 3, 3, 1, 2, 4.
3 Their instrumental hit 20 years ago. 8.
5 Only you can get this one! 5.
8 Silent record label. 4.
9 Stranglers hit in 1977. 2, 4, 6.
12 E.L.O.'s inspiration. 3, 2, 3, 4.
17 Yet another famous cassette name. 1.1.1.
20 'Drone Nana'. This is also sung on the great rock 'n' roll swindle. 4, 6 (anag)
23 'King Of -----' — Jimmy Cliff song. 5
24 Japan sing about the European. 3
27 B52s love this planet. 6.
30 'Red Kof' — Errol Dunkley sang this a few years ago. 2, 4. (anag)
32 Beki runs this squad. 4.
36 Stevo manages an Uncertain Smile 3, 3.
37 Catalyst punk venue. 4
42 Marley/Geldolf. 3.
43 Is this a Blockhead? 3.



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 and 29A 'Night Boat To Cairo', 7 Kamera, 8 Macho, 9 Abba, 10 'Dressed', 12 'Ram', 15 Ure, 16 'Uber', 17 'Upstairs', 18 'Natty', 21 'Hustler', 24 'East', 28 Shirt, 29 see 1 Across, 30 'In', 31 Hesse, 34 'U.N.C.L.E.', 36 Mu, 37 'Amigo', 39 Final Academy.

DOWN: 1 Naked Lunch, 2 Heels, 3 'Blade Runner', 4 Asia, 5 Doc, 6 and 13D 'Another Music', 8 'Martin', 11 Eyeless, 13 See 6 Down, 14 'States', 19 Arthur C., 20 'Ya', 22 'This', 23 Line, 25 'Scream', 26 'Ta', 27 Fridge, 32 E.M.I., 33 SUN, 35 C.O.D., 38 'My'.

NME CLASSIFIEDS

For further details ring
JILL HORNE (01-261 6122)
or write to
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements,
Room 2535, King's Reach Tower,
Stamford Street, London SE1.

READ BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC WEEKLY IN THIS COUNTRY

Source: NRS

WANTED

BARRY MANILOW live tapes or records, Europe tour 82 especially Royal Albert Hall. Phone Hester 0494 445047.

JACKSON BROWNE rarities. Live/studio. Send lists. Box No. 4676.

JAPAN TICKET(S), Hammersmith Odeon, all nights. Front or near front row seats. Could exchange for other stalls tickets. — Box No. 4667.

JAPAN TWO tickets London 19th, 20th November. Good price. Crayford 526134. George.

RANDY CALIFORNIA marquee tapes. Photographs available. Mike Ware, 18 Grosvenor Place, Bath.

SQUEEZE, JAM Clash, many others. Gaillon 76940, Vatteville France.

STONES 1982 wanted: I offer: Stones 1982 (21 concerts), 1981 (13). Various Stones (90). Swap UK New Wave, with 600 concerts: Costello (30), Petty, Television, Buzzcocks, Passions.

WANTED ONE Jam ticket for Guildford 9/12/82. £10. Lee, 61 Richmond Way, Bookham, Surrey.

AS USED BY STRAY CATS ADAM & THE ANTS MARK KNOPFLER ETC.
FOR ALL KINDS OF PROFESSIONALLY SET UP
SECOND-HAND GUITARS & AMPS
GUITAR MAKERS
PRO-GUITAR & AMP REPAIR WORKSHOP
Andy's Guitar Workshop
27 Denmark Street, London WC1
(off Charing Cross Road) 01-836 0899
Also at 48 High Bridge Newcastle-on-Tyne Tel: 0632 327202
WE GET THE BEST OUT OF ANY INSTRUMENT
OPEN TILL 7 pm & SUNDAYS

PORTION CONTROL
I STAGGERED MENTALLY

IN PHAZE records
HARD, RHYTHMIC ELECTRONICS
"a statement of intent"

PREGNANCY?
Unhappy or need help? Phone Stopes now
ABORTION
Advice and help
01-388 4843
(24hr information service, all week)
or LEEDS 440685
(Mon-Fri 9.15 am-5.45 pm)
Birth Control. Pregnancy Tests. Sterilisation
From Britain's leading private family-planning clinic.
Serving women since 1925.
Open weekdays, evenings, Saturdays
Your help. Our concern.
Marie Stopes House
114 Whitfield Street,
London W.1.
MARIE STOPES

If you're looking for a break in the music business, we can help you.
Write now and find out how:
breakthrough
43 Rosemont Road,
London W3 9LU

FOR SALE

A ROTEL RX 500 SL FM/MW/LW/SW RECEIVER FOR ONLY £89.00 ONO. This receiver is in immaculate, as new condition, complete with box and instructions, has twin speaker facility plus LED radio tuning, and delivers superb sound. Ring 261 6188 daytime.

BUY HER a Fiesta Fly Convertable for Christmas or get one for yourself from £3,500 used to £5,500 new. Ring Lea Valley 764384.

EAST HEREFORDSHIRE. Magnificent detached country residence standing about 4.75 acres with lake, formal gardens and woodland. 4 main reception rooms, 9 first, 4 second floor bedrooms. Excellent range cellars. Present use residential with considerable development potential, e.g. ideal as recording studio etc. Stooke, Hill & Co. Tel: 0531 2212.

JAM TAPES. Write, 21, Clapgate, Bradbury, Stockport. SK6 3DC.

MESA-BOOGIE WOOD Finish U.S. Flight Case £725.00. 0742 86 3095.

PHOTOS/POSTERS. Interesting rare and unusual material on Bowie, Led Zep, K Bush, Queen, S Easton, Police, Japan, Stones, Abba, Blondie, K Wilde plus many others (also Movie Stars). Sae for details (stating interests) to:— S.I.P. (Dept NME), 17 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1.

SUBSCRIBE TO N.M.E. The next 52 issues posted direct to your address each week. **U.K.** £29.00, **U.S.A. & CANADA** $97 (sent by air), **OTHER OVERSEAS** £35 (Surface Mail). Send Payment with Order to: Jim Watts, Room 2613, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS. Cheque payable to IPC Magazines Ltd.

SYD BARRETT — "THE MAKING OF THE MADCAP". The story of the album by the producer. 30 pages of session dates, takes, musicians, anecdotes, outtakes. Plus Floyd session dates from Arnold Layne to 'Ummagumma' and more. £2.50 post free. Box No. 4675.

THE DAMNED, NEW ROSE promotional poster "Young hot loud 'n' stiff". Printed in Monochrome (720mm x 600mm). **"DAMNED DAMNED DAMNED"** play it at your sister (1st LP) poster available soon. Prices: £1 each, £2-3, £3-6, £4-10 inc p&p. Relive your childhood with these glistening beauties beaming down upon you. Write: D. Cheema, 219 Holly Lane, Erdington, Birmingham.

MUSICAL SERVICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Samply absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

HOW TO make big money writing Hit Songs. Free details Richmonds, 28 The Vineyard, Richmond, Surrey.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11, St Albans Avenue. London W.4.

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN. 01-690 7636.

EQUIPMENT FOR sale, twin deck, speakers, lights, records, Ring 0905 23615.

SOUNDSAROUND ROADSHOW Reliable, inexpensive, (01) 319 3047.

UNFORGETTABLE DISCO 328 6424.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

ANDY'S GUITAR CENTRE — American & Vintage secondhands, also amps, effects, etc. Pro guitar & amp repair workshops, customising, making. **GUITARS & AMPS BOUGHT ANY CONDITION.** 27, Denmark Street, W.C.2. 01-836 0899, 01-379 3491.

GIBSON LES Paul double cutaway £350.00. — Sheffield 460425.

RECORDS FOR SALE

ALBUM HIRE, widest choice, postal service. S.A.E. Taw Records, Calver, Sheffield.

AMAZING RARITIES! 10,000 Promos/Picture Discs/Coloured Vinyls/12" rarities: Metal/New Wave/Glam-Rock/Original Deletions. Video Rock/Imported Photobooks: Japan, Kiss, Deep Purple, Zeppelin, T Rex, Slade, Sweet, Queen, Alice Cooper, Kate Bush — Abba to Zappa! Large SAE and 50p for illustrated catalogue. RS Records, North Street, Milverton, Som.

AUTOSALVAGE, BOWIE, Kaleidoscope, Pistols, Loadingzone, Buzzcocks, Familytree, Newwave, Westcoast, etc. Records, magazines, memorabilia. Large S.A.E. 6 Trident House, Hatfield, Herts.

BRIGHTON RECORDS FAIR. Brighton Centre. Sunday 7th Nov. Over 60 stalls. 1pm–5pm. Admission 50p. (11am–1pm — £1.50).

BRISTOL RECORDS fair — Saturday, November 6th — Central Methodist Hall, Old Market.

BROMLEY RECORD fair, November 13th TS. Narvick Hall Corner, Bromley Common, Magpie Hall Lane. 11am — £1 12.30pm - 5pm. 30p. — Enquiries, Maidstone 677512.

COLLECTORS' RECORD fair, Saturday, 6th November, Lewisham Riverdale Hall, Lewisham's busy shopping centre. 11-4pm. Admission free, stalls. 01-659 7065.

DAMNEDS STRETCHER Hebburn 832065.

DELETED LPs/singles our speciality. SAE for details: Skeleton Records, PO Box 4, 94 Argyle Street, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

DEXYS LIVE! The Bridge — The Tape: £4.50! Box No. 4666.

DIVISION/ORDER rare tapes, SAE for list. Steve, 122 Andrew Road, Halesowen, West Midlands.

ELTON JOHN goodies. S.A.E. — DWEJN, 37 Watcombe Circus, Nottingham.

FLOYD GOODIES — S.A.E. — DWFN, 37 Watcombe Circus, Nottingham.

GENESIS, BOWIE, Lou Reed, Queen, rare stuff, large S.A.E. Box No. 4669.

GENESIS/GABRIEL goodies — S.A.E. — DWGN, 37 Watcombe Circus, Nottingham.

HAWKWIND — MOTORHEAD goodies — S.A.E. — DWHMN, 37 Watcombe Circus, Nottingham.

JOY DIVISION Rarities, Trevor 0482 825394.

LENNONS FINAL interview recorded 8/12/80 on record. Not bootleg. Details 2 Wakefield Street, London N18 2AF. (S.A.E.)

NEW T.G. Two genuine previously unreleased Throbbing Gristle cassettes £3.50p each including p+p or send S.A.E. Box No. 4672.

OXFORD RECORD fair, Clarendon Institute, 13/11/82, entrance £1 at 11 am; 30p at 12 pm.

PINK FLOYD See Emily Play offers L. White, 10 Buttington Road, Sedbury, Nr Chepstow, Gwent.

POOLE RECORD fair, Arts Centre, 6/11/82, 12.30 entry £1. 1.30 — 30p.

PURPLE / RAINBOW / Gillan / Whitesnake / related goodies. S.A.E. — DWPN, 37 Watcombe Circus, Nottingham.

RARE DYLAN, low prices, SAE — Dennis, 46 Bond Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

RARE TAPES SAE for list. 11 Gresham Gardens, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

RECORDMANIA CAN trace any record ever made, (well almost) 1955-82. Send SAE with wants list, 7 Davygate Centre York (new address). Please put your address on list.

ROXY / YES / CRIMSON / ELP — goodies — S.A.E. — DWRYN, 37 Watcombe Circus, Nottingham.

SPRINGSTEEN BOWIE, U2 rarities. Box No. 4668.

SPRINGSTEEN, JOY Division, etc. SAE. Box No. 4674.

THE VOID. Debut single "Into the Void". £1 from Hole-in-Space records, 21 Dovecote Cottages, Shenley Brook End, Milton Keynes MKS 7AA.

TUBEWAY PARK 12", offers Liverpool, 928 6022/mint condition.

1,000's OF BARGAINS LP's, singles, cassettes, 12" singles, picture vinyls, deletions, all brand new. 9 High Street, Billericay, Essex.

10,000 SINGLES LP's, new catalogue. Large SAE, 4 Hampden Road, Caversham, Reading.

VIDEO

DYLAN, SPRINGSTEEN, Bowie, etc. SAE Box No. 4673.

GOLD TAPES. All types music video pop, rock, country, blues, RnR; rarities. Send S.A. E. for info. 81 Standard Road, Enfield, Middx.

MUSICIANS WANTED

MUSICIANS
NME outsells
Melody Maker
by more than 2 to 1*
Make your money go further — Advertise in
NME
(*Source ABC Jan - Jun 1982)

A GUITARIST wanted. Minimalist rock/funk Gang/4 Joseph K, Join band with material and ideas, enthusiasm above experience. Mark 735 0254.

AMAZING DRUMMER required for South London punk band, into Pistols/Velvets. 228 7038.

COMPETENT BASS needed, tape done, reliability essential. Doncaster 27992/62104.

DRUMMER FOR creative band with definite future. Commitment essential. Cure/Bunnymen influenced. 659 2552 or 502 0732.

DRUMMER INVENTIVE for Sheffield Band, Keith Sheffield 484246.

DRUMMER REQUIRED for band with T.Rex, Blondie Buzzcocks influences. 01-672 0357.

EDINBURGH POP band seek drummer. Ian 331 1537.

GUITARIST WANTED. Phone Tim Sandwell 021-556 8276.

IMAGINATIVE DRUMMER needed for token gestures or the promised land. 60 seconds to what? Tim — 249 8213.

KEYBOARDS REQUIRED by band playing own material. Must be competent and enthusiastic. Phone Paul 546 3476.

KEYBOARDS + BASS keyboards. Original ideas and motivation to form expanding duo. 859 2761, Mark.

MALE VOCALIST required for original Manchester based Rock Band. Tel. 061-682 6473.

MUSIC WRITER, synths / guitar, with fresh ideas wanted by lyricist. T. Heads, P. Furs, S. Minds, Yazoo. Thames Valley, London. Phone 0734 663554.

NIGHTCLUBBING SYNTH player with stock of own material original ideas essential. Wanted for Warholian group. Ari 636 6465.

PUNK BAND — South London, urgently need Drummer, Bassist. Phone Bob 228 7038.

SINGER, BASSIST drummer. Funk, soul, jazz, Hillingdon. area. 01-561 4943.

STOODGELIKE/GUNCLUBBISH Guitarist wanted. Also needed Bassist. 858 0806.

TECHNOPOP/COMPUTER/synthesiser bands wanted for compilation album details — S.A.E. (A.L.A.) Sane Records, Suite 3, 48 Hilderthorpe Road, Bridlington, Yorkshire.

VOCALIST, OWN material seeks musicians. Band. Mark Chandler's Ford, 60721.

YOUNG SINGER. Intelligent — moody — fast — genuine — male. No dopers/moaners. East Sussex area. Telephone 0424 432249.

RECORDING STUDIOS

CROW 16-TRACK £65/day, best drum sound in London, Fantastic effects, instruments, helpful engineers — 01 - 399 3990.

NEW 8 TRACK 1in Central London. TR808, CSQ600, SH2, OB1, Korgtrident, Vocoder, more . . . £6.00 p.h. 01-286 0642.

SOUTH COAST. Toucan Studios. 8 Track. £6.p. hr. Wednesdays and Thursdays 10 Hr. day. £50. + VAT. Hayling Island (07016) 67734.

RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL your L.P.'s, singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged. 1p — £2.50 each paid (more for video-cassettes & rarities). **NONE REFUSED!!** Bring **ANY** quantity in **ANY** condition to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W.11. (Shop open 7 days, 10—8; tel. 01-727 3539). Or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash (none returned once sent — we decide fair price; list + S.A.E. for estimate if required). Also see display advertisement on page 46.

FUNHOUSE RECORDS. Very high prices paid for rare and obscure 60's & 70's rock albums, EP's, singles. Whole collections purchased. Write enclosing S.A.E. for cash offers, European pic sleeve, EP's always needed — no rip offs, guaranteed immediate payment. 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent. Tel. 0843 295595.

HUMAN LEAGUE rarities. 114 Hallin Hill, Harlow, Essex.

JOY DIVISION. Atmosphere Sordide Sentimental £25. Associates, Boys keep swinging, Double hip, £15. Syncopation, Marking Time, Fascimile Liasons, £10. R. G. Retton, 51 Pickering Place, 52nd Street, New York City, New York State, USA.

KEVIN COYNE promos, imports, cassettes. 12" singles, also siren, Captain Beefheart, Blossom Toes. Chris Baillie, 42A Heaton Road, Mitcham, Surrey.

RIPOFF RECORDS, High Street, Lampeter, Dyfed. Everything taken. Astounding prices. Send direct or SAE for quote.

TOP PRICES paid for L.P.'s/cassettes. Any quality. Send details plus S.A.E. for quotations. — Gema Records, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

PERSONAL

ATTRACTIVE MALE 22, nature and music lover, seeks friendship of girl in south east. Box No 4670.

CANNABIS LEAF MOTIF, attractive, durable, raised — flock texture. Easy applied to most fabrics, iron-on. 80p + 20p P. & P. **THE IRON-ON CENTRE,** c/o Oasis, Corporation St. **BIRMINGHAM.** B4 6SX.

DATELINE COMPUTER DATING for successful compatible relationships. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline, Dept. (NME) 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. (01) 938 1011.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE Postal intro's All Areas, All ages: write to: **ORION INTRODUCTIONS,** Dept AS12, Waltham, Grimsby, DN37 0DP.

GAY SWITCHBOARD. 24 hour service for homosexuals. Information, advice, entertainments guide, legal and medical referrals on (01) 837 7324.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with Sincerity and throughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GJ.

PAUL McCARTNEY indentical lookalike, 23 seeks penfriends anywhere in the world, any age with view to friendship/marriage. Varied interests. Exchange photos. Stamp appreciated. Box No. 4671.

PHIL. NINE is the look of 5-0. Blackbird.

SEEKING MALE or female companions, pen-friends, etc? Long standing service. Stamp please: Nationwide Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool, L15 3HT.

SPECIAL NOTICES

BIC-SIDE OF VAN (Stranglers Rec.) — 30th Jan + 4EV INC. 1983 + 1984 (George) — (XX) REM:— Twenty second, second G+8 (E-SAT-230 RYr. B.D.?) — Basket.

SITUATIONS VACANT

ALTERNATIVE EMPLOYMENT opportunities with record companies, radio stations etc. Experience unnecessary. Full or part-time. Read "Music Employment Guide"; "Careers in Radio"; British Music Index" (1700+ essential addresses). £1.50 each; all three £4. Dept 11, Hamilton House Publishing, Creaton, Northampton.

CUTS COMPANY. James Cuts is looking for young hard vigorous, spunky, straight male juniors for his Kensington Salon for severe training. Age 16-17. Phone 727 7033.

JOBS ABROAD AND WORKING HOLIDAYS. Unemployed? Tired of boring routine? This guide is packed with up-to-date information covering 36 countries. Sections include Business and Industrial, Secretarial, Hotel Staff, Work Camps, Kibbutz, Au Pairs, Domestics, Nannies, Fruit Picking, Outdoor Conservation, Couriers, Teaching, Christian Aid, etc. Over 200 useful addresses, many offering dozens of jobs in various countries. Most jobs require no experience and will suit male or female. This is your opportunity to start an exciting new life! Send £1.95 (satisfaction or money back). **PEEWHITE** (G7), 12 Hartington Road, Twickenham, TW1 3EN.

JOBS AT SEA. Oil rigs, ships plus jobs overseas. For guide details, send S.A.E. & 50p (Refundable). Quality supplies, (NME) 4 Tower Street, York.

PUBLICATIONS

STRANGE FRUIT ten compilation cassette £1.40 inclusive. 1 Spode Close, Tilehurst, Berkshire.

SUPERFAST GUITAR booklet, scales, arpeggios, speed technique solos, clear diagrams, £2.00 **ROCKBIZ,** 2 Postern, Barbican EC2Y 8BJ.

PRINTING

PRINTED BALLOONS, pens, bookmatches, business cards. Send stamp for details, samples: Folkdean (Dept. NME), 22 Primrose Way, Lydney, Glos. 0594 41545.

T-SHIRTS PRINTED, Minimum 25, Slogans (0253) 730043.

FAN CLUBS

WHO THE hell are The Void? S.A.E. 21 Dovecote Cottages, Shenley Brook End, Milton Keynes.

PA & LIGHTS

1-3 KW Systems Available. Good fold back and effects. Helpful People. For quote phone 0628 28202, or 272 5144.

REHEARSAL STUDIOS

LIVE AIR! Weekdays — fully equipped studio including PA, amps, drums. £20 day. Empty studio £10 day including PA 778 3945. 697 8568.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

Full-Time Courses 1983/84

The major institution of Higher Education in Cheshire, Crewe + Alsager offers you one of the most exciting ranges of Degree, Diploma and Post Graduate courses available anywhere in the UK.

In the heart of South Cheshire, the College enjoys easy access to some of the UK's most attractive countryside and good communication links exist to all parts of the UK. Excellent accommodation and social and academic facilities are available on campus.

DIPLOMA OF HIGHER EDUCATION (2 yrs)
A qualification recognised in its own right, our Dip HE is equivalent to, and an integral part of the first two years of many honours Degree courses available here or at other Colleges. Also available part-time and worth up to 4 Open University credits. Study any of the subjects offered in the degrees.
Normal entry requirements for Dip HE and degrees is 5 GCE's including 2 'A' levels.
Students may have the opportunity of term's study in the USA.

BA + BA HONOURS (COMBINED STUDIES) DEGREE COURSES

HUMANITIES (HONOURS) (3 yrs)
Study two from English, American Studies, History, French Studies, Religious Studies, Modern Studies, Human Geography, Philosophy, Music, Writing and Educational Studies. Dip HE linked.

CREATIVE ARTS (HONOURS) (3 yrs)
Study two and explore the interaction of Dance, Music, Drama, Visual Arts and Writing. Dip HE linked. High level of specialisation possible in final year.

ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES (3 yrs)
Geared to developing your understanding of the nature and scope of environmental issues such as Energy, Ecology, Pollution Studies and Rural Environments. Dip HE linked.

INDEPENDENT STUDY (HONOURS) (3yrs)
An innovative programe designed to develop competence in inquiry, analysis, argument and communication. Final year of study of your own choice. Linked for first two years to Dip HE in Development Studies, Human Behavioural Studies, (Psychology, Sociology and Philosophy). Additional options in Youth and Community Studies, Education and Special Education.

DRAMA STUDIES (HONOURS) (3 yrs)
Combine Drama with the study of literature, society and writing. Dip HE linked.

CRAFTS (3 yrs)
Develop a broader understanding of the role of crafts within society. Subjects covered include Wood, Metal, Ceramics and Textiles.

SPORTS STUDIES (3 yrs)
Develop your knowledge of the relationships between sport and science and learn how to improve your own sports skills and those of others.

B.ED (HONOURS) (4 yrs)
A flexible course providing a sound background for teaching all age bands. For Secondary teaching, choose from a wide range of subjects, including shortage subjects, in Creative Arts, Humanities, Environmental Studies, Design & Technology, Sciences, Special Education, Sport and Outdoor Education, Youth and Community Studies and Educational Studies. For Primary teaching, follow a specially tailored programme. Dip HE linked.

B.ED BUSINESS EDUCATION (HONOURS) (4 yrs)
Train to teach Business Studies in schools.

DIPLOMA IN YOUTH AND COMMUNITY WORK (2 yrs)
A flexible DES approved/JNC recognised course leading to careers in youth and community work. 5 'O' levels and/or relevant practical experience.

BEC HIGHER DIPLOMA (3 yrs)
A practical and intensive sandwich course for people interested in management careers in industry or commerce. 1 'A' level.

For further information about these or any other full or part-time courses available here, please contact The Academic Office (Admissions), Ref:NME Crewe + Alsager College of Higher Education, Crewe, Cheshire CW1 1DU. Tel: Crewe (0270) 583661.

Crewe+Alsager College of Higher Education
On course for a brighter future

MAGIC SKI
ANDORRA 9 & 16 DAYS
UNBEATABLE PRICES
Please send me details of Magic Ski Holidays in Andorra.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
MAGIC SKI, 67-69 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON WC1

THE CLASSIFIEDS ORDER FORM

RATES
ALL HEADINGS FOR PRIVATE ADVERTISERS
25p per word
TRADERS ANNOUNCEMENTS, PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENTS
38p per word

BOX NO. FEE £2.50 PER INSERTION

HEAVY BLOCK CAPITALS after the first two words are charged at double rate.

Write your ad here in block capitals. One word per box.

HEADING:

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
.....
.....
.....
DAYTIME PHONE NO .....
If you wish your name and address in your ad it must be included in the cost. If you have a box number it must be counted as three words.
All advertisements must be pre-paid.
I enclose PO/Cheque value £.....
Post to: **NME CLASSIFIEDS**
ROOM 2535, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS

Drummie Desmond drives on. *Pic: Paul Cox*

SHADES OF SLATE

IN ADDITION to maintaining the foundations of Black Slate during its recent personnel upheaval, original drummer with the group **Desmond Mahoney** has been busy at Easy Street rehearsing and producing albums with three new acts: a quintet featuring his younger brother Ronald Douglas named **Tenaistellin;** an all girl band operating as **Black Shade;** and sextet **Mission,** which carries a two horn section. Recordings from these outfits due in the New Year.

Meanwhile, the company can be sighted at a Five Sar Lovers Rock promotion to be held this Saturday at Trinity School, Barking Road, E16 at 7pm. Live onstage is Mission with special guest appearance by **Carroll Thompson** giving away copies of her new album and the Slate drummer as mc. Sounds by **Lord Creation** with Chris Donnervan at the control tower and Colin the mike mc and **Chappie Dread** with Big Youth at the control tower plus mc Tarzan, Seymon Ranks, Jah Wade, Jah Burt and Billy Bush. Admission: £2 at the door. Ladies free before 9pm.

DUB RAPP

THE RADICAL Alliance of Poets and Players combine on an album released this week by Y Records out of Shepherds Bush.

Entitled 'Wicked City' and led by Archie Pool, the LP contains six tracks of the man reciting his muse to reggae accompaniment as provided by Aswadites Angus Gaye (drums) and Tony Robinson (piano), plus Dennis Bovell

Archie Pool: pot black

(organ, bass, percussion), the guitarist John Kpiaye, the Tenyue brothers Henry and Patrick on trombone and flugel horn respectively, Clifton Bigger Morrison (melodica) and others. These include the title track, 'Squat "55" (For Bra Moses)', 'Guns Boms Handgrenades Gl l-l Blades', 'Blues Party' and other instances of a man's life in these iniquitous precincts.

The seventh track on the set is a three part play of 12 minutes duration enacting the familiar 'Court Room' lampoon of black drama featuring Trevor Laird as PC Bartholomew, Archie Pool as Judge and Cassie McFarlane as the accused woman Daphne Goldsmith. All titles mixed at Blackbeard's Studio 80.

DISCO MIXING

LATEST Greensleeves 12" titles include **Clint Eastwood** and **General Saint** off the inspiration of Sir Lancelot Percival and Lord Melody with 'Shame And Scandal In The Family' c/w 'Banana Export' (12 OINK 3); **Simple Simon,** 'Life In The Ghetto' c/w **Trevor Ranking,** 'A So Me Chat' (GRED 95) and **John Holt,** 'Fat She Fat' c/w **Yellowman & Fathead,** 'Rat' (GRED 99).

Issued on Body Music discomix is the solo debut from former Sons Of Jah vocalist **Derrick Lenroy** accompanied by **Ringo** on a course of 'Deep Meditation' (BMDIS 3).

Other releases include: **Junie Rank,** 'Counter-action' c/w **Ashman,** 'Jah Jah Rule Over We' (Techniques); **Juju Message,** 'Seasons' c/w 'Spring' (Treco — TRE 001); **Johnnie Clarke,** 'Rocking To The A-Class Champion' (Fashion FAD 012); **Welton Irie,** 'Jail House Affair' c/w **Captain Sinbad,** 'Captain Fi The Ship' (Black Roots — BRD 05); and **Sammy Dread,** 'One Combination' (Capri).

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

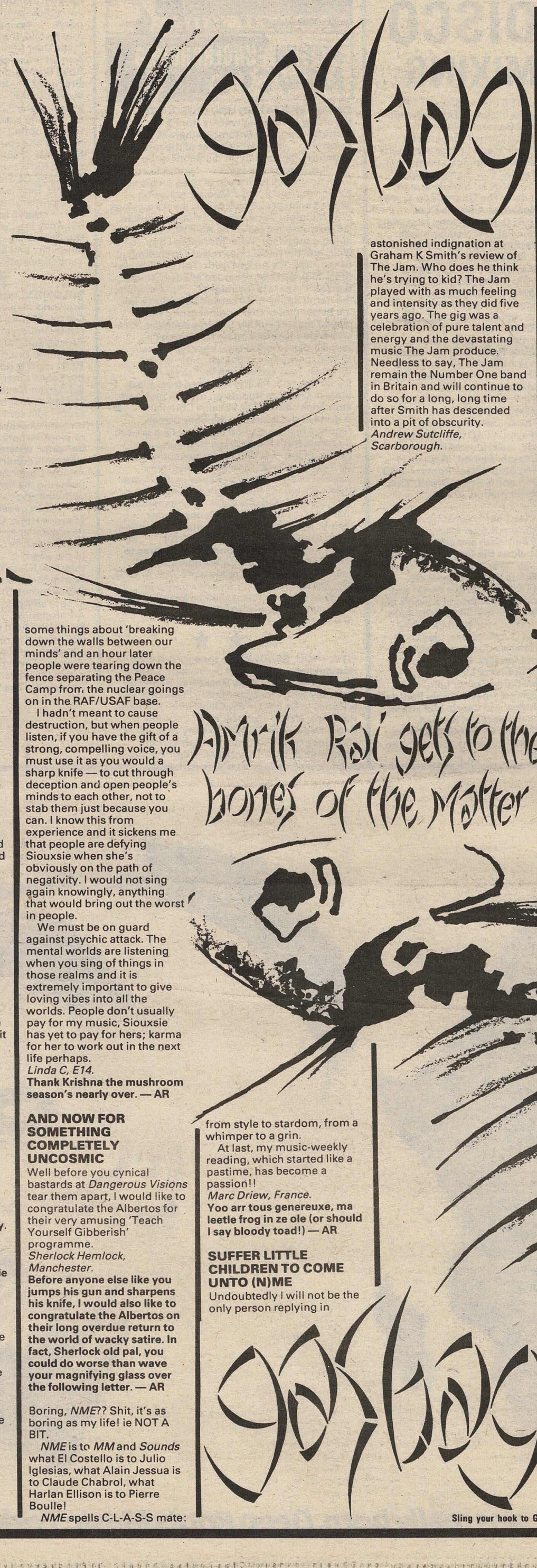
OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND reporting — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — Solomon where is thy throne? . . . master producer of the mellow Leonard Chin has left off his Santic alter-ego . . . **it is gone in the wind** . . . and is to come forth next week with a trio of titles on his new Sanity imprint: a 'Love Medley' featuring segued snatches of past Santic lovers waxings c/w 'Midnight Serenade' (STY 001); a guitar led instrumental featuring Alan Weekes in languid mood for 'What More Can I Say' (STY 002); and the latest Erica release following up her spirited 'It's Alright' with 'Tonight Tonight' (STY 003). All titles recorded at Easy Street . . . **Babylon! where is thy might?** . . . meanwhile, the name Santic to be carried henceforth by the better part of that original group who played together under L Chin's auspices, now rehearsing together again for "crucial" re-emergence in the New Year with Kelso Christian (rhythm and lead), John Bailey (drums), Tony Greenwich (bass), Horace Burke (keyboards) and recruited from Black Slate is Cledwyn Rogers on rhythm and lead alongside sometimes vocalist Christian . . . **it is gone in the wind** . . . the Easy Street regulars feature also on the latest Live & Love discomix from Blackstones trio, 'Ain't She Looking Fine' (LLDIS 210), a joint composition by Ras Elroy Bailey and the Stones' lead vocalist Leon Leiffer . . . **happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned** . . . and released also this week on Shashamane discomix is the latest solo venture from former Blackstones singer Byron Otis putting his voice to 'So You Say' (SHA 0010) . . . **all Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind** . . . also of interest on the local scene is the follow up to his work with Arawak for Gladwin Wright for a performance in unusual vein of a title issued on Red Nail and produced by Dennis Bovell: 'Mystic Woman' (RN 0037) . . .

★ ★ ★

PITY, THOU, READER! the madness of poor Humankind . . . a night of Splendour, Light Charm & Music by Roxy Rockaway Sound on Saturday with an extraordinary Fashion Show & Dance to be held in the Clive Hotel, Primrose Hill Road, NW3 — 8pm till 2am . . . **raving of Knowledge, — and Satan so busy to blind** . . . I & I present at the Newlands Club in High Wycombe on Saturday Night — 8pm till late — from JA Jahlovemuzik featuring Brigadier Jerry plus Ilawi crucial selector & Jahlove posse . . . **raving of Glory, like me** . . . meanwhile, the same night Ebony Cricket Club invite their friends and supporters to their Annual Presentation Dance at the Brabant Road Community Centre, Station Road, Wood Green, N22 — from 8pm till 2am — with music by Byron Hi-Fi . . . **for the garlands I bind** . . . also on Saturday The Afro Caribbean Sisters are holding a dance at the RACS Hall, 180-190 Upper Tooting Road, SW17. With guest Black Shades and sounds by Ray Charles . . . **(garlands of song)** . . . all night Saturday raving Big 6 annual Pre-Winter Cruise aboard *The Pride Of Greenwich* rocking to the sounds of TWJ. Boat leaves Westminster Pier at 12.45pm returns 6am . . . **are but gathered, and — strewn in the wind!** . . . also on Saturday is a Lovers Night at Cleopatra's in Huddersfield — 9 to 2 — with live onstage Simplicity and Errol Bellot. Sounds by Sir Yank Outernational . . .

★ ★ ★

SOLOMON! WHERE IS THY THRONE? . . . fireworks display this Friday at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2 from 8pm with poetry, music and drama performed by African cultural artists and late African Marathon Disco with DJ Wala-Wala. Adm £2.50 . . . **it is gone in the wind** . . . opening at the Scene Cinema, Swiss Centre, Leicester Square on November 11 is the Harbance Mickey Kumar movie Man From Africa / Girl From India said to be "breaking box office records wherever released in the West Indies or places where West Indians live" . . . **Babylon! where is thy might?** . . . at the Cunard Hotel this coming Saturday is held the Third Annual Commonwealth Sports Awards featuring the first lady of cabaret Stella Starr with dancing to Twilight Sounds in stereo and video with guests including Cyrille Regis, Maurice Hope, Chris Hughton and others. Reception at 7pm. Dancing until 2am. Tickets from Lonsdale Sports branches . . . **it is gone in the wind** . . . wanna learn to dance the jazz? they ask. Every Wednesday evening at the Centre Stage Dance Studios (top floor), 35-39 Old Compton Street, EC1 are holding classes at 7pm sharp. Information ring 01 253 0202. Admission £2 . . . **I, Abul Nemez, must rest; for my fire hath declined** . . . finally, in case you missed it, recently took place the twinning ceremony of Hackney and Barbados at Hackney Town Hall, the first borough to twin with a Caribbean country . . . **and I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind** . . .



FOLLOW THE LEADERS

"INFORMATION!", demand reactionary *Gasbaggers* with McGoohan-like persistence, as they reminisce over less complex times when they would happily discuss the new, critically acclaimed Yes album in the Chemistry lab and save up for Roger Dean wallpaper.

"Crap!" retort the Baker enthusiasts, cheered by the man's inspired and entertaining nonsense.

Serious types nod their agreement, though not without reservations. Some are still undergoing therapy for the eradication of subliminal rockist tendencies; treatment initially undertaken during the heady days of the Wah! inquisition.

"Who gives a toss?" yell unemployed readers over the rising babble, restrained as they are by financial considerations from investing in anything but the occasional dead-cert LP or a C90 triple-pack.

"You're all layabouts!" cries a passing Tory, muttering something about his shares in the bike industry. The assembled throng, joined by Ray Lowry from a nearby cartoon, angrily give chase to the smug buffoon, all differences temporarily forgotten.

W. Walker, Falkirk.

"Phew!!" breathes Trevor Hungerford as a thousand hairy crossword complaints are hastily commandeered and transformed, by the mystic skills of Origami, into a spankin' brand new job getting Tour De France. Seriously though, an IPC laundry bag is winging its way even now to the 673 readers who were the FIRST to complete the puzzle. — AR

QUEEN BITCHING

There I was, just floating about, waiting for someone upon whom I could thrust my irrepressible ego. Things looked bad indeed. But then, one night down at the Roundhouse about '71, I spotted the perfect geezer. He was up there crooning about some bloke in a spaceship on acid, or thereabouts. The perfect landlord, I thought. I sussed him out and he offered me lodgings. He said we could really make it, and we damn nearly did as well. But after a while he starts getting edgy and hassles me about rent and eventually boots me out. Bloody cheek! And what's more, he tells the world I'm dead and even goes as far as to say he invented me in the first place. Jesus, what an ungrateful . . .

Well, ever since, I've been sort of checking out these geezers. A couple of them are alright but my ego ain't what it used to be and I must admit I'm a bit knackered at the moment. I wonder if it shows??

Ziggy, Thurlestone, Devon.

Yes it does, you overrated camp tart. — Major Tom, about 71

I distinctly heard someone shout "There's only one Bowie" at the Bauhaus concert last week. Sounds as if he was right!

Julian Bridger, Battersea.

No he wasn't, you little hussy. I was on *TOTP* last week as well. — Andy O, Blue Zoo
'Scuse me, who are we talking about? — David Bowie

AND ZIGGY PLAYED SITAR . . .

After reading Amrik Rai's review of The Banshees some time ago, I was left more disappointed with Siouxsie than ever before. Doesn't she know by fights in the crowd that she's doing something wrong? She offers herself as everything I want to eradicate from rock music — you don't overcome dark forces by being a dark force yourself.

Let me tell you of a night I played at Greenham Common; people were in a mood of total freedom and some were tripping. I sang some things about 'breaking down the walls between our minds' and an hour later people were tearing down the fence separating the Peace Camp from the nuclear goings on in the RAF/USAF base.

I hadn't meant to cause destruction, but when people listen, if you have the gift of a strong, compelling voice, you must use it as you would a sharp knife — to cut through deception and open people's minds to each other, not to stab them just because you can. I know this from experience and it sickens me that people are defying Siouxsie when she's obviously on the path of negativity. I would not sing again knowingly, anything that would bring out the worst in people.

We must be on guard against psychic attack. The mental worlds are listening when you sing of things in those realms and it is extremely important to give loving vibes into all the worlds. People don't usually pay for my music, Siouxsie has yet to pay for hers; karma for her to work out in the next life perhaps.

Linda C, E14.

Thank Krishna the mushroom season's nearly over. — AR

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY UNCOSMIC

Well before you cynical bastards at *Dangerous Visions* tear them apart, I would like to congratulate the Albertos for their very amusing 'Teach Yourself Gibberish' programme.

Sherlock Hemlock, Manchester.

Before anyone else like you jumps his gun and sharpens his knife, I would also like to congratulate the Albertos on their long overdue return to the world of wacky satire. In fact, Sherlock old pal, you could do worse than wave your magnifying glass over the following letter. — AR

Boring, *NME*?? Shit, it's as boring as my life! ie NOT A BIT.

NME is to *MM* and *Sounds* what El Costello is to Julio Iglesias, what Alain Jessua is to Claude Chabrol, what Harlan Ellison is to Pierre Boulle!

NME spells C-L-A-S-S mate: from style to stardom, from a whimper to a grin.

At last, my music-weekly reading, which started like a pastime, has become a passion!!

Marc Driew, France.

Yoo arr tous genereuxe, ma leetle frog in ze ole (or should I say bloody toad!) — AR

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO (N)ME

Undoubtedly I will not be the only person replying in astonished indignation at Graham K Smith's review of The Jam. Who does he think he's trying to kid? The Jam played with as much feeling and intensity as they did five years ago. The gig was a celebration of pure talent and energy and the devastating music The Jam produce. Needless to say, The Jam remain the Number One band in Britain and will continue to do so for a long, long time after Smith has descended into a pit of obscurity.

Andrew Sutcliffe, Scarborough.

There's something funny about this letter but I just can't seem to put my finger on it. — AR
My boy's had his last number one. — Paul Weller's mother into a handkerchief
Not if we can help it missus. — Polydor re-release dept
You Jammy bastards. — EMI

Okay readers, you probably didn't catch the Velvets in Texas, perhaps you missed the Pistols at the Screen On The Green, maybe you never got round to seeing Joy Division, but for heaven's sake go and see Elvis Costello. I saw him yesterday and it was the best concert I will ever see.

Michael Snamlessom, Bristol.

Sounds like a hot property, this Elvis Costello geezer; perhaps we should run a small feature on him. — AR

THE OTHER HALVES

Re: Kev Mc's Dark Room review: You poor little pedantic jerk. Did you have a tedious time when you came to Liverpool University? Did you suddenly feel that you had missed out on something, not being intelligent enough to get as far as Higher Education? Is that why you were so pathetically resentful, prejudicial and insulting?

You ignorant little fart, the *NME* must be really hard up to employ someone as discerning, eloquent and open minded as you.

Pandora Brainworthy-Smyth BA, Liverpool.

***NME* policy dictates that at least one complete idiot gets to brandish their particular petty tirade every issue and this week's winner is without doubt pretty Pandora. Watch out for your IPC laundry bag duckie. — AR**

What has London got that is so special? I'm sick and tired of jumped up jerks who know nothing about how the rest of us live! It freaks me out how all your reporters waffle on about the music scene in the exploitation Capital!

Cock of the North.

Yeah, spot on. I'm really sick about waffling on about London. In fact I've got a good mind to move to Sheffield and write from there. And when are *NME* going to start covering places like Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow? — AR

I'm sorry but I can't resist you. Is this the sort of letter to elicit a response?

Jeremy Lewis, Bristol.

Those Buddhists are shaking down Carnaby Street again; I wonder if this is one of those cosmic coincidences. — AR

Pre-EMPTIVE CRITICISM: A TRITE RETURN

Can I just say something to the readers in the hope of ending the letter column strife about what the *NME* is doing, what it is thinking and why it should be doing better things with its time? After studying the letters and replies I've got this to say. Whatever we say, we are wrong. Whatever we think, we are wrong. Whatever we want, we are wrong, irretrievably and irreversibly. Let's get that into our heads and stop trying to tell them to reverse or shift in any direction they're taking.

That way, when the whole thing goes finally down the tubes we will at least be spared the frustration of sitting around saying, if only he'd listened to us. Because they won't and they don't.

Martin B Crookall, Manchester.

You're wrong Martin. You're hopelessly wrong. — AR

I had to write after seeing the Shakin' Stevens video. At the end he gives an autograph and a kiss to a little girl. Well, I stood at the stage door for an hour after one of his shows and I got neither a kiss nor an autograph — and I'm a big girl! Also can you tell me why he keeps opening his legs and jumping in the air when he's singing. My friend says he's catching flies.

Brenda, Victoria, SW1

No, he's not, he's cracking nuts. — AR

I would like to point out to anyone who read my interview with Kathryn Bigelow, director of *The Loveless*, in last week's *NME* that neither the title, blurb or picture captions which accompanied it were written by me, and they do not in any way represent any views of mine about the movie or the subject of homosexuality.

Cynthia Rose, Carnaby St, London W1.

Subscription to *Hank* winner. — AR.

How about the *NME*? Dire pomposity. Music is what it should be about, instead all we get is buskers in London. Albanian dissidents on a train to Glasgow, the *NME* Weakly Reel in 94 instalments, a double page 'flood of penguins' advert hype and four pages about ugly Americans. Now we all know Americans are ugly and that *NME* is not printed in New York, or is it?

The *NME*'s still there because there's nothing else. "We need to know and we don't know how to learn," said Angus McDuffy in 1790, and that's as valid as it was then.

If Ever . . . Surrey.

That final quote is as fine a condemnation of your letter as any I could give. — AR

The inevitable superabundance of hep sarcasm about your replies to letters is not enough. Week after week you complain about mean-spirited letters and novelty turns when you yourself are often more at fault. Let's have some serious discourse in the letters pages. It's you who have to take the initiative.

John. C. Yorkshire.

Week after week we rummage through the *Bag* in search of the exceptions to the facile statement/one line song and dance/trite tirade routine. This *Bag*, as with many preceding *Bags*, has produced little that has more than vaguely amused. Without sounding corny, *Gasbag* is your page, the initiative is for you to take; puerile variety turns do not deserve serious discourse. — AR

Illustration by Ken Prust

Sling your hook to GASBAG, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

THE MORE this column finds itself preoccupied with history the more we turn inward to discover our own past. The most common readers' querie is: How Old Is The *NME* And When Did It Start? This is a tough one. Perhaps the earliest authentic reference to this organ appears in **William Walwarth's** Memoranda Rolls of 1008. In it we my read: 'Quo loco recta via ad lupanar amicus vim *Nu Mysikl Ekspruse.* Lex Scantinia de nefanda Venere ad **Roy Carr?** Carp diem quam minimum **Wally** the printer est Nutcase."

It was 200 years later that a more recognisable style begins to emerge, this time in **Henry II's** *Ordononce Of Ye Stewes.* "Labouros for to eschewe the orrible stynkyn ge Synne find comfyrt in the commyne *Nyw Musykl Yxpresse.* It stynkes. Fr the moost parte they find plyseaure in build 'em up and knock 'en down. Must we fling thys fylthe et oure pop kydds? And what, if anyethyng, is the leed *T-Zer? (Gete on withe it — Ede)* Such synne as to crimsone even the fayce of my Lord of *(It woulde pleasyre the King if this columne would begyn, not to menshun oure dwyndling reedership — Ede)* Barmsey who in his Burgh of *(Stop or I destroy your penis — Ed)* . . ." It is stopped . . .

To Sherwood Foryst, where my master bass player with ye **Rollyng Stonys Will Wyman** has much perplexed his ancient brow wyth worryes of a showbysyness nature. *(Please stope this awfulle hack tudor talk — Ede)* It happyns that Will — a shirehorse's son of these last 90 summers and now much gryzzled and poor in ye head — has been offered some work in a new film by **Mel Brooks** callyed *Robin Hood.* Will, instantly posessed by ignominious thoughts of a chance to reek 'pon world a wretched musikal score, at once accepted. Foul hound! Brooks, so funnyye he causes the gut to rent its operation scar, in fact wanted W(h)yman to play the role of one of Hood's Merry Men. Seth Will, "I've turned it down, I'm too old and too shy for all that" (Fayct!). This shows, as fyr as wey're concerned, that the orrible stynking Wyman has a humour so small as to be invysybal, Dyg it . . .

1982: The lands of this part are rulyed over by a tyrant wench so fierce she turn the blood of a mad bull to somethyng resemblyng pump-water. *(Look I've stopped talking like this why can't you? — Ed).* Let it be known that the same fierce bytch is also born of a sonne **Mark Thatcher** and have a most excellent piece of gossyp about the boy. It concerns himself and a stewe-ladye known to be **Koo Stark** much sought after by ye hacks who freely fall like ye redwoods in the ill-houses and stew-shoppes around the river Fleete. It seems as though there be great chance of a movie coming to light that will feature both these soules doing some flesh excavations upon a wooden bed! Facte! Island Records are in fuller possession of ye facts regarding this unbelievable tryst and it appears the damned and wretched film may even get shown on ye devil invention called Channyl 4. The proposed film will be dyrekted by **Julian Temple** and financed by Island who laguishe at ye edge of ye knowne world in a disgusting and fylthy hovel called Hammersmythe. Mark Thatcher & Koo Stark in a movie? We'd like to see it, **Jasper!** *(It's slipping — Ed)* . . .

HA Back to ye Rollyng Stones, it must be a slowe weeke. **Jerry Hall** has left **Mick Jagger!** By Ordere of the Kinge (His Majesty **Burt the Fyrst)** let it be knowne that after 20 years together Hall has had ynouff of Jagger's whoreing around and has found no reserves of ye dignyty deep enough to forgyve the rubbyr-lypped penshyner. Jerry, who ye may entertain once fingerooed **Bryan** 'Burn Ye Miners' **Ferry** in a similar manner, is distraught but determined. "I am distraught but determined," she informyd us in a frankly superfluous quote.

Meantime — Ye Greenwhich Mean Time — **Bryan** has settlyed with a **Lucille de Helmore,** a maid to young and yet so blessed in her knowledge of upmarket salyd creams, "By **Zeus,"** her messenger told us, "she loves ye mayonaisse" . . .

Wycked Worlde: "TV Tough Guy" **David** 'Gordresthis' **Soul** is languishing in ye klinke after being charged wyth beating his wife. If found guilty Mr 'Tough Guy' Soul faces up to 18 months in gaol. His guilt will be decided in traditional way, ie, he will be bound hand and foot and thrown off ye Post Offyce Tower in London's busye Weste Ende. If he bruises he shall be found guilty. If, however, he manages to bounce off ye Charlotte Street like a sponge and can complete the phrase "I completely refute the suggestion that I manhandle my wife and furthermore deny out of hand any allegations that I did share a bed with the remarkable unsuccessful **Paul Michael Glazer"** before he comes to earth again — then he shall be without not guilty and without staine. We wait wyth baited breathe . . .

Great Story From Ye Fresians of Nederland: A Venice art school teacher, much learned in the ways of ye brushe, sought to enter hys local carnival in the merry dysgyse of an erekt male phallus. He was banned from doyng so by hys local Rump Parliament and was dystressed at their decision saying, "Fyke those Phyllisteins!". This is all true! The man, one **Giorgio Spiller,** went on by saying "Nobody objected last year when I entered as a female sex organ." We nyck this tale from ye *Guardian* and thought you might like to know. Incydentally, speaking of Phyllisteins, did you know she married and is now **Phyllis Goldberg?** Not funny! . . . *(Why Nederland way back at the top? — Ed)* . . .

To ye *Sunday People* Press, which supplyed a fascinating and terrible interview with Homeo Sectional harpsichord thrasher **Eltyn John.** It being a time of hys Terryble Toure he needs much publycyte and much public declaration. Notable of note in this latest Snoozathon is a section about ye good Queen. And please do not thynk this column so backward as to plum jokes about Queen **Reg** and the ilk. When Eltyn entertained Her Majesty he says: "All that stuff about the Queen slipping away to allow the youngsters to let their hair down is rubbish. I left at 4am and she was still going strong." The Queen loves a good gyg. Eltyn loves ye Palace. **Anthony Blunt** now lyves in Portsmouth to be near his work . . .

Hyts: Chart wonder The Piranhas leade singyr 'Boring & Dull' **Bob Grover** is laid low. It seems that since hys groupe are to the top 30 he can no longer claim his unemployed benefyts as dished out by the State to any old sponger with a sob story. Bob says he is absolutely flate broke, as flate as ye Worlde possibly, and says the only jobs open to him this year have been ". . . a warehouseman at Lewes Prison and a cleaner at Brighton Police Station". Sounds like a moaner to all us heavily over payed hacks . . .

PUBLYK NOTICE: If anyone has seen in London just recent one small bale of straw with legs attached answering to ye name of **Ian Penman** could they please make ye cytysins arrest. Mr Placemat is one of a pair of Penman's belonging to the Kent family of Smith and sore missed. He may be further recognised by his complete lack of body hair, high pitched — some have it *feminine* — voice and a firm red beetroot acting as a nose. Once again I thank you . . .

A barbaric toure of this land by **Joan Jett** has been successfully halted! It happens that Jett has been alone in the theatre on most nights of her concert stringe with much tumbleweed blowing gracefully down through the empty seats. The laydye stands to lose all the money she made on her hyt single 'I Love Rock & Roll Oh Yus' because of Albion's indifference with but 250 souls turning up at the northern outpost of ye Birmingham Odeon. Says **David Bowie**: "It is much shame for Jean is my favourite of all favourites and I have in my stewe most if not all of her truly amazing dysks." When pressed as to whose dysks we were dyskussing David turned most red and proferred, "I beg this courtroom for more time to gather my ailing wits. In truth I know not" . . .

The End comes swift: ". . . *pervigiles popinae indecenc inquit sic me,* T-Zers *nolim laudier week in week out."* Which, perfectly translated means, 'There's Only So Much News To Go Round And We Always Get The Arse End. Once Again We Thank You' . . .

Spirit of Halloween *Pix: Waldo*

V. Prune Guggi withers

Fangs a lot, folks!

Spectacular disguise

WHATEVER HAPPENED to the spirit of Hallowe'en? It certainly cast no more than a fleeting glance at Heaven this year, though rumour had promised a spooky extravaganza at the publication party for *The International Discography Of The New Wave.* Most people didn't bother with fancy dress, while some tried but lost nerve halfway; hence the numerous half-wrapped mummys sheepishly clutching trench coats or hiding behind pinball machines.

Despite the general apathy, the few that did go the whole way looked stunning, and first prize in the costume competition was carted off by an authentic looking Dracula, alias Peter Peake, though The Virgin Prunes looked ten times more unpleasant hopping about in various stages of undress and contorting nightmarish faces to accommodate deathly howls.

Next year we'll try the pumpkin patch.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Andy Gill
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
Contributing Editor
Charles Shaar Murray

Staff
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Gavin Martin
Lynn Hanna
Ian Penman

Art & Design
Richard Krzyzak

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Paul Rambali
Paul Morley
Danny Baker
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Graham Lock
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Paul Tickell
Barney Hoskyns
Lloyd Bradley
Ian Wright
Amrik Rai
Kristine McKenna

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel
Research
Fiona Foulgar

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2535
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Deputy Ad Manager
David Flavell
(01) 261 6206
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson

IPC Magazines Ltd.
Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

BETTER BADGES

'GREENSLEEVES DJ ASSAULT'
1. **VERY BOYO**
2. **CAPTAIN SINBAD**
3. **CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT**
4. **EEK-A-MOUSE**
5. **LONE RANGER**
6. **NICODEMUS**
7. **PAPA MICHIGAN & GENERAL SMILEY**
8. **RANKING DREAD**
9. **TOYAN**
10. **YELLOWMAN**

All 1¼" badges
Send S.A.E. for free list

Pay Attention! New Rates:
1—50p: 4—£1; 10—£2 inc Post

14 WITAN STREET, LONDON E.2

Published by IPC Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gotdon & Gotch, South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationary and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

THE NEW PIONEER TRANSPORTABLE HI-FI SYSTEM.

The word is out. Something new is happening on and off the streets. A look you've never seen. A sound that the lucky have heard.

The first Transportable stereo Hi-fi System from Pioneer. With technology that makes it more than just a portable. It is everything, in fact, you'd expect of a Pioneer hi-fi.

Features designed for ease of use. Like our one-touch operation and recording with Auto Music Search. And the Pioneer power that'll do wonders for new waves and old faves.

So dust off your jazz slippers. And get on down to your Pioneer dealer now. It's time to dress up with the new street fashion. The Pioneer Transportable Hi-fi System – the sound that's streets ahead.

PIONEER®

Pioneer High Fidelity (GB) Ltd. Field Way, Greenford, Middx UB6 8UZ.